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5c. the Copy

CALLES—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Even in the dead of winter ~ you can put a touch of summer into every meal you serve

Luscious Sliced Peaches ~ whenever you want them ~ *at an instant's notice*

Open a can of Del Monte Peaches!

The snow may be flying outside — the wind may be rattling along the windows — but before you is *one* suggestion of summer, still — a little of the fragrance and freshness of warm, sunny days.

Can you think of *anything* more tempting for cold-weather appetites? Can you think of anything better to balance heavy winter foods?

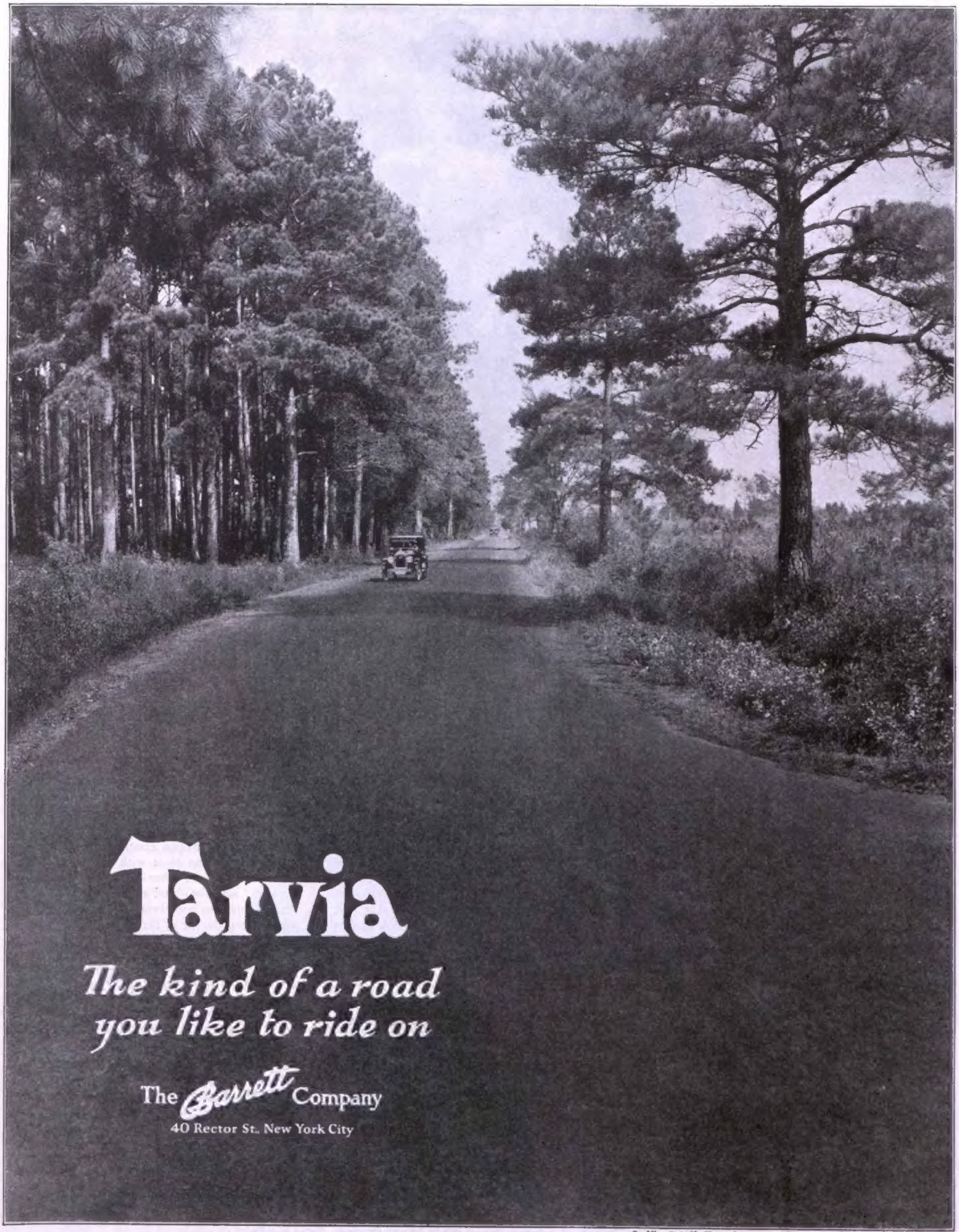
Yet you may serve this delightful fruit — whenever you want it — with no more trouble than lifting a can from your pantry shelf. Del Monte Sliced Peaches are all prepared—pitted, peeled and sliced — packed in their own rich syrup, ready for instant use.

Learn their supreme goodness by having them tonight for dessert or for breakfast tomorrow. Keep a supply always on hand — you'll want them often. Just remember, when you order, to specify Del Monte. Then you *know* in advance exactly what you're getting — the same high quality and flavor — the same assurance of satisfaction — no matter when or where you buy.

¶ Send for free copy of our Del Monte Sliced Peach folder, together with "The Del Monte Fruit Book". Address Dept. 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Bell's Mill Road, near Norfolk, Virginia. Tarvia

TELEGRAM
Coming to buy Ruth's trousseau Please give us Thursday and Friday
Alice Thayer
TELEGRAM
Arrive New York Thursday Have only one day to shop Must have your help Need entire spring outfit
Jean Wentworth

This professional shopper buys clothes in 300 New York shops!

"These modern, wispy things," *she says,* "need *extra*-protection - - - a soap safe enough for your face."

NIGHT LETTER from Pinehurst, N. C., to Miss A. T. Holliday, New York City*—

Telegram from Birmingham, Ala., to Miss A. T. Holliday, New York City*—

Messages like those shown in the illustration, letters from everywhere, telephone calls from smart New York addresses—all with one plea: "Help us buy clothes"—in they come to the brisk, bright-eyed lady to whom we talked a short time ago.

For this is her business—helping women buy clothes. She has accounts in over 300 New York shops and she knows just the right shop for whatever one wishes—whether it be sets of trousseau crepe de chine, or a woolly skating costume.

In the smartest shops, she says, salespeople advise Ivory suds for the finer silks and woolens

Knowing her to be an authority on clothes we asked her about cleansing the lovely things she buys. And she said: "In practically every shop where I buy, salespeople recommend Ivory for cleansing delicate silks and woolens.

"Just this morning, for instance, I bought a silk sport dress at . . .," naming an exclusive specialty shop. "The material was a new one they had imported—a silk with a texture almost like tweed. When I asked the saleswoman whether it would wash, she said, 'Indeed it will. If it is dipped in Ivory suds, it will look just as well as it does now—color, and texture too.'

"Of course, salespeople have this confidence in Ivory," she went on, "because they know it is so pure and mild—really a face soap. It will not fade colors, it will not yellow silks, it will not shrink the wide meshed laces we are using today.

"And the marvelous flexible girdles of silk elastic or with woven elastic inserts, that cost $18 or $25—clean *those* with Ivory—so Helene up at . . ., said the other day. 'Put them in the bathtub,' said she, 'and scrub them with a flesh brush dipped in cool Ivory suds—and you'll be sure to keep the life of the elastic.'"

Ivory purity means extra-safety!

This experienced shopper confirms the evidence that comes in from smart shops all over the country that: Salespeople who are constantly asked concerning the finer silks and woolens, "Will they wash?" constantly answer, "Yes, if you use Ivory. Ivory is *safe*."

Ivory Flakes is Ivory soap in feathery flake form for instant suds and *extra* safety. Your grocer and department store sell it in two generous sizes.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*These are not the names which actually appeared in the telegrams.

"Ivory is kind to everything it touches"

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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CALLES — By Isaac F. Marcosson

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES—to give the President of Mexico his full name—is a figure of more vital interest to the American people than any other world executive. Various outstanding personalities in Europe and elsewhere may mask ill will or harbor resentment, but these emotions are born mainly of fiscal obligation and embody no menace to diplomatic continuity. Not so with the one-time school-teacher who shapes the checkered destinies of the republic beyond the Rio Grande.

At the moment I write, which is mid-January, that well-nigh continuous state of tension, otherwise known as our relationship with Mexico, once more hangs by a slender thread. Calles can cause it to snap at any moment.

The crisis which brought Calles to the fore is invested with far more significance than reposes in the approach to an ordinary severance of relations. Formerly our southern neighbors had to be brought to book mainly because of banditry and its inevitable train of murder and pillage.

Today far-reaching and more permanent issues are involved. They touch our national safety and affect our economic expansion as well.

President Calles

Gringos Not Popular

MANY people believe that the controversy over the threatened dispossession of the alien-owned oil fields is the familiar row between those well-known vested interests and drastic regulation. But it is a deeper and bigger proposition that touches every American in some way. If Calles can get away with his dogged determination to enforce the constitution of 1917, it means not only violation of the integrity of international property rights but the establishment of a precedent that could easily be followed by any other Latin-American country with a gringo complex. "Gringo" is the word commonly applied to Americans in those parts, and it is not always flatteringly bestowed. The effects of such a concerted step are almost incalculable when you consider that a large part of our commercial future lies in this Western world.

But there is another and perhaps larger phase. Upon the maintenance of our dignity in this latest Mexican mess depends to a considerable extent our prestige in all Latin America. Not since the Panama coup has the concern of the Central and South American domain been so focused upon our motives—and what is more important, upon our procedure.

Calles has constituted himself the self-anointed defender of the Latin-American faith, although he and religious faith are utter strangers. His aid and comfort to the Nicaraguan rebels is only one evidence of his desire to cramp our style wherever it is possible so to do. Once in the saddle, Sacasa, the Nicaraguan pretender, would be a willing ally in the achievement of the real Calles purpose to hamper us.

Calles is trying to rally Central America to make common cause against us because of an "aggression" which in reality is a stand for legitimate succession, law and order, and the protection of American life and property. Should he get away with his persistent flouting of the United States, it is a case of good night to all dreams of real Pan-Americanism, and with it, loss of face for us, as the Chinese say, all the way from the Mexican line down to the Horn. The plain truth is that our disinterested sponsorship of Latin America was never more precarious than it is just now. Mexican meddling is largely at the root of the trouble.

Linked with the Mexican intrigue in Nicaragua is a kindred menace. It lies in what is nothing more or less than an attempt by the Calles government to set up a buffer state of unrest between the United States border and Panama. For many months half a dozen American radicals, some of them under the ban at home, have been advisers of the government. One of them is a close friend of Luis Morones, the Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor, who is charged with the enforcement of the petroleum laws.

Colossus of the North

CALLES has been doing his utmost for years to radicalize his own country and spread his ideas throughout Central America. The real start was made in Yucatan, where he helped to sponsor Felipe Carrillo. The constitution of 1917, with which Calles has draped himself, makes the employer a mere bystander so far as control of his business is concerned. In a word, Mexican influence in Nicaragua and elsewhere in Central America not only endangers American interests but jeopardizes American policy in the Canal region. When we assert ourselves, the Mexican Government calls us the Colossus of the North and declares our intentions are imperialistic.

Furthermore, the Calles fetish of Mexico for the Mexicans imperils a hegemony essential to Pan-American unity and economic solidarity. I recall that in one of our many talks he said with emphasis, "Mexico will be self-sufficient in ten years." Nothing could be more economically absurd, but Calles actually believes it, just as he accepts many other delusions.

Finally, real peace with Mexico—and all that it means—is more essential to us in many respects than amity with any of the European powers. They are separated from us by 3000 miles of ocean. Mexico lies at our very door and has been a perpetual irritant. Calles dominates the Mexican hour. He is Mexico, incarnating a ruthless and undisciplined will. In vigor, capacity and forcefulness he looms as the strongest figure since Porfirio Diaz.

Calles has inspired what is probably the strongest anti-American feeling in Mexico since the Americans occupied Vera Cruz in 1914. This sentiment, however, is not shared by the great mass of the Mexican people. It represents the feeling of the small group of half-baked radicals around the president who, through their control of the army, rule the republic.

Yet whatever opinion you may conceive of Calles, one thing is certain—he does not lack courage. Obregón, his predecessor, had every opportunity to put fangs into the constitution of 1917. Being a temporizer, as well as a capitalist on a large scale, he passed the buck to Calles, who was elected on a platform promising fulfillment of the constitutional provisions, especially in the matter of agrarian reform. Calles kept his preëlection promise, letting loose an avalanche of laws which have impaired the business and spiritual life of the nation and wrought havoc with relations outside.

Chapultepec Castle, the Mexican White House, Where Calles Lives

Not since those precarious days of 1915, when three presidents were functioning at the same time, has business been so demoralized. Initiative—and this means foreign enterprise, because the Mexicans themselves do not engage in commerce—is paralyzed, because nobody knows what is likely to happen. Over the heads of trade and finance hang those menacing laws. The asset of today may be the liability, or worse, of tomorrow.

Practicing What They Preach Against

WHEN a foreigner has the temerity to raise his voice in protest he is "thirty-threed," as the phrase goes. This results from Section 33 of that much-discussed bulwark of liberty, the constitution of 1917, which gives the government the right to deport any alien deemed undesirable. In consequence the Thirty-three Club has a large and growing membership, principally American. I might add that this law is enforced swiftly and unexpectedly. Once a victim is marked, he is put aboard a northbound train, often without time to collect his personal belongings.

At this point it may be well to interject an observation that bears on the agrarian-reform idea with which Calles and his associates are obsessed. No matter how loudly they protest against vested rights, I observed throughout my entire investigation that none of them has surrendered any holdings for the benefit of the masses. It is usually the highly developed property of the other fellow, generally an American, and more often the choicest and best watered bits of that. One large Yankee landowner of my acquaintance has had so many sections of his land carved away for "agrarian purposes" that the only way he can reach his house is by aeroplane! Obregón is one of the richest landowners in Sonora, and Calles is far from poor, both in realty and otherwise. You are forced to the conclusion that uplift in Mexico has its usual vulnerability in that reformers do not always practice what they preach. All this, however, is a later and illuminating story.

One more preliminary. Calles has been able to launch his program because no other Latin-American president, with the possible exception of Gomez in Venezuela and to a lesser degree Leguia in Peru, has such dictatorial powers. This is due to the peculiar structure of Mexican government. Congress fiddles and fools through a long session without accomplishing anything. Then in the closing hours extraordinary powers are vested in the chief executive. By decree he can promulgate any vagary in the glorious name of "public utility." In the light of what transpired during 1926, this covers a multitude of things, including many sins of commission but none of omission.

The Dominant Will of Mexico

THROUGH these decrees there came into being the so-called regulatory laws which have stirred up the hornets' nest. A regulatory law is one that literally regulates a section of the constitution. In other words, the constitution sets forth and a regulation interprets and operates. Of such are the alien land and petroleum laws which brought the United States and Mexico to the crossroads.

I refer to them here in passing because they were sponsored by Calles. Together with the agrarian and colonization acts, they form the basis of his Mexico-for-the-Mexicans crusade. In the end they may prove to be his undoing. Their enforcement, which in turn means confiscation, may lead the United States to sever diplomatic relations and raise the embargo on arms. Not even Calles, with all his strength, can stand up under this pressure, because the myriad forces now seething throughout the republic will spring into life. This, too, is a later story.

The facts to be established now are: What type of person is Calles? What is his state of mind? What of his program? How does he justify himself?

In the answers to these questions lies the explanation of the Mexican problem, for, let me repeat, Calles for the moment is Mexico—his the dominant will whether for weal or woe. The presentation of his personality and point of view will therefore give a close-up of him, as well as an official justification for all that has happened since his accession in 1924. It was the first peaceful presidential induction in Mexico in nearly eighty years.

Although he is absolutely without fear, as I had ample reason to find out, Calles is not what you might call accessible. Guards usually surround him wherever he goes. He seldom talks to journalists except those of a radical turn of mind. Occasionally he greets visiting pilgrims from other countries, including the United States. Frequently the latter represent the professional good-willers, who often come as guests of the Mexican Government and, consciously or unconsciously, become part of its effective propaganda scheme.

I had the opportunity to study him in intimate and unusual circumstances. Through four crowded days I traveled on the presidential train and accompanied him to a variety of public functions. I saw him in the fierce and dusty light—for it was the dry season—that beat about his official head and also in the privacy of man-to-man talk. I also visited him at his farm, where I found him driving a tractor. Later I accompanied him to the formal setting of the palace. My days with Calles did not lack action or contrast.

Thus I was enabled to analyze him in many moods and environments. He never shied at a question, and I put many to him. He is almost as responsive to cross-examination as Mussolini, but lacks his swift, magnetic uptake. Calles is inclined to be cautious, but is distinct of speech, while the Duce rattles like a machine gun in action. If the Mexican had the mental equipment of the Italian dictator, he might travel far. The great trouble is that he has only a smattering of social and economic things. I must say that in all my intercourse with him Calles was kind and thoughtful. Despite his grimness, and your instinctive conviction that he is hostile to us as a nation, there is a certain likable personal quality about him.

What follows is an attempt at appraisal of the man, his purpose and his mentality. It will serve as a sort of curtain raiser for the drama of Mexico in her new hour of stress at home and strain abroad which will be unfolded in the succeeding articles of this series.

Since this article deals entirely with a series of personal contacts with Calles, perhaps the best procedure is to tell the consecutive story of precisely what happened. Though I had many matters to investigate in Mexico, the president, so far as human interest is concerned, was the principal goal. I had been in the country only five days when the chance came to attain it.

The Power Behind the Throne

IT SO happened that I met James Smithers, who is Calles' closest American friend. Twenty-five years ago they were associated in the commission and flour-milling business in Sonora, the president's native state. A strong attachment sprang up between the men and it has continued ever since. Smithers' mother was a Mexican. When Calles came into power in 1924, one of his first acts was to send for his old partner, who meanwhile had moved to New York.

I told Smithers that I wanted to meet Calles and have the opportunity to study him at close range, adding that he and the government would be given every opportunity to state their case. I made it quite clear to him, as I did later on with Calles, that I had an open mind and that it was only by listening to everybody that I could form an estimate of the situation. Without saying anything to me, Smithers wired to Calles, who had started four days before on a tour of the north, asking him if I could join the party.

Meanwhile I met Cholita. Everybody who has anything to do with the Mexican Government knows her, because, in an official sense, she is the power behind the presidential throne. Her real name is Soledad Gonzales. "Soledad" means "solitude." Once you see this particular Soledad you realize that she is misnamed so far as isolation is concerned. So beguiling a woman would never know solitude. She is always referred to as Cholita. The word "Chola" is the nickname for "Soledad," and Cholita is the diminutive.

Cholita is Calles' confidential secretary. Practically every engagement

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY LA ROCHESTER, MEXICO CITY

The Presidential Palace at Mexico City. The Executive Offices are Located Here

with the chief executive goes across her desk. Hence she is probably the most courted female in the republic. To look at her you would never imagine that she had been caught up in the rush of revolutionary history. First adopted by the ill-fated Francisco Madero, she became his secretary and he dictated to her his book about the succession to Diaz. Later she was employed by Obregón and accompanied him in the field on his campaigns against Carranza.

I had a letter of introduction to Cholita from the Mexican ambassador at Washington, and Smithers introduced me to her at the presidential palace. I found her essentially feminine. She was smartly garbed and took the precaution to powder her nose and arrange her bobbed hair before she emerged from behind the roll-top desk where she works. The office itself reflected femininity. A gay Spanish shawl was draped over the back of the sofa and several bowls of poinsettias gave the room a touch of color.

I chatted for an hour with Cholita. She told me of the president's office routine; how he organizes his workday, which begins at five in the morning with a visit to his farm on the outskirts of the capital, and ends at 8:30, when he almost invariably goes to bed. She promised to arrange an appointment directly he returned.

That night, just as I was sitting down to dinner at the University Club, Smithers called me up. His first words were: "Are you ready to go?"

"Where?" I asked.

"Calles has asked us to join him at Torreon and we leave at 8:45 tomorrow morning," was his reply.

I was involved in a dozen appointments, including audiences with Pani, Minister of Finance; Morones, Minister of Commerce, Industry and Labor; and various others. Everything went by the board, however, and the following morning we started on the thirty-hour trip to Torreon, called the revolutionary gateway to Mexico City. Once Torreon is captured, the road to the capital is open, because it is perhaps the most important railway center in the republic.

Upon our arrival we were told that the president's train was at the huge new military camp just outside the city which he had come up to open, but that he was to lunch at a near-by town called Palaccio Gomez, just across the line in the state of Durango. There we went posthaste in a motor car, to find the entire population assembled at the railway station, with a brass band and many banners. Here for the first time I saw the red-and-black banner of the Crom, the more or less socialistic labor organization that Morones has built up as a political agency and which is one of Calles' chief props.

Aboard the Presidential Special

CALLES, however, did not show up, and the elaborate banquet prepared for him was consumed by the populace generally. Back to Torreon we went. There in the yards adjoining the station I had my first glimpse of the famous yellow train that has conveyed Mexican presidents on their travels for many years and that was to be my home for the next four days.

If ever a string of cars housed history it is this yellow train. Originally built for Porfirio Diaz, it has sheltered intrigue and spread war and destruction. On it Carranza fled to his death and from it Obregón directed the campaign that crushed De la Huerta.

The president's private car is the last one on the train. Next is the dining car. Then come two sleepers, while forward are two armored baggage cars manned with machine guns and filled with soldiers. The presidential train is invariably preceded by a troop train, carrying at least 100 armed men, with more machine guns, automobiles and trucks for the transport of the armed guards who precede and follow the president's motor car when he rides afield. Every passenger and freight train that travels in Mexico today carries a soldier detail, so persistent are the fear and menace of bandits.

It was nearly three o'clock when we reached the yellow train and had luncheon with some of the presidential aides. They were young and smartly turned out, showing in demeanor and equipment the great change that has been wrought in the Mexican army during the past few years. Calles had gone to take a bath in Torreon and did not show up until an hour later. This means that there is no bath on the presidential train. The new presidential train, by the way, then en route to Mexico, is a million-dollar de-luxe steel affair with all the comforts of home.

I could not have joined the presidential party at a more interesting international juncture. The zero hour for the enforcement of the confiscatory petroleum laws was only ten days off. Tension was tightening. The Nicaragua tangle was getting more complicated. Already the specter of a severed diplomatic realtionship hovered about us.

A Piece of Human Granite

YET with a break impending, there was a picturesque evidence of American-Mexican amity. It lay in the presence at Torreon of a group of American officers from Fort Bliss, headed by Brigadier General Edwin B. Winans. They had accompanied the Fort Bliss polo players for a championship game with a picked team from the Mexican army. When the yellow train returned to the military camp, where we remained until early the next morning, I met the Americans. Vastly proud of them I felt, for they were as fine a lot of men as you could lay eyes on anywhere. Moreover, they won every contest from polo to high jumping.

Meanwhile the hot afternoon had waned and the time arrived when Calles, who had returned to his stateroom for a nap, was to go to what the Mexicans call a *fiesta* at a new athletic field near by. I was standing on the observation platform watching the variegated crowd. Mingling in it were barefoot peons wrapped in dirty blankets, curious townspeople who had brought out their entire families, and endless photographers. All around hummed the life of the camp, with its thousands of soldiers, with here and there a glimpse of khaki worn by the Americans. Picked Mexican troops stood sentry at the car.

At five o'clock Calles appeared and Smithers introduced me to him. He speaks only Spanish. All my conversation with him was therefore through the medium of Smithers. The president gave me a warm grasp of the hand and said that he was glad I had come to Mexico "to get the truth." I told him I had traveled a long way to see him, whereupon he remarked that he hoped I would not find that my trip had been in vain.

PHOTO, BY LA PICHESTER

Soledad Gonzales—Cholita—Confidential Secretary to President Calles. At Right—James Smithers

Calles wore a gray business suit and a soft black hat. Though not impressive, he is the type that arrests attention. This is due to the suggestion of almost sullen strength that he seems to embody. He is big, broad and brooding. A piece of human granite, you may well term him. His face is grim, seamed, pugnacious. It is a bronze mask that seldom relaxes. The eyes are small, deep set and unsmiling. His black hair is tinged with gray and the closely cropped mustache seems out of place on so stern a lip. Out of the haze that surrounds his youth has emerged the story that there is Syrian blood in him. This is why he is called El Turco—the Turk—up in Sonora. To the Mexicans, all Easterners are Turks. Whether this is true or not, there is a distinct hint of the Oriental in his visage. All in all, Calles looks the fighter that he is.

He asked me to accompany him to the *fiesta* and insisted that I go in his automobile. Sandwiched between us was Smithers. One of the aides sat in front with the chauffeur. Off we started in a cloud of dust, with the whole presidential party strung out behind us.

Cabinet Leaders

AT THIS point it may be well to describe my traveling companions. Conspicuous among them were two leading men of the government. One was Luis Leon, Minister of Agriculture, around whom the whole agrarian storm rages. The allocation of land for the peons is directly under his charge. He represents a type of official strong in the Calles confidence. One of his early occupations was that of a bullfighter. A more imposing figure was General Amaro, Minister of War and Marine, whose life is a real

(Continued on Page 169)

PHOTO, BY SOSA, TORREON, MEXICO

President Calles (Left) and Mr. Marcosson at the Ranch Owned by Raymond Bell, an American

WILLIE

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WILLIE was reading aloud. What he read was funny, so funny that his happy voice choked and exploded, and his kind eyes wept. It was written in the first person, and excruciatingly illiterate; the name staggering blackly down the cover was: Don't it get your goat, Lulu. Beatrice lay in a long wicker chair, so pushed back that Willie had to turn his head half around for her answering smile. When she was not smiling, her small, delicately pretty face was as blank as though its owner had gone away. The tip of a finger kept her place in the memoirs of a witty and wicked French countess.

"Gosh, isn't this great, Bee?" Willie kept demanding.

Bee said that it undoubtedly was. "If you like that sort of thing," she finally added. "Willie, I am afraid I don't. You know, I am pitifully lacking in humor."

If a shaft had been sped it bounced harmlessly off Willie. "You'll get this," he declared, and plunged on.

The glass doors were broadly open, and below the terrace, through the twisted cedars, shone the great flat sea. Its salty breath barely stirred the silk hangings of the pleasant room. The heat had hushed the neighboring cottages, stilled the highway; there was no sound but the drone of bees and Willie's reading.

Roses in the tall vases, a mammoth box of candy on the table and the emerald on Beatrice's finger marked the anniversary. "Ten years married and still going strong," Willie was telling the world. The ring had been delivered in a box two feet square, inclosing nine smaller boxes and endless wrappings, and as Beatrice lifted each lid Willie's "Now we've got to it—gosh, where is that thing!" had carried on the joke. Beatrice had played up properly and had expressed real joy in her ring; but it was the joke that echoed through the day for Willie. Box after box!

There Was No Sound But the Drone of Bees and Willie's Reading

"Gosh, your face!" he broke out at intervals. And: "Pretty well fooled, weren't you? You thought it was something rather hefty, didn't you, old girl?"

Bee said that she certainly did. "But I should have loved my ring just as much in one little box—it is so beautiful," she explained. "It really was enough in itself, without the joke."

"Oh, you'd have missed half the fun," Willie assured her. "No suspense to that!"

In the dining room two maids in lavender and white were setting a long table. Grandmother Holden was coming with Uncle George and Aunt Margaret from the Inn, the Adrian Holdens from the Point, Cousin Frances and Charley Whitney from next door and several young Whitneys and Holdens. Willie did love a family party. When he had bought the Seabeach house five years before there had not been a Holden in the place, but his enthusiasm was bringing down more of the big tribe every summer.

"You know, I think this place would do Aunt Myra good," he said, coming back from a happy contemplation of the festive table.

Beatrice started. "No; you are quite wrong," she told him earnestly. "The seashore is not the place for nervous prostration. It lets one down."

Willie settled on a neighboring chair arm to argue. He was inclined to be chunky, and his coats never set very well, no matter how much he paid for them.

He still had the ruddy cheeks and the lively gleam in his brown eyes that had made him such a delightful boy ten years before.

"When you've had nervous prostration half your life it's more like a bad habit. Aunt Myra's sort of sensitive. Thinks she isn't wanted—all that piffle. Well, suppose we asked her down to visit us for a month, sort of get her going here ——"

"Willie," Bee spoke in a voice of quiet desperation, "you are the best nephew and grandson and cousin that ever lived!"

He was boyishly pleased. "Guess we'll be old ourselves some day."

"*Mais je le crois bien*—and very soon." She actually looked older. "And, I suppose, if I had had dozens and dozens of relatives ——"

"They'd be just like my own to me," he broke in heartily.

Bee's arm dropped across her face. "I thought as much," she murmured in its shelter.

"Will you write Aunt Myra? Or shall I?" Willie was eager to do the pleasant deed himself.

"I don't think we'd better, Willie." Beatrice's face was still hidden, but her voice expressed a decent regret. "Aunt Myra has an unfortunate way with the servants; she can't even come to lunch without upsetting them. And if they left we couldn't have any more family parties. You would hate that."

He gave up his plan with a generous, "Just as you say, dear. You're the captain"; then took advantage of her unguarded position to run the tip of a decorative quill pen up her bared arm. Her jump gave him a broad smile of satisfaction. Even her faint, patient, "Oh, Willie!" seemed to him part of the fun.

She sprang up, then came back to him, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You ought to have had a dozen children," she said remorsefully.

Willie was always sweet about that. "I'd rather have you than forty kids," he said, and thumped her heartily in the back.

"You are so good; you are good as gold"; she spoke more to herself than to him. Then Willie pulled her hair, and she slipped out of reach. "*Soyez à temps*, don't be late for dinner," she said from the doorway.

Beatrice's bedroom looked both to the sea and to the sunset. It was white and silvery green, delicately luxurious, fastidiously in order except for a stumpy and muddy pair of male golf shoes on the chaise longue and a waistcoat over a chair. Willie had a room of his own, but it was impossible to keep him in it. Beatrice took them up with the tips of her fingers and put them where they belonged, then shut and locked her door and escaped into a French court where gentlemen made love with grace and distinction and never under any circumstances pulled a lady's hair or thumped her in the back. Last winter a man had told Beatrice that she was like a French marquise and, though neither of them had ever seen a French marquise, it expressed something exotic and aloof and subtly ironical. She had been reading memoirs ever since. But she unlocked her door when Willie came upstairs. He did like to bumble in and out while he dressed.

The Holdens were a handsome, hearty tribe, good business men and devoted wives, living well in prosperous suburbs and dearly loving a joke. That night Willie's latest and Bee's face—enacted by Willie—roused a gale of mirth. Beatrice played up with aristocratic graciousness, and no one questioned what might lie behind her ready smile. To the family she was a nice little thing, pretty enough in a Dresden fashion, but not quite one of them. They felt kindly to her—all but Cousin Frances, who insisted that Beatrice never gave herself away, and who made a point of being on guard in her presence—but they thought her colorless beside Willie; could not understand why he had always been so crazy about her. And they deplored her tags of French—English was good enough for them. Frances called it affected to speak French so Frenchily—she might at least pronounce it as other Americans did—and downright insolent to translate for their benefit, as she was always doing; but the others admitted among themselves that Frances was sharp.

Beatrice meant well, though, of course, she was not Willie's equal. Willie was the family jewel, the bright apple of their eye.

The joke on Beatrice started a roll call of famous family jokes that lasted half the evening. After dinner they sat in a circle and played games that sent one person out of the room and gave the others a chance to enact a chosen adverb or animal or something. Willie answering "haughtily" and "humbly" made them weep with laughter. And he really was funny.

Beatrice, detesting the whole crude and childish performance as only a marquise could, was suddenly choking back a spasm of real laughter. Her own lapse made her furious. She had to be nice to them, but she need not drop to their level!

Gauged by noise and good fellowship the evening was a great success. After the last shouted good night Willie came back from the front door beaming.

"Some party," he declared. "Bee, why don't we get them all in together once a week? Make a regular thing of it?"

Bee looked at him in an odd, remote way. "I don't see how we could have the family in any oftener than we do," she said. "There are only seven nights in the week."

Something in her voice, or just under it, made Willie ask, "Tired, old girl?" He was at his very nicest when he said things like that. A flashing vision of her own secret withdrawal made her ashamed.

"Tired of myself," she exclaimed. "Willie, I am not a nice person! I am horrid!"

"Gosh, and I married you!" he observed, kissing her loudly. It did not occur to him to wonder what she might be trying to say. Bee was high-strung, if you got him. Said crazy things that didn't mean anything. When she was tired she always called herself names.

The vision passed, and Bee's face had again a surface blankness, as though her real being had departed. "What do you make of this Madam Hopp that they are all talking about?" she asked.

"Oh, she's the usual fake that you women are forever running after." Willie shut windows with a disgusted bang. "She ought to be in jail. Of all the fool ways to blow in ten dollars, a horoscope is about the foolest."

"She told Emma that she would presently be in grave danger."

"And I told Emma and Adrian a month ago that that ceiling wasn't safe! Madam Hopp didn't need any stars for that; all she needed was to cock up one eye."

"I suppose so." Beatrice sounded reluctant. "Frances says she warned Kate just what would happen if she married Barney Blaine," she added.

"H'm! Any fool could have told Kate not to marry Barney." He was troubled by her interest. "Bee, can you imagine a real live man calling up the zodiac for a tip?"

She made an odd answer: "When we are lost we will ask anyone the way."

"You women are all crazy to fool yourselves," he blustered. "I can tell you your future."

"No, thank you!" She would have escaped, but he had an arm about her.

"You will go peacefully on your married way," he declared, pretending to read her palm. "You'll give little family dinners, do a little club work, play a little bridge, drive a little car, grow a little fat ——"

She screamed, a small, nervous, half-smothered cry. Willie looked into her face to be sure that it was a joke.

"Isn't that a perfectly good life?" he demanded.

"It is. Perfectly good."

"How can Madam Hopp improve on it?"

"It isn't about the far future that I want light," she said hesitatingly. "It is the near future—the present. Willie, I have lost something. Perhaps her stars could tell me whether I shall get it back."

"What did you lose?" She smiled faintly and shook her head, slipping out of his arm. "I'll bet it was your pearl earring again."

"No."

"Not your engagement ring?"

She showed it to him, still on her left hand. "No, but you are getting warm," she said. "Oh, you will never know that I lost it, and if I get it back you won't notice. *Ne vous troublez pas*—don't worry."

"Bet I could find it faster than Madam Hopp," he grumbled. "Who was it found your wrist watch for you? What's the sense in being so mysterious?"

Beatrice only smiled. He could never make her less mysterious, less elusive.

The next day the heat still lay heavy on land and sea. Beatrice stole out early for a long, solitary swim, an audacious dot of a head burrowing sidewise through the lonely immensity of the ocean. If she had waited until eleven the whole crowd would have been there, diving off the wharf, tipping the raft, shouting and splashing and having no end of fun. Willie, coming out to find her drying her hair on the balcony, scolded about it. It wasn't safe. Suppose she got a cramp, out there all by herself?

"But I don't get cramps; I am not that kind," Beatrice pointed out, rubbing her long, fair curls between her palms. "Can you imagine me doubling up and screaming?"

That was, of course, sheer rot. Anybody could get a cramp.

"And you miss all the fun," he complained. "You used to wait for the rest and have a jolly time like anybody else. It's nothing but exercise when you go alone."

Her eyes turned back to the sea heaving gently between the cedars, as though she and it had a secret, as indeed they had. It was like a French marquise to slip off her bathing suit and give herself untrammeled to her lover, the sea; but Willie would have had a fit.

"It is more than exercise," she said lightly. "Go and have your *petit déjeuner*, Willie. I have had mine."

That was another disappointment. Willie did like company over his bacon. "Come and have an orange or something," he coaxed. "Gee, remember that breakfast we had ten years ago today? Will you ever forget those trout?"

So Beatrice, pinning up her hair, sat with him from orange juice to cigar, and let him tell all over again just how he had beaten old Adrian at golf the day before, listened with French courtesy, asked leading questions, doing everything that an exquisite lady could to make him happy. When he had finished she was off upstairs as though important duties awaited her, but Willie, following a few minutes later, found her stretched on a couch, her hands clasped over her head, her eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"A round of golf?" he suggested.

Beatrice was half-hearted about sports. Willie blamed that on her foreign education. Every point on which she differed from the Holdens was explained by her year in a French boarding school.

"Too hot," she said, and would not consider a second swim at eleven. She would not even promise to come down on the beach and watch them.

"I have someone coming," she said.

Willie, balancing and waggling a golf club at an imaginary ball on the hearth rug, looked up in surprise. "Fred Vanderveer?"

"No—is Fred here?"

"Yes; he came last night. Then who is it?"

"Someone on business."

"What business, for cat's sake?"

"My business." She tempered that with a smile, then, seeing him downcast, she yielded. "It is Madam Hopp."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Not professionally!"

"Yes."

"Bee! You don't believe in that kind of stuff!"

"No, I don't suppose I do."

"Then what on earth ——"

She had to seek her own reasons. "Well, I thought it might be amusing. The twenties were gay, and they say that the forties are nice, but I find the thirties a little dull."

"You flock off too much by yourself. It isn't healthy," Willie told her. "Why don't you run in more on Emma and Frances? They say that you don't ——"

Beatrice started up. "I am forever going to them," she exclaimed. "I do my very best! I don't want to hear what they say!" She was strained, almost feverish. Of course she had swum too far. Willie wanted her to lie down and let him read aloud. There were two more chapters of Lulu.

"No; you go and get your golf," she said. "I didn't sleep much. Perhaps I can get a nap if you go right away." She lay

(Continued on Page 146)

"You Must Not Spoil the Story," She Objected. "We Like Heroes"

THE SQUAWKER

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Andy Fell Into a Nervous Panic When Addressed by the Blooming Widow

Squawk. To utter a harsh, abrupt scream, as a golfer paying off.
Squawker. One who squawks, especially after playing eighteen holes.
Squawking. The act of opening the human mouth and roaring profane complaints, or accusing fellow golfers of never giving a man a chance to win.
—MURPHY'S UNPROTECTED DICTIONARY.

SPEAKING as a member in good standing of the Coldbrook Country Club, who pays his dues promptly, I am happy to give out the news that there will be no extra assessment, because, after all the talk about it, we are not to build the contemplated squawk room with the padded walls and the rubber floor. We had almost decided upon this expensive innovation, suffering and voting as a committee of the whole. The proposed squawk room was for Dr. Pete Boyle. There are four hundred members in the Coldbrook Country Club—three hundred and ninety-nine gentlemanly losers and Dr. Peter Boyle, who is a surgeon; and after long months of continued suffering, after being forced to listen to the lamentations, wails, groans, yells, complaints, howls, whines and general frothing at the mouth of the agonized doctor, it was unofficially voted to construct the special squawk room at the far end of the clubhouse and push Pete Boyle into it so that he could tell his pitiful tales of robbery and mayhem therein, croaking and bellowing to his heart's content.

However, Peter Boyle has ceased his squawking, and the sun is shining again in Coldbrook, California. The breezes are laden with sweet odors and a celestial calm pervades the countryside. Pete is as happy as a man of his type ever becomes, and life is tolerable in his immediate vicinity, all largely due to chance, which is the way of human affairs.

The painful bleatings of our surgical friend began a year or more ago and continued steadily. Beside the squawkings of Mr. Boyle the lamentations of Job sounded like a cigar salesman luring a blonde out to dinner.

There then arrived at our pleasant golfing grounds a person from Cleveland, Ohio, who wrote himself down as Mr. Andrew Getty, announced that California would be his future home and that he would like to join in with us and become a serious golfer. Doctor Boyle escorted Mr. Getty to Coldbrook, vouched for him in an earnest manner and bought his luncheon. We shook hands with the stranger and said we would be glad to have him join.

"Andy is an excellent golfer," announced Doctor Boyle, "and a friend of mine. Besides that, he's a regular fellow, and the club needs men like him."

Time revealed the truth of these statements. Andrew was a fine golfer for so large a man. He hit the ball far and straight and he played an honest, irreproachable game. His countenance was florid, indicating that he had eaten regularly back in Cleveland. We learned that he was a bachelor and a retired manufacturer of ladies' bathing garments, had plenty of money and was slightly deaf, which is an asset to any golfer. Everyone liked him, and from the day he joined Coldbrook, Doctor Boyle took him under the surgical wing and held him as a private possession.

There was a bond between the two, for Pete Boyle is a bachelor, too, and a fairly determined one, and that in spite of the existence and continued presence in our midst of Mrs. Miranda Pringle, the official widow of our fair country club. The hazy understanding was that Miranda had her eye upon Pete Boyle, and that some day doc's foot would slip and he would find himself over with the boys who have to ask if they can go out nights.

Every well-regulated golf club has its widow, and ours was the lovely Miranda. Her previous husband had had a government job and died in China without ever knowing how it feels to drop a mashie shot into a bunker. There was no denying that Miranda was a pleasant spectacle upon a summer's afternoon, with her bright smile and her jolly manner, and we agreed that Pete could do worse.

The doctor did not encourage this fancy in public, and merely said, answering impertinent inquiry, that when a man gets to be forty-five years old and remains unwedded his chances of not marrying were eighteen to one, because he knows a number of real facts about life and women, especially if he happens to be a fashionable surgeon.

But marriage or no marriage, there was Miranda Pringle and there was Peter Boyle; and after he joined our club there also was Andrew Getty, formerly in the bathing-suit business, which, as anybody can observe, is the perfect triangle that has never been improved upon.

All country clubs have their lady members who play golf recklessly with other lady members, tear up the virgin turf, pock-mark the greens with high heels, impede the progress of the male matches, drink tea under the awnings, play bridge and indulge themselves in various harmless feminine pastimes. Similarly, there is to be found in golf clubs the sprightly female who devotes herself to the men and sniffs at the ladies.
With us it was Miranda.

She was in the thoughtful, mellow years, nicely rounded, vivacious, eye filling, eager and faintly birdlike in her gestures. She spurned her own sex and threw herself among the men, joining their games unless forcibly ejected, twittering in the center of any male group that stood still five seconds, hovering about like a guardian angel, taking photographs of fat men in plus fours for her bureau and horning in with a delightful insouciance that marked her as one woman determined to be a man's woman or burst.

She dressed in gay colors, sported the smartest sweaters in Coldbrook, and her golf stockings kept some of the older members loitering about the first tee long after they should have started. When photographs of golfers were snapped for the Sunday sport page of the Times, the group usually consisted of twenty-two stern-faced athletes and Mrs. Pringle, leaning upon a niblick.

"The hussy!" said the wives who played golf.

"We'll have to run her off the place," grumbled Joe Bell, vice president of the club, and opposed to women except in the home. "She's in everything."

Miranda was not run off but continued to cast the sunshine of her presence. She declared that men were wonderful and some of them believed it. Doctor Boyle introduced his friend, and Mr. Getty shook hands with the widow and secretly admired her sweater, which was a gay thing from Paris, totally unfitted for golf.

Prior to the arrival of the Cleveland manufacturer, Doctor Boyle had always teamed up with his own business associate, Dr. George Lobbie, who is also a capable surgeon, but who has never taken the game seriously, and who, in consequence, shoots up in the high eighties, where there is no money to be won or prizes captured for the mantel. A high-eighty shooter is an unfortunate creature, for he is neither good nor bad. Expert players avoid him because he isn't good enough, and the jovially bad players leave him alone, too; and so he drifts along in his miserable way, wishing he had never been born or taken up golf.

The moment Doctor Boyle discovered that Andrew was a real golfer he ditched his old partner and took up with the newcomer; and there ensued a twelvemonth of jolly golf and radiant prosperity, for Boyle and Getty came to be well-known names in the golfing annals of California. Both being steady, sterling golfers, sure of a 79, 80, 81 or thereabouts, they played consistently, together and all the time. They won money from the rest of us week after week and the squawkings of Doctor Boyle became a memory. We were rather happy to lose our money, merely to see Pete so gay with his new-found pal.

When the season of invitation tournaments began in California, which is generally on New Year's Day, while the rest of the nation is digging its way to the coal shed, Pete and Andrew foraged among the other clubs, and for the following three months the Coldbrook team rode roughshod over opposition and collected prizes for their air-tight golf. Experts said they played well together, and experts were correct.

Doctor Boyle now wore a benign expression and went about slapping backs and smiling. Never before had he had such a steady partner, never had he won so many tournament prizes, and when I say prizes, I do not mean these two-quart silver-plated cups, with undecipherable engraving, which are of no more use to human man than a glass eye in a windstorm. No genius has ever yet found anything to do with a golf prize except lie about it, and so the sovereign state of California, always leading the nation onward and up, recently decided to improve the golf-prize situation, and nowadays an honest addict can step out with his clubs and win something sensible, such as a Navajo rug, a small automobile, a set of Dickens in

"You've Got the Worst-Looking Tonsils I Ever Do Hope to See in This World, and No Wonder You Feel Bad and Can't Play Golf"

large type, duck presses, phonograph records and suchlike merchandise.

The peerless team of Boyle and Getty crashed onward, subduing all contenders, spurred along by Miranda, who sometimes followed them around. It goes far to prove that human intelligence has not yet reached its apex, especially in my case, for I never remotely suspected the true state of affairs before my eyes. Here was Andy Getty from Cleveland, playing golf and at the same time falling in love—falling desperately, silently and gloomily, for he said nothing about it. His custom was to stare at the lady, gulp slightly and miss whatever shot he was playing. No one suspected that the large gentleman was seething with sentiment, not even Miranda. I noticed, of course, that he gazed at her often, but so did we all, some smiling and some swearing.

Thus we had a live love affair tangled up with our athletics, and Mr. Getty nobly buried his secret, especially from Doctor Boyle, his preceptor, friend and guide. It was the Getty creed that if your best pal wants a lady let him have her, and so he continued to ferment and suffer in silence.

At this point the Pringle home in Pasadena began to open its door to mysterious messengers, who came laden with gifts of flowers, gifts of imported sweets from Belgium, books with gold bindings and rare trinkets from the fine shops. Miranda twittered harder than ever and was delighted to have a secret admirer; and meantime the admirer waddled around the battlegrounds of California, playing with his friend and winning sums of money and useful articles for the hearth and home.

This state of affairs continued for six months and eleven days; and Dr. George Lobbie, who is a cynic, grinned and hoped it would endure forever, as it kept Boyle quiet. Then, as the movies say, the cold breath of tragedy stalked into the scene, shattering the lives of men and ringing the doom of unspoken hopes. Andy Getty's sterling game deteriorated, and so did his health. He topped his iron shots, missed short putts and sliced his drives, and his appetite failed rapidly. Normally a plump man, eager with beefsteaks and onions, he commenced to toy with his fodder and a sad expression crept over his rosy countenance. He took on the gray look of a man who has something the matter with him, but in spite of crumbling health he continued manfully. Boyle and Getty still won silver-fox furs, poker chips and bath robes, but their stride was faltering and all could observe it.

Any man's golf game is bound to disintegrate if he finds himself in love with a lovely woman and unable to tell the light of his soul the true facts under a bulbous moon. On a Saturday afternoon Messrs. Boyle and Getty tackled two other gentlemen at Coldbrook and wagered freely upon the outcome. I happened to be one of the opponents, and aided by Harry Gifford, I took this erstwhile splendid team of cup hunters and beat them 6 up and 5 to go. Getty and Boyle paid off in the locker room and Doctor Boyle reverted to his custom of wailing.

"Something's wrong with Andy," he said glumly. "I never saw him play such disgusting golf."

"It's about time you two lost," I comforted him. "You have won enough. I sincerely hope you never win again."

This friendly wish had almost complete fulfillment. The comrades entered in the El Domingo Annual, where the first prize was a set of expensive balloon tires, and they finished so far behind the leaders, due to Andy's wabbly game, that nobody could find their names in the morning newspaper.

"Something," Doctor Boyle repeated grimly, "is the matter with Andy. I hope to drop dead if he didn't miss a ball entirely today."

"Sure," agreed George Lobbie, with a light laugh. "He can't play golf and neither can you. I can beat the both of you myself."

"There is No Doubt in My Mind. You Come Down to My Hospital Monday"

The Patient Recovered Rapidly, Sat Up in Bed, Ate Apples, Joked With the Sweet-Faced Nurses

This plain insult resulted in sharp profanity and an immediate bet, and two days later George Lobbie and Bill Davis took on the proud invincibles for fifty dollars Nassau and dragged them around the Coldbrook course, with the sun shining and Doctor Boyle swearing at Andy.

Doctor Lobbie collected from his business associate, and Peter Boyle muttered his way into the shower baths, dressed himself gloomily beside his locker and walked over to Andy, where he was hunting around for a lost garter. Doctor Boyle contemplated his fallen partner, turned him around and around and prodded him in the stomach.

"Ever have any pains there?" he inquired.

"What?" asked Andy, with a deaf man's curiosity.

"Pains," said doc loudly. "Ever have any pains—here?" He poked Andy again.

"Certainly," said Andy. "I have all kinds of pains—also stomach ache now and then."

"Here?" asked the surgeon, prodding.

"Sure," said Andy.

"Sharp pains?"

"What?"

"Sharp pains?" doc roared.

"Now and then," said Andy, wincing. "What's the matter?"

"That's what I want to know, and I'm going to find out if I break a leg." Pete continued his investigation and Andy stared. "There is no doubt in my mind," added the surgeon. "You come down to my hospital Monday."

"What for?" Andy demanded, horrified.

"Because I say so. I'm going to take out your appendix. The chances are that this appendix of yours is filling you full of poison, and if it is we're going to stop it now."

Mr. Getty's voice shook slightly as he stood there. "You think I ought to have my appendix out?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Come on down Monday."

"Well, I'll be dodgasted!" exclaimed Andy, taken completely aback and never dreaming that he had anything serious.

Now Dr. Pete Boyle, like all good surgeons, thinks nothing at all of giving a man a shot of ether and opening him up as one would a tobacco pouch. Pete is probably the best surgeon in California, and ailing persons come to him from far and near. He never loses a customer to the undertakers, and thus his prices are high, and fashionable limousines stand before his door.

"Is this going to lay me up?" Andy asked shakily.

"For a while, of course," Pete admitted; "but later on you're going to feel like yourself again. You'll be as good as new."

What he meant was that later on Andy Getty would again play golf with his former dash and verve, shooting 78's and 79's, making money and winning glory for the team. Andy listened and groaned. Doctor Boyle has his own hospital, a cute little white structure, with a neat patch of lawn, lovely soft-voiced nurses, stained-glass windows and everything on rubber tires. It is quiet and lovely. If a man has to die he couldn't die in a nicer spot; but as doc assured Andy, there was virtually no more to this operation than having your nails polished by a barber-shop brunette, and furthermore, doc said, it was on the house and wouldn't cost Andy a cent.

Considering these disturbing facts, Mr. Getty stopped his daily paper and moved into the hospital, and Pete removed the offending appendix in the forty-fifth year of its life. It seemed to be a fairly robust appendix when removed, but, as Pete said to George Lobbie, you never can tell about the damned things.

The patient recovered rapidly, sat up in bed, ate apples, joked with the sweet-faced nurses, and read a few of the books people always read when recovering from appendicitis. He returned presently to the Coldbrook Country Club, where he resumed the ancient and honorable game, practiced driving and entered for the President's Cup. There he shot a miserable 92. Even his caddie giggled.

(Continued on Page 127)

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Admittance Into the Kitchen Was on Business Only, and Nobody Had Business There But Mammy

LAST month I was in the same boat with Henry Hudson and his crew of twenty men, who came ricocheting over the waves more than three centuries before. Henry apparently did not know where to start, for he touched lightly at Chesapeake Bay, ran a marine niblick shot up to the Delaware Capes and finally doffed his sails off Navesink, where the sun-kissed natives supplied him with "dry currants, whortleberries and green tobacco." We do not know whether Henry ate or smoked this dish, but it was probably the start of the blended-tobacco industry in America. It surely would taste just as good in a pipe as in a spoon.

Henry would have done much better in the Chesapeake section if he had let go her peak halyards and browsed her down in Hampton Roads, for then he would have been within the great aromatic circle of Maryland terrapin and Virginia ham. And the toughest sea lawyer in his crew could have discovered no cause for mutiny if he had stalled the Half Moon off Marcus Hook, for they could have then dined on Delaware shad and Philadelphia pepper pot, two of the finest dishes that a king ever threw at a royal chef.

The Gate to the Southern Kitchen

PENNSYLVANIA, Maryland and Virginia constitute the culinary gate to the South and Southern cooking. Neither one can claim to be the entire portal, and in awarding honors, I should say that Pennsylvania is the hinges on the gate, Maryland the knob and Virginia the bell, for it is a gate without a knocker. You might call these three states the temperate zone of cookery, for they are far enough south to avoid the heavy fats and greases of the arctic and far enough north to be out of the tropical condiment and spice belt.

If we lived up on the rim of the world we would have to eat walrus blubber and drink the oil out of the old parlor lamp, for our systems would demand the fuel to help us fight off the cold. But no citizen of the Middle Atlantic states has to go in for either over or under eating, for he lives in a land where the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb and the sun is softened to the chipped beef.

Pennsylvania, especially, is happy in this respect, and it has long been a boast of the Keystoners that you could build a Chinese barrier around their state, and they could exist independent of the world. The state raises about every known edible in the universe, including tobacco, beef, all kinds of vegetables, peaches, apples and all kinds of other fruit except the tropical species. When it comes to oranges and pineapples I am afraid the happy Quakers would have to sing the Yes, We Have No Bananas song.

It has been quite some years since I have eaten in Philadelphia, and in the long ago and far away, the best places were the old Bellevue, Kugler's, Boothby's, the Continental, Green's Hotel and the Soulas' Rathskeller in the Betz Building. The old Bellevue was run by the late George Boldt, one of the charter members of the internationally known Clover Club, an association dedicated to good food and fellowship. The Clover Club derived its title from the cheerful couplet:

When we live, we live in clover;
When we die, we die all over.

That must have been Boldt's idea of beautiful poetry, for he indorsed its sentiments by naming his daughter Clover.

The old Bellevue Hotel was as good as any hotel in the world. And in case Central should call up and ask you, I want to say you can tell her that George Boldt was just about the best restaurateur and hotel man in that same world. He proved this in his Philadelphia days and clinched the argument later on at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

The Continental got famous many years ago, when the predecessor of Death Valley Scott and Butch McDevitt, a Western Pennsylvanian by the illuminative name of Coal Oil Johnny, leased the hotel for a day and threw it open to the public free of charge. Coal Oil Johnny lighted his cigars with ten-dollar bills and was a gentleman who never blew on his soup to cool it off. He fanned it with his hat. I think his sensational exploit of leasing the Continental for a day cost him $1000. You could hardly get an option on a coat room for that price today.

All the Philadelphia restaurants were famous for their sea food, and the town has one peculiarity I have never discovered in any other city. That's the oyster saloon dedicated as a shrine to his majesty the bivalve. The oyster saloon deals in nothing but clams and oysters; and when I was a lad, around 1895, you could buy an oyster stew for fifteen cents, with a side dish of pepper hash, all the Trenton oyster crackers you could eat, and the proprietor would also trust you with a big carafe of sherry to be used in seasoning the stew. Kelly's on Ninth Street was about the best known of the oyster saloons, and I understand that Kelly retired rich without ever having raised his price above fifteen cents for the stew.

There is less pretense and sham in Philadelphia than in any town of which I know, and the cooking is along the same lines. It isn't fancy, but it's the stuff that sticks to your ribs. In the early days of America the town was controlled in turn by the Swedes, the Germans and the English, who all like their roasts and vegetables without tinsel and gewgaws.

I agree with them. In all my days of catering to the public I have never seen the sharp knife which could take the place of a tender steak. Philadelphia believes in sharp steaks and dull knives, and I don't blame the town.

By Invitation Only

THE Tunnel Restaurant in the Reading Terminal Market was a great place to dine in the old days. In fact, the market restaurants of Philly were all good. I wonder if there are any old-timers who remember a man named Hinds who ran a place around Eleventh and Arch. He furnished soup, steak, potatoes, vegetables, coffee and a slab of solemn-looking pie all for the price of thirty cents, and never was more value crowded into a smaller budget.

But the real cooking of Philly was not on display in show windows for the benefit of strangers. You could taste the fine food only in private homes and clubs. The town never did have a flair for dining out. If you examine the backbone of this nation, you will find that every vertebra is a home, and that is where the Philadelphian eats.

It was Penn's idea in the first place. Or Solomon's, if you care to carry history out to the sixth decimal point. Solomon said, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." This is exactly

what Penn was aiming at when he wrote to his surveyor-general, Thomas Holme: "Let every house be placed in the middle of its platt as to the breadth way of it, that so there may be ground on each side of it for gardens or orchards or fields; that it may be a Greene Country and always wholesome, and not subject to fire."

Penn wanted every home to stand distinct and individual; and although the only "platts" left are the many public parks and squares, there are probably more single homes in Philly than in any other town. Penn loved good food and knew that a meal was not all a question of mere cooking. The green of the grass, the motes of sunshine filtering through the spotless window curtains, the rustle of the air and the serenity of a quiet house are all ingredients of a perfect meal.

A Reformed Cavalier

PENN found in Philadelphia the peace which he had fought for all his life; for, though it may amaze students of the weekly news reel, Penn was a fighting man from a fighting family, and Penn's Woods was the Stuart reward to the elder Penn for his efforts in restoring that family to the throne of England. Even Cromwell, who apprehended Papa Penn in many a royalist conspiracy, grudgingly admitted that Penn, Sr., was a sea captain the equal of Frobisher and Drake and a worthy rival of Van Tromp and De Ruyter. Daddy Penn married Margaret Jasper, daughter of a Dutch merchant, and a very remarkable woman. Samuel Pepys, who seems to have been the daily illustrated paper of ancient times, gave her a boost in his diary on October 14, 1644, when he wrote of her: "Hath been heretofore pretty handsome and is now very discreet."

Young Penn saw service under his father against the fleets of the Dutch admirals, whose usual method of sailing home from marine scuffles was very arrogant and overbearing, for they always nailed a good old Holland broom to their mastheads, indicating that they had swept the seas clear of impudent Englishmen. Drake changed all that, and the two Penns had a hand in it. Then young William was sent to Oxford and expelled for paying too much attention to the speeches of Thomas Loe, an obscure layman, who was furthering the doctrines of George Fox. The family punishment for the youngster was a two-year exile in Italy and France, and he was a cavalier at the court of Louis XIV, where he seems to have forgotten his Quakerish instincts, for the Daily Illustrated Pepys again honors the Penn family when he makes a note of the future Philadelphian's visit to him on August 30, 1664: "Comes Mr. Penn to visit me. I perceive something of learning he hath got. But a great deal, if not too much, of the French garb and affected manner of speech and gait."

Yes, sir, Billy was a real cavalier, with powdered periwig, curls and probably a jeweled snuffbox. I don't want to outrage Philadelphians by suggesting that the founder of their city wore red heels, but I do know that they were affected by the cavaliers of Penn's time. But he seems never to have forgotten the lessons learned from the humble Thomas Loe, for after the fearful plague of 1665 the real Penn came to the surface and the butterfly became a sober-minded grub in the drab habiliments of an English Quaker, a man with a serious mission in life. He refused to bear arms for his crown, would not uncover before his father or the king and was sent to the Tower of London for eight months and sixteen days to think it over. His father, now an admiral, died and Penn was released from the Tower and given his father's grants in America.

He never bore arms in America either, for while the rest of the colonies were swindling and betraying the red man Penn dwelt in amity with his Indian neighbors. The famous pledge under the Penn Treaty Elm lasted for seventy years. But even though the treaty under the tree had proved a failure, we know enough of Penn's fighting ability to know that he would not have climbed the elm in case of a battle. You may slap a Quaker on the face, and he will turn the other cheek. Another slap, and he might continue the operation of reversing his physiognomy. But never try three slaps. I saw it done just once. On the third slap the slappee hauled off and knocked the slappister for a goal with these few quaint words: "Thee plinkity-plonked fool, didst thou think I was going to make a windmill of myself?"

Eggnogging About Town

YOU can well ask what food Alexander ate that men called him great; also what provender the Quaker eats that makes him so doughty. It is unique in a way, and I think there are some items on his menu that will sound mysterious to citizens around the country. I have a menu compiled by prominent Philadelphians now living in New York who intend to give an all-Philadelphia dinner for Philadelphians who have gained fame in theatricals. They can well feel proud of such fine performers as the Barrymores, the Drews, Walter Kelly, known as the Virginia Judge; W. C. Fields, who is now a headliner in the movies; Jack Norworth and Johnny Gordon and Ray Dooley. Here is the menu as written down by George Kelly, author of The Show-Off:

Philadelphia Pepper Pot
Fried Mush
Scrapple
Flitch
Scotch Cakes
Sticky-bottom Cinnamon Buns
Snowballs
Eggnog

The eggnog was the Philly manner of celebrating Easter in the old days. There was more egging and nogging in that town than I ever saw in my life. The day was open house in all the big clubs, homes and bars. A big bowl of

(Continued on Page 78)

Penn Wanted Every Home to Stand Distinct and Individual; and Although the Only "Platts" Left are the Many Public Parks and Squares, There are Probably More Single Homes in Philly Than in Any Other Town

PARENT TO A STAR

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

AT YOUR age, mamma," Elaine Storey said to her mamma, "don't try to get in the camera. It's not a bungalow." Miss Storey, almost America's favorite star, and her mother were having publicity stills made in the Japanese garden back of Elaine's Spanish house in the Beverly Hills. For that important operation there were two cameras, two cameramen and an assistant, and a representative from the publicity department of Zenith Pictures.

"That's perfect, Miss Storey," a cameraman said. "Hold it, please. . . . Mrs. Storey, keep your arm lightly around your daughter's waist. You may gaze at her, but I want Miss Storey to look at the camera."

The exposures were made and Elaine Storey turned to the individual who interpreted her to the public. "You may say," she proceeded graciously, "that all I am—all—I owe to my mother. She has been my inspiration and my companion. I have never taken a step, and never expect to, without first seeking her advice."

The publicity man was at once deferential and dissatisfied. "If you could get something new into that," he suggested; "a new angle. Those were practically Miss Corbin's words in last month's Photo-news."

"You Lay Off That" She Directed

She grew visibly, verbally, annoyed.

"I have no interest in Miss Corbin's words. My relationship with my mother must be viewed serious in itself. But you may add that when I get home late at night from the studio, practically exhausted, that my mother prepares me a delicious and reviving fresh-tomato omelet." That, she was assured, was better. In fact, it was fine. When the technical staff had gone, Elaine sat on the edge of a terrace laid in sky-blue glazed tiles; below her reached the smooth liquid surface of the swimming pool set in glazed yellow tiles; and farther on the tennis court showed its tall wire netting and massed shrubbery.

"I wonder," Elaine began reflectively, "what would happen to me if I did eat an omelet you made. Enough. It certainly would take me off the screen for a while."

Her mother, settling in a long chair above her, smiled. "I never cooked a dish for your father, and it's easy I wouldn't for you, darling." She looked remarkably like her daughter and, the truth was, hardly older. Her hair—there was only a trace of gray in its blondness—was cut as smartly and aggressively as Elaine's; her figure was almost as slender, almost as flexible; and her slippers were an entire size smaller.

Looking down on her daughter, Katie Storey was thinking what a little sap she actually was. She couldn't understand Elaine's enormous popularity, her gigantic public; she couldn't for the life of her see why any company paid her ten thousand dollars a week. Probably she got it because she photographed well and had had the advantage of a most intensive advertising. Then she had been fortunate in her pictures. The Merry Susanna, now on view as a road show at the best houses, the highest prices, showed signs of establishing new records. Elaine was very pretty, of course, in a conventional way, and she had never presented any serious difficulties of management. Her conduct, like her features, had always been correctly regular. She was troubled by neither strong feelings nor imagination. As a child she had been chiefly concerned with her clothes; the ribbon in her hair had been the most important thing in her life. As a girl she had liked the admiration of boys but never, Katie Storey realized, the boys themselves. A cold vanity had animated her ambitions and acts and motives; her mind was pinched but persistent, stubborn ——

"I asked Mr. Glenning to dinner tomorrow night," Elaine Storey proceeded. "Mr. Benn is coming. With you, that will make four. It is to be a small affair. I like Mr. Benn very much."

Her mother asked, "Oil or real estate?"

"Neither," she replied coldly. "Water power. I do like serious men. Older men. The young ones, actors ——" She waved a listless hand of dismissal. "Love—bosh!"

Katie Storey didn't commit herself. What was the use? She had a theory that Elaine wasn't made for love. Instead: "I've got fifty thousand dollars I want to invest," she admitted. "I wonder about water power?"

Elaine turned sharply. "You lay off that," she directed. "I want to make a little investment of my own. Just keep the family stuff out of it. Anyhow, as soon as I get a nice man here, you forget your years. That's a fact. Do you go upstairs? You do not. Do you let me talk? Not if you can help it. I'm sick of how you go on. Always in the camera. That's you."

"If you are referring to Mr. Slotter," her mother replied, "I wanted to go up an hour before he'd let me. For a week afterward he telephoned me every time he thought you were out of the house. But I couldn't see him, if you get what I mean. Speaking personal, I don't agree with you about men, not about these business men with the asthma. If the ones you have here would bend over they'd burst. They're more like plums in the face than men."

Elaine Storey stood up, with the backs of her hands on the delicate perfection of her hips.

"You don't, hey; and they are. I mean would they? Well, what's it to you? I'll ask you that. What's it to you? This is my house and you are talking about my friends and you're only here on suffering ——"

"Sufferage," her mother interrupted.

"I said sufferage," Elaine asserted. "As far as that goes you're staying with me provisional ——"

"Provisionally."

"Well, anyhow, I want you to know that I won't stand for any more performances like the one you gave with Mr. Slotter. You talked till I thought it was both the parrots. Mr. Benn is a quiet and wealthy gentleman and I don't want him scared to death the first time he's here. He has a sense of fitness of things, if some people haven't."

Mrs. Storey put in, "I've told you before, and I don't mind telling you again, if you get in these tempers you'll get off the screen. They are ruinous to the face. You are looking a year or two above your age now."

Elaine grew quiet at once; more—she became dignified. "I detest scenes," she said. "I'm not happy when I am not submerged in the fluid of beauty. It must flow through me. I am the conductor of the ineffable. The stars and sky flow through me; the flowers and the wind are part of me. So is the sea."

"With a half of that you'd lose your shape," Katie Storey commented. "And while we are speaking of that, when will he be here again? It ought to be soon as you let him, at a hundred dollars an hour."

If she was referring to the Swami Djerpul, Elaine replied, he was coming to the house Tuesday at five. "He gives me back what my work, my public take. He leads me into the ultra regions of the soul and I return refreshed. India, the mother. India!"

This time Mrs. Storey said bosh. "Still, I've got to hand it to him. I have to hand it to you. You both get away with it. Elaine, dearest, it's time for your massage, and you ought to take an extra long rest afterward. Don't forget we are going to the world première of Golden Wings tonight. I'd better have a look at your dress too. The new white meteor with the silver appliqué, I think. Your things have been a little violent lately. Remember, your face won't stand too much. It sinks, darling; it does indeed."

The world première of Golden Wings, the Forest Greene Company's super-picture, was an immense occasion. The theater in which it was held was bathed in the icy illumination of a score of searchlights, there was flight after flight of skyrockets, the colored showers of Roman candles, a blaze of ruby and emerald lights. The sidewalks, the streets near by, were solidly filled with the mob gathered only to have a glimpse of the arriving notable persons of the moving-picture world; a slow single procession of motor cars made its way up to the theater entrance. There were loud-speakers, announcements, outside as well as within; and when Elaine Storey and her mother stepped out onto a spread carpet a shrill aside rose to a man on a platform above the heads of the throng. Immediately a sonorous answering proclamation rolled out into the California night. "Miss Elaine Storey of Zenith, and her mother."

There was a roar of approbation, a wide-massed volume of applause. The crowd immediately before Elaine pressed forward, but she stepped back, sweetly urging her mother on.

"My mother," she said in a clear voice. "My young mother." The voiced approval grew deafening. Katie Storey retreated. She turned a radiant countenance on Elaine.

"My adorable daughter," she said quickly and firmly.

An attendant came close to Elaine Storey. "Miss Storey," he whispered, indicating the entrance with a cautious thumb. "Please. The cars behind you." Elaine surveyed him unfavorably; then, gathering a white

ermine cloak more closely, more effectively, about her, she moved forward with her mother.

"Not that the seats are much," Elaine said when they had been taken to their places. "Over to one side like they are and not more than halfway down."

Katie Storey pointed out philosophically that the Forest Greene Company was not theirs. "You've handed Alice Corbin some cold ones." Elaine found herself sitting beside a Mr. Lettew, who more or less ran The Sun Arc. She didn't like him, but she was excessively polite, since The Sun Arc was not only carefully read by the trade, its circulation was beginning to include the moving-picture public.

"Miss Storey," he said effusively, "how splendid you are looking, and that must be your mother. I'd recognize her for that anywhere." He leaned over and shook hands with Mrs. Storey.

"Mrs. Storey," Lettew went on, "I'm specially glad to meet you. The Sun Arc believes in your daughter; she is one of the great forces in America, and we'd like to have her mother's account of her. The Sun Arc would be delighted to print it as a compliment to both of you." Elaine graciously interrupted this to force her mother to change her seat to the one next to Mr. Lettew.

"I hardly know what to tell you," Mrs. Storey began. "There is so much to say about Elaine—her courage and faith in herself and in me. When Mr. Storey died, Mr. Lettew, he left us very little—he was just beginning a new venture—and we were just two women alone. I call Elaine a woman, though she was only fourteen at the time. She was so resourceful. Mine was the quiet part, I was so overcome with grief, and my little girl went out into the world. She became a wage earner. She never lost heart, she never failed to cheer me ——"

"I thought I'd tell you," a voice from the row behind said in Mrs. Storey's ear, "the picture has begun. You might want to see some of it." She stiffly inclined her head, once, and sat in a rigid disdain.

Elaine Storey glanced casually at the screen. "Alice really ought to learn to make up," she told her mother and the several people around them. "She really ought. She is doing herself an injustice. You can't pile on mascara like it was a vanishing cream. If I've said it once to her I've said it a dozen times—'Alice dear, just a little lighter with the rabbit's foot. A more refined touch.' But when you think—when you think——"

Elaine's mother dropped a warning hand on her knee. "Yes, yes, darling," she said quickly. "She has done wonders, hasn't she? You always admired her so much." When, at the picture's end, they had extricated themselves from the mob and were once more in Elaine's Belgian town car, she said, "What was the idea handing me that blast in the theater? If anybody has a right to speak, I have. Alice Corbin's stuff is too thin for words.

"Playing a lady all over the lot with what everybody knows about her. At least I'm honest with my public. And I didn't think much of the number you were giving The Sun Arc. I'm glad it was stopped. The working girl is a fade-out. What you want is a little mystery. Look how big the European women go over. Those Gretchens can't act. It's the mystery. You hear that a king was in love with one. Maybe. Perhaps. But the public eats it up. And all the time they can't speak English, but just breathe in the executives' ears. Yes, they can't! But it's good for more than a laugh—if you're a man.

"What chance has a real woman and artist got! I'm going to leave pictures and go on the stage. I can live in New York then and meet everybody. Out here I'm just giving my whole life up for nothing. I'm just being squeezed like a rag for a heartless corporation," Elaine complained.

"It seems to me," her mother put in, "that you have been doing some of the squeezing. That last contract. Ten thousand a week and a cut on your pictures. I'd say you were shot with luck, when you remember how much real ability you have, and if you leave the screen in anything but a hearse, for ten years at least, I'll see it's for an asylum."

"You don't love me," Elaine sobbed, "and I must have love. I can't live without it. I'm not just a machine to make money. It isn't enough. My heart," she clasped at it, "is too big, too imperial."

"Imperious," Mrs. Storey said. "I could never make out why you act with me. But, heavens, you act with the maid who brings up your coffee."

Elaine replied that her art was always uppermost. She was so sensitive, so highly strung. "And don't pin me down about words either. I said imperious, only you didn't hear me. I speak so quickly, so impulsively, that sometimes it sounds confused. But I know." She had switched on the light and was busily making up her face. "Tears," she said, "are as expensive as pearls. Sweet sorrow."

"Nonsense," her mother exclaimed. "You've been encouraging some hopeless love again. You always have when you get poetic. I don't see what it counts, you making men fall in love and then saying it cannot be."

Elaine replied that the love of an honorable man was very beautiful. It gave her something. "And when Mr. Benn comes," she added, "I don't want any of those crabs for a first course. Not after the cramps I took the last time. Remember what I told you about investments too. He mustn't think us mercenary. Mr. Benn himself is above such considerations. He told me that I was a spring flower, an almond blossom. But I'll say this for him—he spoke of almond blossoms, but sends orchids." She lapsed into a graceful silence that reached to the great nail-studded door of her stucco Spanish house.

In her room a devastating weariness settled over Katie Storey: she was fundamentally, essentially, tired. It was her life with Elaine that exhausted her. Ordinarily, she felt, she was a very cheerful, a cheery woman; she liked people and she liked pleasant things. The fact was that Elaine forced her to take a back seat, and she wasn't—not by many years—a person to take a back seat. Specially with Elaine, a child she was in no danger of overestimating. It seemed to her that Elaine had been caught in a remarkable whirl of events and carried, purely an inanimate object, to her present eminence. If the whirl stopped, or even paused, Katie was afraid, Elaine would drop stolidly down to where she belonged. Heavens, there wasn't any fun to her. A man would get tired of her in a month.

She had been nineteen when Elaine was born; Elaine was now twenty-five, and so she must be forty-four. Not a bad age, with her figure. She surveyed her ankles, her shoulders and graceful waist with approbation. They were pretty good. Elaine couldn't get her slippers on by a whole size, and when Elaine was forty-four—well, Katie Storey would like to see her then. Just see her. After her tempers and the years of make-up

She was, she supposed, an unnatural mother, a naughty mother, to go on like that, but she couldn't help it. "I am still a woman first," she said aloud. She was so

(Continued on Page 93)

"All I Am—All—I Owe to My Mother"

Front Clerk and Rear Room

By RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

LOOKING out through the plate glass of a lobby window awhile ago, I saw unmistakable signs that the long, hard winter was upon us. I saw people just off the Orange Blossom Cannon Ball, sauntering in through the cabbage palms and stopping to sniff at the flowering hibiscus and to fan themselves. They were already beginning to come to and the thing they wanted most was a place to park the fur-collared overcoats and sealskins they were carrying over their arms.

"Well, Jack Frost has 'em trooping southward," I murmured, "and our thawing-'em-out season is on."

"Not only our thawing-'em-out season, Mr. Manager," the room clerk shot back as he laid a full fountain pen on the register, "but the season for a lot of other things as well. For instance, the newspaper philosophers will now outburst in the editorial column with all the evils our outrageous hotel rates have brought on. For instance, they brought on the hurricane."

"Let them outburst in peace," I chided my right-hand assistant; "the folks who pay the rates won't read those editorials."

"Just the same it irks my epidermis," the room clerk persisted. "I wonder if those quill pushers really believe our charges are just our best guess at how much our guests have got."

Sometimes, I confess, I have done a little wondering myself. I have wondered whether those molders of public opinion, if they knew all about the value received plus the hazard involved, would see their way clear to have any more compassion on the guests' pocketbooks than we do. This, let me hasten to remark, is no smoke screen for all that goes on in the winter-resort hotels. There are pirates along these gentle beaches just as there used to be pirates in these gentle waters. But it was a predominance of honest merchantmen in those other days that made the pirate business possible, and maybe it is honest hotel keepers who make pirating possible today. About all I mean to aver is that people ought to give honest hotel keepers a chance to itemize their statements rendered before ordering the whole tribe to walk the plank.

When the Blue-Blooded Bostonian Headed in Their Direction They Stood Their Ground Heroically, But the Blood Froze in Their Veins

Rioting Arithmetic

IT MAY be genuine news to some readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that our rates are not really fixed by a group of gentlemen with long mustaches and long cutlasses whispering behind the coconut trees. The fact is the rates are systematically worked out up in honest New York. Back in midsummer, in the Wall Street district, I sat in a conference of the managers of a chain of East Coast hotels. After an all-day session, a schedule was adopted with rates for this season at from one to five dollars a day less, depending on the room accommodations, than last winter's rates. If there was any sheer levying of tribute or even any guesswork in that new schedule, it didn't show in the piles of figure-filled sheets of paper that littered the long table. Nothing more unlawful than rioting arithmetic, it seemed to me, lay behind our eventual conclusions.

That eight-hour session began with an examination of all available evidence that might foreshadow the volume of the tourist tide that was going to flow South. We decided that there would be fewer people and better people than composed last winter's tide. Next we considered the railroad rates. We weren't so much interested in what the tourist was going to have to pay for his tickets as in how much the long haul was going to cost us when it came to transporting our dining room and chamber help.

Then we dug into the price estimates of rival concerns on vegetables and meats. One of our men reported on the cost of new furniture and the big item of repairs. Another gave the check-up on linens; still another on advertising. Next we figured in ruling wages and salaries, a slight change in insurance premiums, the weather bureau's general forecast as to the length and intensity of the cold season in the North, and the general prosperity and travel eagerness of the people.

Each manager gave his opinion as to whether the adverse propaganda by counter interests would be slight or intense, and each told of his observation covering sanitary conditions. We wanted to know whether there was any possibility of a real or pretended epidemic the report of which, if cunningly spread, might bring cancellation of three-quarters of our bookings after we had laid in our huge stores of supplies and were expecting the folks to arrive.

We rejected an item of dock repairs on the ground that it was not a proper charge against guests in general, but rather a charge against those in particular who kept their boats in the yacht basin. To the bottom of our list we attached the unvarying factors of investment hazard, interest, depreciation and a reasonable profit. Thus we arrived at the rates.

I don't believe we dictated the rates; I fancy they dictated themselves. And behind all our figuring lurked two unfathomable elements that make a manager wonder sometimes whether the operation of seasonal hotels is a business or a game of chance—a fickle thermometer and a fickle public mind. Like the good business men we were, we cut our rates from one to five dollars a day and adjourned with the hope that our guests would be pleased and trade would be good.

I can hear some quick-triggered layman snapping back that if we had cut our rates in half the public would be joyous and trade would be grand, and that shows how much the layman doesn't know about this matter. If we had halved our rates—if it had been possible to do such a thing, I mean—our guests would have been disgusted and business would have been killed.

Substantial rates spell substantial exclusiveness, and it is my opinion after twenty years in this game that a guest of the class we're discussing regards a decent exclusiveness as the most precious and satisfying thing he can buy in a hotel. Holler "Snob stuff!" if you like; many people do. I didn't say snobbishness for the reason that I didn't mean that. Snobbishness is exclusive, but exclusiveness isn't necessarily snobbish.

A Bully Battle

IN RESORT hotels I've been connected with I have met the most disgustingly snobbish and the most delightfully democratic persons I've ever known. I'm not arguing class distinctions, just merely testifying that persons who have made the grade financially, socially and intellectually, when they go somewhere to relax and enjoy themselves, get a kick out of it only as they mingle pretty rigidly with their own kind.

Protecting the guests so that they will be among their own kind keeps our house organization very busy. It's human nature that just where you are endeavoring to keep out certain persons in particular is the place where those persons in particular will try hardest to break in. It's a battle all the time, a rather bully battle, to keep the flag flying in unsullied sweetness over our appreciative household. Sometimes the unwelcome ones beat us, just naturally outwit us, and then we graciously make the best of the situation. There was the case of a certain glittering actress who anybody would know and nobody could prove didn't belong in a hotel I was with at Palm Beach. When she wrote for accommodations, I replied with a nice letter regretting that we were booked solidly for the season. She was a good little fighter and she got men who were connected with us in a business way to write and wire in her behalf. I stood my ground and continued to say no, although it cost me a friend or two.

When She Strutted in Front of Her Cheval Reflector a Flaw in the Glass Was Disclosed

Fancy my plight when one day at the height of the season this stage star breezed in without notice and pulled on me a letter from a magnate who always takes his suite by the season! The letter requested me to allow them to occupy his accommodations for two weeks. I wanted to wring her beautiful little neck, but instead I shook hands and had her and her party shown up to the rooms as though they had been Queen Marie and her crowd.

During the fortnight she was treated as courteously as anybody else, but there never was a minute when she was out of her rooms that she wasn't under our eye. Only once did she slip her pretty foot, and then we were on her like a ton of bricks. She started to cut in on some of our most particular people down on the beach at the bathing hour—and found herself talking to the house detective. When she left for the train at the end of her stay, I sent a dozen roses to her drawing-room by way of acknowledging that she had beaten our system.

Who's Who

BUT it's a pretty efficient system at that. When we start booking in October for the four months' season that will begin with December, we may receive a letter from J. Jeremiah Jones, of Chicago, asking a January and February reservation for himself, Mrs. Jones, the two children, a maid and a valet. A resort house manager knows everybody of importance whom he can, and tries to know the name and station of about every important person there is; but ours is a big country, and good social and financial circles are acquiring new members continually. It happens that among all the Joneses my staff and I know or know about there's no J. Jeremiah. From his letterhead and the knowing way he specifies the accommodations he requires, I see that it would be an error to turn him down just because he's a new one on me. I call up the manager of the stockbroker's office downstairs and request him to ask his Chicago office by wire whether they know Mr. Jones. In an hour they reply that they don't. Meanwhile I've found that he is not listed in the Chicago Social Register.

Finally I telegraph Mr. Arthur Graham-Rose, one of our Chicago regulars, an inquiry as to whether he knows Mr. Jones, and, if so, whether he believes Mr. Jones would make an acceptable guest. Back comes an answer from our regular that he is positive the applicant would not make an acceptable guest for the reason that yesterday Jones skinned him at golf on the Wessex course.

Immediately a letter goes to J. Jeremiah Jones informing him that his accommodations are reserved and that we will greet him with pleasure, for I know well enough that anybody who can include in his day's work the beating of the swagger Graham-Rose on the swagger Wessex links, even though he keeps out of brokers' offices and disdains the Social Register, will not look to our folks like the smallpox when he breezes into the dining room.

Regular guests don't mind being interrogated about persons from their town who want to break into the charmed circle. In fact they're complimented by being made to feel that they have a hand in maintaining the strict fences around their playground. When they give their O. K. on persons we put up to them, it means the persons are such as they would be willing to introduce at their favorite clubs or bid to their homes to dinner. They realize, of course, that the decision they make for us is final; they know they aren't going to meet under our roof anybody on whom they've given us the gentle thumbs down.

Naturally, we appeal to our guests for information about would-be guests only when we have to. Our organization resources for finding out about people are about as extensive, though perhaps not so blunt, as those of a credit bureau. If one of our front-office staff has so much as seen the applicant, we're pretty certain to know whether he can miss the manhole for the unelect.

I believe the developed eyesight of a good room clerk or front clerk is the surest in the world. Such a man gathers more vital information than an insurance questionnaire in the casual glance with which he takes in the newcomer as he or she follows the bellman with the bags across the lobby tiles. An impression of an unknown—of course, most of our guests are known to us, having applied for reservations long in advance—is recorded instantly, and experience proves beyond doubt that, in the resort-hotel business at least, the first impression is the copper-riveted right impression.

Accepted With Reservations

A CLEVER man or woman leaning across the register may bring into play sharp wits and tactics that would befuddle a bootlegger's legal defender; but the clerk who knows his business, if his first impression was adverse, shuts his ears, fumbles his room sheets and sees every open room on his board blocked as completely as though he had already slipped in the white card. With a thousand or fifteen hundred guests in the house and new ones arriving daily, it isn't possible for a man behind the desk to identify everyone at a glance; but a clerk can watch a man crossing to the elevators and can tell by his walk and his manner whether that man is a guest, a person who has come in on legitimate business or a mere intruder. While smiling cordially into the face of a man who has just been assigned to a room and handed his card for the head waiter, the room clerk can throw a glance to the house officer that will cause that guest to be shadowed and reported on from that instant.

Being human, we make mistakes; and being resourceful, we have our effective methods of retrieving them. Occasionally we find ourselves with a guest who, in spite of satisfactory social standing and financial responsibility, is simply as unbelonging as a cinder in the eye. I recall one lady—and she was some social smoke in her home city too who had developed a natural talent for being disagreeable into a finished art. During dinner one evening she shattered the morale of the dining room by her hyena-like capers and made a lot of guests want to check out through

(Continued on Page 65)

When She Left for the Train at the End of Her Stay, I Sent a Dozen Roses to Her Drawing-Room by Way of Acknowledging That She Had Beaten Our System

Parkside Mansions, on West Eighty-First Street

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"A Poor Man Like Me Got No Right to Try and Buy a Fine House Like That"

THUS far I have not been able to get a good picture of Royal MacGregor prior to 1907; evidently he did not impress his old associates. They saw in him only a broad-backed, dependable, negligible scrub, evidently. I imagine him encountering one of those unobservant fellows in later years, when his name was a spell and his favor created real-estate values: "And so you're the big operator and builder they call Rob Roy. Well, well. I never connected you!"

He was an assistant controller of the National-Wide Realties. That concern blew up with a twenty-five-million-dollar report immediately after Wall Street's silent panic of March, 1907, and Royal MacGregor promptly aggravated the unemployment problem; that's about all I have.

It seems that he did not place himself again right away; no firms bid eagerly enough for his services. It is hard to believe that a man of his ability was out of employ for about a year, or in and out of odd jobs, but that's the record. He was probably too hard to please. Getting up in the world is hard, but coming down is harder. It was not until the spring of 1908, when he was thirty-three, that he went to work for Alonzo Sweatnam.

This Sweatnam had come from Chicago, in 1904 or thereabout, and had gone into speculative building, shoestringing. He was putting up a ten-story on upper Broadway, a six-story elevator on Lenox Avenue in Harlem, and a twelve-story apartment on West Eighty-first Street near the Museum of Natural History. He was making one job carry another, and couldn't stop; you probably understand the technic—when a builder can't pay his bills on a job and is no good at the bank, he starts a new job and a bigger one, and the contractors take his paper for the old job so as to secure the new work. It's suicidal, but they do it. Royal MacGregor was bookkeeper, timekeeper, paymaster and messenger for Sweatnam.

Neither the job nor the pay met Royal MacGregor's ideas, but they were better than pushing snow into a manhole for thirty cents an hour and discounting a municipal pay slip at a saloon with a row of down-and-outs, and he had done those things during the preceding winter. He ate regularly again and slept in a bed.

When he walked down the steps of the Eighty-first Street Elevated station in March, 1908, he wore as smart and durable a suit as six dollars would buy in New York, and a pair of brand-new dollar-sixty Letterman shoes—a long-faced, long-headed man with the pallor of the indoor worker or snow bird and the build of a college halfback, a sober and tight-lipped man, and yet with a twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes. Here was a man who had lost the first round, but had not yet made his fight—a man whose experience had made him vigilant, but who was still tolerant and unembittered.

The three private houses that had stood on the site of Sweatnam's job were gone, and the unroofed cellars were broom clean. Contractors were moving in their apparatus, and beginning to brawl; because of a setback agreement in the neighborhood, the front wall of the new building was to be twelve feet inside the city building line, enlarging by twelve hundred square feet the sidewalk and the space available for storage of building material, but each contractor still felt himself injuriously cramped. Miles Hyler, Sweatnam's building superintendent on that job, was trying to compose the contractors' differences. He was a gigantic colored man who had lost the power of his voice in a building accident.

"Good morning, Mile High," said Royal MacGregor.

"See here, Mile High," said the plumbing contractor, shouldering in, "let's have an understanding straight off. If you're going to let everybody on the job get under my feet I'm quitting before I begin, see? Give a look where that cellar digger is putting his runway—right over my sewer line."

"That's where it goes," said the excavator. "Keep out of my way. I'm not taking orders from the plumber where I'll put my runway—or from any coon either. Go on, boys!"

"Look at the cellar plan in the shanty, Mr. Morgan," said Mile High, leaning down and over to whisper. "Or don't bother. I'll show you where you won't be in his way."

He stepped forward and lifted a heavy timber from the hands of two bowed and grunting Italian laborers. "Leave go, or I'll knock your block off!" barked the excavator, following him.

"Yes, sir, you'll knock my block off," agreed Mile High pacifically. "And you're the very man can do it too." He put down the timber where he wanted it. "Right here, Mr. Morgan. I'll keep the street open in front of you here, and make everybody get out of your way."

"Hey, Mile High," came a raucous voice from another quarter, "who moved my planks? I'm piling brick right here."

"Morning, Mr. MacGregor," said Mile High, counting the thirty dollars that Royal MacGregor had handed him as his week's pay. "Has Sweatnam heard from the steel yet? The way Morgan is jumping in, we can take the shoes in another week, if the rock is there. I'm wondering about that. I worked on this house next to us on the west, ten years ago, and I remember we had trouble with the footings on this side."

"Morgan has the contract. It's his worry."

"Ought to be, but worries don't take on Joe Morgan. Did you hear about that bid he put in for excavating the railroad yard in Queens? He was low man, like he was here, but when they asked him to qualify, all he had was two truckfuls of dynamite—he must have figured to blow the lot up in the air and catch it in his two trucks when it came down."

A determined-looking lady walked up to them; she had come from the private house on the east. "Who's in charge here?" she demanded. "I am Mrs. Lance and I own that house right there. I have my lawyer watching you like a hawk, and I give you fair warning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mile High, bowing abjectly. "We'll take the best of care of your house, ma'am. We won't even spill mortar on it, or crack a ceiling. We employ only the most careful and reliable men, ma'am. If we got to go below you, we'll underpin you; we may have to stick a few needles in you, but ——"

"I lived next to a new building once before," said the lady, unconvinced. "The builders dropped things in my back yard and broke down a whole row of beautiful geraniums!"

"Broke down geraniums," said Mile High in an awed whisper. He looked at Royal MacGregor, who said "Fiendish," and moved away.

A tall, thin man was standing before Mrs. Lance's stoop watching the activity in the exposed cellars. He was high-shouldered and stooped, hugging himself together as if he felt the March wind through his worn overcoat. At first glimpse Royal MacGregor thought he was just a sidewalk inspector, the first arrival of a loyal contingent of onlookers, but Royal MacGregor recognized almost at once that long and leathery neck rising from a clean but frayed collar and supporting a small head of birdlike poise. "Good morning, Mr. Duranque," he said.

The head snapped around. Mr. Duranque's eyebrows were scanty and colorless; his small and bright blue eyes were set flush in a furrowed, pink face. "Hello, MacGregor," he said with quick cordiality, offering a thin and hard hand. "What brings you here, my boy?"

"MacGregor," Said Sweatnam, Not Troubling to Introduce His Employe to Puckhaver, "You've Been With Us Now for a Month, and I've Taken a Fancy to You"

"I'm employed here."

"Oh, yes, heh! I knew that, my boy. Silly of me. You're surprised to see me here, hey? Glad, too, I hope."

"Why not?" said Royal MacGregor laconically. He stood beside his acquaintance and looked into the lot. "How've you been, Mr. Duranque?"

"Badly, MacGregor," said Duranque, laying his left hand on his abdomen and proceeding to scratch its back tenderly. "I declare, I don't know how people live nowadays. You can't get a real good dinner in New York City today for less than twenty-five cents. You try it, MacGregor, I don't know what's to become of me if I can't get back the money you made me put in the National-Wide Realties."

"Poppycock, Mr. Duranque," said Royal MacGregor. "That's what I came to see you about, MacGregor. You told me right down there in your office that you'd make good for those bonds if the company didn't. You ain't denying that now, I hope? Don't deny an honest debt, my boy. There's something in this world worth a whole lot more than mere money, and that's credit. Did you say it?"

"I did, in substance," said Royal MacGregor grimly. "You didn't rely on it a cent's worth, and you haven't got a pen scratch to prove it—never mind the circumstances; I said I'd make good and I will. I'll make good when I can; I'm working here for twenty dollars a week."

"Twenty dollars a week," said Duranque gratulatingly. "A fine salary, MacGregor. You ought to be able to put by more'n the half of that. Well, I wouldn't be hard on you. Pay me what you can as you go along, so as you get started. MacGregor, if you knew how bad off I am ——"

Royal MacGregor shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and turned to walk away. "Send me those bonds," he said curtly. "They are only wall paper now anyway—the National-Wide Realties has paid its final dividend. I'll pay you twenty-five dollars a month on account of principal and interest. Good-day, Mr. Duranque. Glad to have seen you."

"Was that the new watchman?" asked Mile High, indicating Mr. Duranque, who was mounting Mrs. Lance's stoop.

"Oh, just a pensioner of mine," said Royal MacGregor. He strode back to the Elevated station and rode up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where was the office of Alonzo Sweatnam.

The door to Mr. Sweatnam's private room was ajar. Royal MacGregor saw his employer in there, lolling in his swivel chair, with a big cigar between his loose lips, snoring through his fleshy nose. Sweatnam was elderly and gross, eating too much and too daintily. With him was Rudolph Puckhaver, of sallow and intelligent face and ready but unpleasant smile.

"MacGregor," rumbled Sweatnam.

Royal MacGregor went in. The two men looked at him appraisingly. Sweatnam looked at Puckhaver, who nodded in approval.

"MacGregor," said Sweatnam, not troubling to introduce his employe to Puckhaver, "you've been with us now for a month, and I've taken a fancy to you."

Royal MacGregor waited.

"Such a violent fancy," said Sweatnam, smiling at Puckhaver, "that I've decided to make you president of the Park and Eighty-first Street Company!"

"Yes, sir."

Sweatnam took the cigar from his mouth and contemplated his employe.

He said, then, to Puckhaver, "He doesn't take it very hard, does he?"

"He doesn't understand," said Puckhaver generously. "Listen, MacGregor; do you understand what Mr. Sweatnam is saying? He says he is going to make you president of the company—president! That means you will be president of the company that is going to put up that big twelve-story apartment house on West Eighty-first Street. Well—do you feel you'll be able to handle the whole shooting match?"

"Certainly, sir."

Sweatnam coughed and said, "Modest. Very modest."

"But sincere," said Puckhaver. "Lon, I like his crust. I think he's the man you want—a man that can put up a front. Even those hand-me-down clothes are realistic for a builder who has to rub around new work."

Sweatnam engulfed smoke and let it ooze out while he was speaking. "Seriously, MacGregor, I've spoken for a loan on that new house, and I have an acceptance of five hundred thousand dollars from the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company. Miskhin, however, wants a collateral bond from an officer of the company, preferably from the president. That's where you fit in, see? You'll be the president to give the personal bond. It's just a matter of form, MacGregor. After the mortgage is placed you'll resign."

Royal MacGregor's long face took on grimness again. "I'd rather not do this, Mr. Sweatnam."

"You don't object, do you?" said Sweatnam with surprise. "From what you told me, I thought you were judgment proof. You can't lose anything, no matter what happens, and nothing's going to happen. Come, I want somebody to go on that bond. Miskhin wants an officer, and I don't go on personal bonds for anybody. I tell you it's only a matter of form."

"Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor earnestly, "I can't consider an obligation for five hundred thousand dollars a mere matter of form. I might have to pay it some day."

Sweatnam opened his mouth at him, dropping his cigar and recovering it from his lap. "Did you hear him say that?" he said to Puckhaver.

"He means he thinks they can put him in jail if he don't pay it," interrupted Puckhaver.

"Oh. . . . No, MacGregor, the liability is only civil, and they can't make you pay it, especially if you haven't got it. They can't get blood out of a stone. Now, I'm telling you this is the regular way of doing. All the lending institutions take these dummy bonds and wink the other eye. They're not handling their own money, and they only want it to look right; they know the bonds are no good. Why, MacGregor, if they wanted to be nasty, all they would have to do is call for a financial statement from the man who makes the bond, and the murder would be out. But they don't do it. They rely on the mortgage on the property. There's nothing under cover about this, MacGregor. I don't ask you to give Miskhin a statement; and he won't ask you either."

He frowned slightly and became peremptory.

"MacGregor, the man who holds your job is going to make this bond. Understand that. Tell Miss Agnow outside to make out the minutes of a meeting and accept my resignation and elect you president; you and she are the other two directors. The meeting wants to be held two weeks ago, and she wants to get up waivers and have inspectors of election and all the frills according to Hoyle. She knows how. That's all, MacGregor."

As Royal MacGregor was leaving the room Sweatnam said comfortingly, "Don't get worried now, son. I'll be the corporation just the same, and you're only the rubber stamp. I think you'll make a good impression, ha, ha!"

"A fine executive type," said Puckhaver.

"For the motion pictures," grunted Sweatnam.

Miss Agnow's eyes were gray, like Royal MacGregor's, but with a difference; whereas his eyes seemed to draw and hold light, hers obviously gave it out. They were shadowed by long black lashes and surmounted by heavy black brows; her piled hair, too, was black. She was a Spanish type, but fair-skinned; a child of Latin rovers who had settled long ago in a land of fog and pale sunshine.

She said loyally, "Oh, isn't that lovely of Mr. Sweatnam."

"Isn't it, though," said Royal MacGregor, going to his desk and snapping open a newspaper to the help-wanted page.

However, he signed during the following week a personal bond in the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, binding himself to the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company to pay that sum or such part thereof as the company might have advanced on its building loan. The bond was collateral only, and Royal MacGregor was not liable on it until the Miskhin Company had realized on the West Eighty-first Street property; he had only agreed to make good a deficiency. Quite as Sweatnam had represented, the lender did not rely on this collateral bond; it was merely an item to mention in the advertising that sold its real-estate bonds. It was unlikely that the Miskhin Company, if forced to foreclose, would take the property in for less than the full debt; it was selling its bonds to the public, and would not lightly admit that it had grossly overestimated the security.

But Royal MacGregor held no obligation lightly. Such a man makes a highly desirable debtor; as a creditor, he would be nobody's favorite.

II

THERE was naturally much heat in the blood of Joe Morgan, excavator. It effloresced externally in a florid complexion, red hair, red neck and reddened eyes. He

(Continued on Page 157)

Joe Morgan Boiled Easily; Greatly Stimulated, He Became Somewhat Mad

A Saga of the Sword

With Alexander

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

UNDER the already hot Assyrian sun the Macedonian camp seethed with its early morning activity. Within its great stockaded oval, traversed by two broad roads which crossed at the center, the sacrifices to the gods of Greece had been made in the first clarity of dawn. Now the host it sheltered, once more dispersed to the temporary skin tents each group of men had contrived for itself, sat busily cleaning weapons and armor, while crowds of Asiatic followers, women as well as men, swarmed along the alleyways, proffering rugs and colored stuffs, selling water or fruit, laughing and joking with these alien, lean-faced, mostly fair-haired soldiers. For three days now had they been here—having in the past three and a half years marched from the mountain valleys of Macedonia by way of Thrace and the Dardanelles, through Asia Minor by way of Phenicia into Egypt and thence back again into Phenicia, up to Antioch and easterly across the Euphrates, over Mesopotamia, and across the Tigris; having fought battles without number, including the two great battles of the Granicus and Issus, having forever extinguished the ancient grandeur of Tyre in one of the most terrible sieges of history. The date was the twenty-ninth of September, B.C. 331.

Close to the magnificent tent erected at the central crossing of the two camp roads, and fronting the serried company of corsleted, shield-bearing, pike-armed royal foot guards drawn up in attendance, Demetrius and Alcestas stood at their horses' heads in the four-deep troop of cavalry likewise on duty. Scarcely more than lads, they were self-consciously splendid under their immense crested helmets of brass, in the sun-flashing polished-iron scale armor fitting over their loose-skirted tunics, the richly embossed brass greaves upon their legs. Over the left arm of each hung a brass-ornamented round shield, a sword in an elaborate sheath was pendent from the right side of the girdle, a lance vertical in the right hand that held also the bridle of the horse, whose head, neck and fore part to its middle gleamed with close-fitting scale armor like that of its rider.

Immobile they stood, as stood the whole troop whereof they were in the front rank, almost ostentatiously exhibiting the statuesque perfection of their discipline. For were they not of the cavalry *hetairai*, the Companions? And, more than that, of the *ile* of Clitus, that specially selected squadron which was the royal bodyguard, at the head of which in battle—oh, supreme honor—charged like a thunderbolt that still youthful dazzling marvel among men who was little, if at all, less than a demigod; he who had led them on this wondrous march through incredible victory after incredible victory; he who was beyond doubt the darling of the deities of Olympus—Alexander III, King of Macedon, dictator of Greece, already conqueror of Asia Minor, Phenicia, Egypt and Syria, and the greatest soldier the world had ever known or—and they were ready to affirm it with their lives—was ever to know!

Stolidly, moving not a muscle, their accouterments a blaze of reflected sun glare from that intensely blue sky, horse and foot stood on guard, between them the tall post whereon was hung for religious reverence that ancient armor which Alexander had taken from the temple above the mound of Troy; that armor which he and all men believed had been worn by Achilles, his traditional ancestor and the heroic pattern of his actions. Carried thus with the army, it was at once a talisman guaranteeing invulnerable good fortune and the symbol of himself. Those who streamed ceaselessly in and out of the magnificent tent saluted it respectfully as they passed. Of all types were they who now hurried busily to those headquarters—glitteringly splendid generals whom the pacing sentries greeted with a clash of arms; meanly habited returning spies whom they halted sternly for presentation of their credentials; couriers who dashed up on foam-flecked horses and dismounted to totter feebly in their fatigue; semimilitary officials of the baggage train and the commissariat; semicivilian secretaries who were the equivalent of the modern staff officer; and those richly garbed, youthfully important pages who were the aides-de-camp of the king, carrying his orders to the subordinate commanders. Seven miles away, Darius, the Great King, monarch of Persia, successor to the colossal empire of the genuinely great Cyrus, had collected a mighty host of a million men to annihilate this presumptuous invader and to rescue his women folk, since the battle of Issus generously treated captives in Alexander's train. A conflict was impending which would be final, which would decide the lordship of the then known world.

Demetrius and Alcestas thrilled in the evident imminence of that event as they watched the summoned dignitaries hastening to the tent of the warrior king. Absurdly

The King Lifted His Hand in Signal. The Herald Raised

small by comparison though was the Macedonian army, they had no doubt whatever of the result. Mere boys when they had left Macedonia for that stupendous march—that marvelous sequence of dramatically decisive victories—the almost passionate friendship which linked them was yet but an emotional overflow from that crescendo of enthusiastic devotion, of unshakable confidence, of high-souled emulation in glory, which month after month of miraculous invincibility had induced in that army. Against whatever odds the demigod at their head chose to lead them, success was certain. And had Alexander ordered Demetrius or Alcestas instantly to slay his friend, instantly would either have obeyed.

From the great tent emerged a thin-lipped, stern-visaged veteran, grim in his resplendent helmet and bright cuirass, who talked earnestly, but in head-nodding satisfaction, with an intellectual-looking, somewhat bald man in a civilian tunic. Very familiar were both to Demetrius and Alcestas, as to every other man in the host. The stern old soldier was Parmenio, second in command to Alexander and leader of the left wing, he who under the preceding king had chiefly helped to fashion that uniquely efficient, rigidly disciplined army which Philip of Macedon had left as an instrument for the victories of his glory-craving son, even as two thousand years later old Frederick William of Prussia was to leave such an instrument to his son, Frederick the Great. The other man was Eumenes, chief secretary of the king.

The two young men, without moving their heads, scarcely moving their lips, whispered eager comment at this conversation. "See! Parmenio smiles. Surely will today be the day of battle!"

"The old vulture gloats! At last shall we leave this accursed camp and fall upon them!" Ever mindful of his soldiers and confident that Darius had no wish to escape him, this was the fourth day Alexander had deliberately rested his army from the fatigue of its long forced marches, and it now fretted in fierce impatience for the fight. "Methought yesterday would have been the day. I lost ten drachmas over it."

The old general made a sign to the groom who waited with his horse.

The next moment, with the agility of a youth, he had gripped the horse's mane and vaulted onto the blanket strapped upon the animal's back—not yet were stirrups known, and not until 400 A.D. would the saddle be invented—galloped off in a cloud of dust. Eumenes, consulting, as he went, the tablets in his hand, returned quickly to the tent.

From behind Demetrius and Alcestas came the excited whispering of their comrades. They also had read in the veteran leader's manner a happy presage of the immediate battle for which they lusted. The officer in command of them sharply compelled silence. An instant later—at the sight of a herald appearing at the door of the tent—he shouted, brusquely and sonorously, the order to mount. There was a multiplied clink of metal as, like one man, the troop laid hold of its horses' manes, vaulted onto the stirrupless blankets, sat rigidly erect, their spears held vertical, gripping the horses with their thighs in a somewhat forward seat that long and arduous equestrian drill had made an almost perfect union of animal and man. A corresponding sharp movement to the alert position had been simultaneous in the block of foot guards opposite them. They waited, like statues, in suspense of breath.

The herald had advanced to the armor of Achilles, had paused, his long brazen trumpet lifted ready. The weapons of the guards clashed suddenly and resoundingly in salute. Issuing from the tent in a brilliant magnificence of gilded armor, two great white plumes nodding above the crest of his splendid helmet, of middle height, youthful-looking even for his twenty-five years, and handsome as a god, appeared the man who had conceived, and was marvelously putting into practice, the most ambitious scheme that ever fired a human brain; no less than a world empire under one omnipotent authority, wherein the races of men should be willy-nilly peacefully united, blended by wholesale intermarriage in a breaking-down of ancient national hostilities, and the commercial, artistic and intellectual civilization of Greece made a universal heritage.

His Long Trumpet, Blew Loudly the Long Blast of the Assembly

Such and no other was the motive which drove this wondrous pupil of Aristotle, greatest of philosophers, from conquest to conquest in pursuit of this most grandiose of Utopias, which would even—though at a prodigious cost in human lives—become partially and temporarily a fact. Dazzling he was in his sun-glinting armor as he walked with powerfully athletic stride, his head characteristically a little inclined to the left, his large, lustrous eyes bright with the vividness of his thought, his proudly curved mouth opening to a magnetically fascinating smile. Demetrius and Alcestas felt a thrill in their veins as they looked at him from their immobile rank. Who would not exult to die for such a man! Immediately behind him, somewhat taller and scarcely less magnificent in his armor, came the young Hephæstion, the heart's friend of this demigod of war. And behind Hephæstion crowded from the tent, all alike splendidly helmeted and corseleted, the remainder of the king's military family—the *somatophylakes* as they were called; the specially loved and trusted officers always near his person—Leonnatus and Lysimachus, Aristonus, Perdiccas, Ptolemy and Peithon.

The king lifted his hand in signal. The herald raised his long trumpet, blew loudly the long blast of the assembly. Instantly the rousing notes were repeated from trumpets all over the camp, and instantly all over the stockaded inclosure there was commotion as the men rushed to their standards. With a dust-raising thudding of galloping hoofs—not yet, incidentally, was any horse shod with iron—the grooms dashed up with the mounts of the king and his suite. Alexander caught the mane of his fiery, pawing, head-tossing charger, vaulted onto its back with a deft agility not one of his cavalrymen could have bettered, as indeed no warrior in his army could rival him in the management of his weapons, no matter what they might be. He swung round, and followed by his entourage, cantered rapidly toward the eastern gate.

The next moment, at a sharp command from their officer, Demetrius and Alcestas found themselves cantering also with their troop in rear of him. Surely this was battle! They laughed to one another in eager delight.

Outside the camp, in the bare country bounded to the left of them by distant mountains and in front by a long rolling ridge some miles away, their white-plumed leader suddenly halted, and they with him. Behind them, from the gates of the stockade, the army, foot and horse, was already issuing. Nowhere on that plain was there sign of the enemy.

Continually—the spear-bristling foot soldiers marching with cadenced step to the sound of flutes; the cavalry trotting forward in columns of four—the Macedonian army poured out of the camp, took position in its habitual parade order on that wide grassland. On the right, the wing which Alexander himself always commanded, were ranged the hipparchies of Macedonian light cavalry, the outside regiments wielding especially long lances and protected on their extreme flank by a mass of archers. To the left of the light cavalry came the famous Companions—the invincible heavy cavalry which comprised all the chivalry of Macedonia; and on their left was the *agema* of royal shield-bearing foot guards—the hypaspists—with next to them the battalions of shield-bearing guards known as "the other hypaspists." Contiguous to them, forming the great impregnable mass of the center, stood the grand phalanx of the *pezetaeri*—corseleted infantry who carried a large shield and an enormous spear, the *sarissa*, which was twenty feet long, and demanded incessant gymnastic practice if a man was to wield it effectively.

They stood in ranks sixteen men deep, the front man of each rank being the *lochagos*, or sergeant, the second man receiving double pay, and the third and the last man receiving extra pay for the extra gallantry presumed by their position. Each block of sixteen men square was a battalion, or *syntagma*, under its *syntagmatarch*, and four *syntagmas* made a regiment under a *strategos*—from whose title the word "strategy" was to be derived. Four regiments, or *chiliarchias*, constituted a simple phalanx, double that number a double phalanx, and sixteen regiments the grand phalanx of sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four men. In such an array stood now Alexander's mass of heavy infantry, each man occupying a space six feet square, and behind them, only half the number, in ranks only eight men deep, stood the peltasta, disciplined light infantry who were javelin throwers, archers and slingers. To the left of the grand phalanx, under Parmenio, were ranged the Thracian javelin men, the Thessalian heavy cavalry and the Odrysian light cavalry, forming the left wing.

That army, for its specific purposes and conditions, was perhaps the most efficient military organization ever evolved by man. It was unique, without contemporary

(Continued on Page 54)

WHAT MAKES A MUSICIAN, ANYWAY?

By Earl Chapin May

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Most of Us Grow Sentimental Over Music

MUSICALLY I finished where I began, because I was unsuited to the instrument assigned me—the cornet—in my callow youth. I flopped, when I might have been important in the melodious world—because my lower jaw was underhung and I had uneven teeth. On such trifles do some of us fall down.

Retrospecting on those adolescent years, I am persuaded that I could have made some kind of mark had I been started on the piano, violin or clarinet. And because the country teems with similar failures I set out in 1923 to solve the mystery of the mediums through which the musical succeed. In halls of learning where wise men wandered, and in bare town halls where rural bands disharmonized, I chased the phantom answer—until I stumbled upon two scientific, weighty words. They were "physiology" and "psychology." They seemed to have significance.

Music Makes the Right Arm Stronger

CONSIDER first the bull fiddle. The largest member of the violin family is variously known as bass viol, bull fiddle and dog house among musicians, for the same reason that the largest living quadruped is known as elephant, bull or pachyderm among circus folks. These names and pseudonyms are tributes to the prowess of the brute. By any other name, the biggest of the fiddles would sound as sweet; but, anyhow, one of standard size weighs nearly twenty-five pounds—and it has the size! A full-grown bass viol in good condition measures fifteen inches through the waist and nearly two feet across the lower bout, which corresponds to a human's hips. When mounted on its one wooden leg its topknot is seventy-seven inches from the floor. Its four heavy strings are played with a huge horsehair bow. It requires muscle and moral strength to tackle a big bass viol. Yet it has had its devotees for centuries.

Most of you scholars have read those ponderous works, Leviathan and Behemoth, written by Thomas Hobbes, who philosophized in Merrie England in 1650 or thereabouts. His horoscope indicated eminence, but he professed that he was a coward by nature from his youth. Yet Hobbes became a striking character. He had enemies and hit them hard. He was no coward, old Thomas Hobbes, but his courage came from a seldom-noted source. A careful study of his life—and here is where I got on the trail of a most startling truth—discloses the reason for his tremendous power. This came not from the regularity with which he arose at seven, breakfasted on bread and butter, walked and meditated until ten o'clock, dined at eleven, then smoked a pipe, took a nap and spent the afternoon in setting down his thoughts. The biographer illuminatingly explains that Hobbes topped the English philosophical heap because "he had been much addicted to music in his youth, and practiced on the bass viol."

Jack Johnson won the heavyweight championship in 1910. It becomes my duty to point out that the colored pugilist soothed his soul and toughened his good right arm by sawing on a big bass viol for many hours a day. Was it that intense training on the old dog house that made Johnson the world's heavyweight champion? He favored four-stringed melodies in minor keys, but he majored in the foursquare ring because of his bass violing.

At this stage of the argument keen critics may declare that while fighting philosophers and contenders of another kind might cleave to the bull fiddle in private life, the normal individual would shrink from appearing in the open with such an unwieldy music factory. The retort courteous in such a case is that most bass viols are operated by those who dote on being seen as well as heard. Save for the conductor and the soloist, and now and then the beater of the bass drum, the bass violist is the only member of the orchestra who stands up to do his stuff. He can be picked out in any symphony crowd, and knows he's the backbone. He also serves who merely stands and makes his dog house growl.

No wonder our distinguished man of letters, Dr. John H. Finley, penned his most appealing poem To Such as Play Only the Bass Viol. No wonder many high-school boys and other amateurs leap at the opportunity to be bass viol of budding orchestras.

Self-determinates who have patience are best fitted to wrestle with the greatest of all the viols. They must be strong men. They also should have altitude and they must rather like the public gaze, although I don't mean that all bull fiddlers are lovers of the limelight and applause.

The Age of Whiskers and Helicons

IT MUST not be erroneously concluded from the examples heretofore set forth that self-determination as a factor in musical success can be confined to players on the big bass viol. Our late beloved President, Warren Gamaliel Harding, illustrated great self-determination when he became the master of the bass helicon in his home-town cornet band. During the 80's, when young Warren was coming out, helicon models predominated in nearly all our village bands. It was the era of abundant whiskers—such as Sam Blythe wore while playing a mean barytone—and of the helicon.

All horns, save cornets, were helicons in shape—that is, they curved around the bandman's left shoulder so that the flaring bell faced forward blatantly. Now Warren, while still a barefoot lad, yearned to express himself through sounding brass. So he enlisted in the Caledonia, Ohio, Cornet Band. Like most beginners, then and now, our future statesman first strutted his harmonic stage cast as second alto of the local band. He played the after beats and nothing else. The bass horn and its

(Continued on Page 50)

We Waste More Money in Music Lessons Than in All Our Other Attempts at Technical Education Combined

THE SWISS FAMILY O'MALLEY

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Girlie, I Suddenly Learned, Had No Notion That the Concierge Was Paying Cash on Delivery for This Unbroken Stream of Ruins That She Was Sending Home to the Hotel

OUR little love nest, as I jokingly called my home circle in recent happier days, has just gone cuckoo. As I write I am as good as marooned up here in this little stone hotel amid the eternal snows of the mighty Jungfraujoch.

I was even shot at three distinct times by three different men while I was hurrying up here. I have witnesses.

By tilting a big brass telescope, mounted on a tripod at a sickening cliff edge up here, almost straight downward, I often can see my two little children at play in their hotel grounds, far below in Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, where they are still with their mother. The missus, owing to her more generous proportions, I can see with the naked eye.

Sometimes my poor little half-orphaned babies seem to stop at their games and gaze, long and wistfully, up where their father is making his last stand. Girlie, however, comes and goes without once raising her face toward the snow-clad summits. She will not even come to the telephone.

It was the missus, as usual, who brought on the tragedy. Our point of dispute, also as usual, was concerned with certain financial activities of mine, the details of which, after I have first told all about Switzerland, I shall take up in their turn. And girlie finally got a squint of a certain paper not intended for her eyes and the waters came down from Lodore. Fortunately the trick railway train that climbs the towering Jungfrau on cogs happened to be heading up this way from our hotel, down at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, during the ruckus, so I came up to this little hotel.

Sitting Pretty on Top of the World

IT'S called the Burke House, this little hotel up here in the high snows. Naturally I thought they called it the Burke after the owner, so I looked the owner up as soon as I arrived on the Jungfrau peak. Jimmy Burke, of Erie, Pennsylvania, is a distant cousin of mine, and I thought I might be able to trace out some relationship with the boss of this Burke House and open an account. But Burke, the way I get it, is the German word for mountain peak. Hence the Burke House.

I wish the hotel boss here had a name like Burke—any of those good old American names. Fortunately I had made a final drawing on my private—till girlie butted in—cash account with the hotel concierge, down at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, just before the domestic crash; so I had enough to buy a ticket up here on the trick railway and some left over. But on the way up the Jungfrau I suffered a final business reverse that landed me at the Burke House stripped clean.

Half an hour before we reached the top something named Basil or Cuthbert, sitting just across from me in the half-portion car, began to make a couple of dirty cracks about what he called the "rawtten boastfulness" of us New Yorkers. We city folks from New York, according to this Cuthbert hawhaw, have the idea that everything in Manhattan is the greatest thing of its kind in the world. And one word led to another, until finally I called his bluff by betting him everything left in my clothes that the top of the Woolworth was as high as the Jungfrau. To make matters worse, in the hurry of my flight from the love nest that morning I had thoughtlessly bought only a one-way ticket to the Jungfrau summit.

But I now have things well in hand—leave it to me! Right at the kick-off I talked the Burke House management into telephoning down to my other hotel at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz to look up my financial rating. Girlie refused to come to the telephone, but evidently the hotel office down at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz gave me an A-1 rating. The Burke House people right away let me open a new account here in girlie's name, so I now can get anything I want in the Burke restaurant merely by signing the name of the missus to the tabs, per my own initials. But if there's ever a strike in the lead pencil business of Switzerland, I'm sunk.

I would be perfectly willing to have girlie come up here, forgive her everything and start life anew; but there are obstacles in the way of a possible meeting up here. At two or three especially dangerous places on the way up the Jungfrau the delicately balanced masses of snow and ice overhanging the trail are so touchy that even a loud word is liable to bring them crashing down. Sometimes for stretches of three hundred yards no one is allowed to talk—even to talk. To go for almost a fifth of a mile without talking is —— Well, rather than see the mother of my children attempt the impossible, I'll just stay up here alone until the last lead pencil in the Burke is worn down.

But in the meantime even the solitude and silence, especially after what I have recently gone through, have their attractions. And I am saved from boredom up here by my sense of humor—that and my literary gift.

Right here I want to call upon this literary gift of mine to the extent of giving to the world my side of all that led up to the recent deplorable tragedy in our Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz love nest.

But first let me tell you all about Switzerland. I must be brief, however; every line I write with this Burke House lead pencil represents a square meal.

Translated Into American

AS TO Switzerland and whither she is drifting, let me begin with a polite contradiction of one impression of Switzerland that I heard voiced here yesterday by a young lady who came up to the Burke for the day. I learned all about her from the Burke concierge later—he used to work in a West Forty-second Street *Rathskeller*, New York, so I can depend on his word. The young lady, I learned, is, like myself, also in the literary game, but in England.

I'm afraid I've strung along for too many years with brother hoofers on the Times Square curb, New York, to be able to reproduce the high-hat way these English dames have of chattering our language, but in a general way I can give the meat of her remarks.

"If Switzerland is a hit with me," observed, in effect, my young English colleague in the literary game, "so is your old man. A swell looker, Switzerland, yes, but like a big Broadway show girl. You know—just strolling up and down in the spotlight. Get me? A cutie from ankles, if you know what I mean, all the way up to her snowy aigrettes, but everything extracted from the bean."

Tut, my fair Britisher! You have not even scratched this particular show girl on her epidermis. The only way to get the real low-down on one of these foreign countries is to follow my plan of seeking the facts at the seat of highest

(Continued on Page 121)

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

Dressmaking Days With Lady Duff-Gordon, as Told by Her First Model, Miss Elsie, to Avery Strakosch

LADY Duff-Gordon's business in Paris was as flourishing as that of London. She had taken a second house outside of Paris as her residence. Although it was furnished completely, I felt that it could not be her permanent home. She was too busy a woman ever to remain in one place long, and already I began to wonder what day I would hear of her leaving for New York. Nor did I wait long for new plans; but the proposed trip came about in an odd manner.

Among Lady Duff-Gordon's favorite customers was the English actress Ellaline Terriss, a blond, fairy-princess type, the wife of Seymour Hicks. We in the London house always felt that Miss Terriss' gowns were the most beautiful of any Her Ladyship made over a period of years. Lovely filmy creations for which she brought back to fashion those beautiful petticoats of lace and flowers; dainty, weblike affairs one sees in pictures of famous dancers of a century ago. Miss Terriss came in one afternoon with a friend, an American girl of the strictly tailored type. At that time we were making clothes for Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer. I was on my way out to Hampstead to see her when they arrived. We had just made Madame Pavlova a dress of palest flesh-colored chiffon, which she said she intended wearing with no undergarments. Bare legs were almost unheard of then, and Lady Duff-Gordon had sent me out to remonstrate gently in her name that this idea of dancing *au naturel* was not quite decent. Pavlova told me naïvely that she agreed tights would be better to dance in, but that she had none that color. After promising to get them for her—a promise I later regretted, as for some reason it was almost impossible to procure tights in London just then—I returned quite late, and was surprised to find Her Ladyship still seated at the tea table, talking with the very tailored young woman.

"Look, Elsie," she said to me as I came in, "aren't these American girls wonderful? How they wear their clothes! Now whom does she resemble?" I looked at her steadily for a moment. She was very pretty, and perfectly dressed. "You don't recognize her? I mean the face, not the clothes. Why, it's Fluffy Ruffles!"

Inspired by Fluffy Ruffles

FLUFFY RUFFLES was the name of the heroine in a cartoon of American invention. Syndicated in English-speaking countries, it appeared frequently in a London paper. Lady Duff-Gordon was always interested in the drawings, for some reason known only to herself, and read the adventures of Fluffy Ruffles religiously each time they appeared.

I saw that this young American girl really had the piquant face of Fluffy Ruffles, and I easily understood the possibilities Her Ladyship found in dressing women of this un-English, un-Continental, yet decidedly interesting type.

"I intend going to America soon," Lady Duff-Gordon told her before she left, "and you have inspired me to this move. I shall make you some very beautiful clothes when I go over."

Belle Beach, the Famous Horsewoman

A few days after this incident a fair girl with ash-blond silken hair came to the house, applying for a position as model. She was extremely tall, naturally lithe and graceful. But even at that, she appealed to me as more interesting than beautiful. When Lady Duff-Gordon saw her she became enthusiastic. As usual, she discovered possibilities in this quiet young English girl, who answered to the flowery name Dolores.

Dolores, Lady Duff-Gordon's Most Beautiful Model

Dolores, after her apprenticeship, wherein she learned the Duff-Gordon ways, became one of the famous models of the day. Strikingly beautiful, she had the walk and the tawny effect of some exquisitely soft and noble wild animal. She emanated youth and a certain aloofness, a most impressive combination. The other manikins also were beautiful, but Dolores was admittedly unique. Her Ladyship took her back and forth to Paris, and made her gowns both strange and bizarre to suit her personality. Actresses went into raptures over these creations. They had them copied, but could seldom wear them as effectively as Dolores, for whom they were originated.

The New World

NOT long after the Fluffy Ruffles incident, definite plans were made for Lady Duff-Gordon to go to New York. With the London and Paris houses in the full swing of prosperity, she felt the time ripe for repeating her successes in a land where she wanted to receive fresh impressions. Furthermore, she believed American women to be pliable, that she would find a response to new ideas in costuming in this country. Yet she planned not to give her entire time to one house, but to divide it so that each place would have her when she was most needed and at the proper season. This later proved difficult, and she crossed and recrossed the Atlantic countless times, commuting to France and to England, as she received urgent calls for novel ideas and new developments of style. I decided to go with her to New York, and when it was learned I would no longer be in London, many kind letters came from prominent customers expressing their disappointment and wishing me bon voyage. I have kept with affectionate regard Margot Asquith's letter and the picture which she inclosed. She wrote:

SEPT. 5TH, 1912 10 DOWNING ST., WHITEHALL, S. W.

Dear Elsie: I shall miss you horribly. Yr. fine face and generous sweet temper and intellectual appreciation. I shan't forget. . . . I am ever one of the best friends you can have. God bless you. YRS., MARGOT ASQUITH.

Once past the exciting adventure of a first arrival in New York, I went with Lady Duff-Gordon to choose a house in a suitable location. In her amazing manner of seeking to find quickly what she wanted, we came upon two handsome adjoining brownstone houses belonging to Bainbridge Colby, who later became a member of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet. These houses were in the smartest trade section of the city. At Her Ladyship's request, a wall was knocked down between the two houses and the interiors arranged to meet her requirements.

Both the house in London and the one in Paris had a daintily arranged room known as the Rose Room. There we sold all sorts of unique and expensive feminine luxuries. The sales made in these rooms were always surprisingly large. No Duff-Gordon establishment could have been complete without a Rose Room. I recall being in Paris once when an English customer arrived who refused to be shown dresses anywhere except in this intimate atmosphere. At Lady Duff-Gordon's

request, I therefore took full charge of the American Rose Room, as well as attending to other important details of the new establishment. When we were nearly settled, Dolores, Corisande, Hebe and Gamela joined us.

Anyone attending the opening of Lady Duff-Gordon's New York establishment will remember it as an unusual event. Her reputation as a great artist and an outstanding personality had preceded her for years before she came to New York.

We opened with an exhibition which introduced entirely new styles. Corisande, in a dress of lavender chiffon, the skirt of which was draped about her slender hips so cleverly it gave the impression of a sheath—yet how easily, how gracefully, she walked! Hebe, darkly regal, in lounging trousers of embroidered cloth of gold, with a straight coat of fine tulle edged with narrow sable-fur bandings, faced with a divine shade of shell pink and blue satin, which, as she moved, showed her lithe figure to perfection; Gamela, in a dress so symmetrically planned it might have been some proposition in geometry. Then Dolores, tall and fair and queenly, in the dullest black chiffon draped so as to hide but little of her wonderfully proportioned form.

We were virtually mobbed the first few weeks. Some women came every day, again and again, ordering clothes lavishly, sometimes recklessly. Ours was a new playhouse for rich, leisurely American women, and never had we known such consistent extravagance, nor had we seen so little importance attached to the price of clothes

Far From the Madding Crowds

I DOUBT if anyone coming to New York fails to feel either elation or depression. At first Lady Duff-Gordon said the great high buildings and new forms of the city's architecture inspired her; but after she had remained a while, the clatter, the noise, and especially the mad rush of orders from all parts of the country, affected her. She suddenly discovered she could not work out new ideas in the New York establishment. As a result of this, she rented the top floor of another building. There she arranged an enormous studio, erecting a stage at one end. The walls and ceiling, as well as the furnishings, were painted a silver gray, the tone of which would not detract from colorings used in costumes. Each morning she could be seen driving down Fifth Avenue in a shiny limousine, with her dogs beside her.

Here Her Ladyship began to work in as quiet an atmosphere as may be found in the noisy, throbbing heart of a large city. Customers came constantly to the uptown house and many were disappointed when they could not see her. After several women had told me quite seriously that only Lady Duff-Gordon could tell at a glance what was wrong with their appearance, I began to think the situation over seriously. Further, many of the more celebrated customers offered to pay her to tell them their sartorial faults, just as they paid a medical specialist for a consultation and diagnosis. Thus Lady Duff-Gordon reluctantly became a consultant on style. Between hours of experiment and designing in her studio, she finally agreed to receive a few customers by appointment only, to consider their appearance and to tell them what they should and should not wear, and so on. For each consultation she received one hundred dollars. After this the customer returned to the uptown establishment to follow instructions.

One day a wealthy, curious and at the same time most antagonistic woman asked me to make an appointment for a consultation at the studio. Knowing Lady Duff-Gordon's dislike for this particular customer, I tried in several ways to dodge the issue. Finding it impossible, I drove down Fifth Avenue with her one afternoon a few days later. At a glance I could see Her Ladyship had had a tiring day, and I knew our arrival did not brighten her outlook.

"Lady Duff-Gordon," began the customer breathlessly, "here I am! My figure is good, is it not? I carry myself well, do I not? My profile may not be perfect, but I have been told it is interesting. Is it not?"

I watched Her Ladyship bridle with impatience. She impatiently motioned her to silence and moved about, looking at the victim in an icy manner. Then she walked up to her, put her hands in the pockets of the well-tailored suit, pulling out odd bits and pieces which would have done justice to any schoolboy's trousers pocket.

"Do you expect to look well with your pockets out of shape from such nonsense?" She threw small pencils, a jackknife, a nail file, several tiny notebooks and a change purse to a near-by table. "And," she continued, her eyes snapping madly, "where did you get that hat—faced with white, which would give anyone a sick-dog expression?"

All types of pretty American girls now came to us, applying for positions as models. Often Lady Duff-Gordon had the most beautiful girls of the city to choose from. There was Thelma, a very interesting brunette, and she of a weird name—Yaha Bebe; and another—an American Corisande—who eventually left us to star in moving pictures. Her Ladyship grew to be very fond of these young Americans and always spoke admiringly of their unusually slim ankles, their slender, small feet, which she believed to be a national characteristic. But it became very difficult to keep these models. They were constantly receiving offers to go on the stage because of their beauty, which Lady Duff-Gordon intentionally individualized. The news of the Lady Duff-Gordon exhibitions by this time had spread to New York's theatrical offices. Leading managers and producers came to see the types Her Ladyship had so carefully chosen.

Anna Pavlova, the Russian Dancer

The Footlights Trail

A GIRL anxious to go on the stage found the route a simpler and shorter one if she were lucky enough to work as a Duff-Gordon model first. Florenz Ziegfeld, A. H. Woods, Winthrop Ames, George Cohan, David Belasco, and others, discovered both talent and beauty in our house. And now my employer was besieged by these producers also to make costumes for many of their productions.

After being in New York several months, Her Ladyship found the hurry and bustle exhilarating, and she always kept in mind the beautiful girls who worked for her, and insisted upon their resting and relaxing at intervals. In the basement of the house she arranged a gay kitchen, decorated in various shades of yellow. The china and glassware were made especially for her from her own designs. There she kept a cook to make good nourishing food for these girls. She said in doing this she really made money, because the proper food and drink, served on dainty basket trays at intervals, kept their brains clear and made them alert to the desires and wishes of her customers.

One bright autumn morning, very early, I was called downstairs to meet two customers. The man, a jolly looking, thick-set person in his early thirties, with a round, sunburned face and twinkling eyes, was accompanied by a slender woman most beautifully formed, as could be seen easily, for

(Continued on Page 96)

Florence, a Duff-Gordon Model

Irene Castle, the Inspiration for Many Costumes

Gamela, the Cleopatra Model

NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

V

THE Barchester venture had worn the aspect of an adventure, unreal and temporary, until the furniture arrived. But with the coming of the baby-grand piano and the dining-room table it took on an aspect of grim permanence.

On that day when the curtains were hung and the rugs were in place, and the first meal was served in their new home, the Cross family realized depressingly that it had actually been transplanted from its native soil and that it was doomed to flourish, exotic, in this alien atmosphere.

The house was light, roomy, pleasant. The view from its piazza was one city dwellers would willingly have paid exorbitant board to witness upon their vacations, but here was no vacation. It was so quiet. Everything about it reminded them constantly of their beloved New York—reminded them by the absence of all those things to which they had been accustomed. One could lie in bed and hear the nonpresence of the Elevated. The lack of an encircling city emphasized itself in every glance out of the window at limitless reaches of uninhabited green. Instead of fire escapes one regarded a lifting hillside of hardwood from the back windows, and nowhere did crowding walls of brick and stone obstruct the view. They missed that natural feeling of being pent in and knew a lonely feeling as of being suspended in space.

"You can see so far," said Janet plaintively.

"And the darn birds," said Sarah. "They get in that tree outside my window and holler at five o'clock in the morning."

"At home," said Janet—and she emphasized home—"all one had to do was step outside the door and you were some place. You were in the street, you were in New York. There were people and shop windows and theaters to go to if you wanted, and—oh, you were just conscious of something to do, even if you didn't want to do anything."

"When Ren gets home tonight I'm going to make him stamp around and play the phonograph upstairs while I lie on the davenport here, as if he were the noisy family in the apartment above. It'll feel so homelike."

"Anyhow that girl seems to be able to cook."

"But she's no more idea of serving than a cow."

The doorbell rang and, after a slight delay, Nellie came in wiping her hands. She was a large girl and friendly, awkward and strange with these city people with whom she had come to live, but pathetically anxious to please.

"Do you want I should go to the door, Mis' Cross?" she asked.

"Certainly, Nellie."

They heard the door open and then listened with confused emotions to a brief conversation.

"Hello, Nellie. I heard you were working here."

"Hello, Kitty. Hello, Edna. Come right in. The folks is to home. . . . Yes, pa cal'lated he could spare me."

"I didn't see you at the sociable last night."

"No, I walked over to my aunt's and sat with her."

"She's poorly this summer."

"Ever since she slipped and fell that time. . . . They're right in here."

Janet's cheeks were flushed with embarrassment, and she bit her lips; Sarah suppressed a giggle. If these callers were anybody, what must they think? On the contrary, how could they be anybody if they commenced their call by exchanging amenities with the servant?

Nellie appeared leading the callers, two young women modestly but becomingly dressed, the one plump and dark, the other of excellent figure, pleasant, intelligent face and red hair. Janet and Sarah arose and stood nonplused while Nellie performed the office of introduction.

"Mis' Cross, let me make you acquainted with Mis' Bridge and Mis' Fox. An' Miss Cross."

"How do you do?" Janet said, with what graciousness she could muster in this appalling situation, and then rather sharply: "That will do, Nellie." Nellie nodded her friendliest to the callers and started to withdraw, but the lady with the red hair spoke to her again: "Tell your aunt I'm coming over to see her just as soon as I can."

"She'll be awful glad to see you, Edna."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Janet. "Or would you rather go out on the porch?"

"This is very nice," said the plump caller. "You are lucky, Mrs Cross, to get a girl like Nellie."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bridge. . . . Oh, before I forget it, here is some lettuce. I cut it just before we came over. And, of course, you have no garden yet I call myself a garden widow. That's the nearest approach we have to a golf widow here. The minute Henry's home from the bank he's out fussing with his vegetables."

Janet stood awkwardly with the paper-wrapped parcel in her hand, at a loss what to do with it and with the situation. She was conscious that her sister was eying her sardonically, which did not add to her self-possession.

"Thank you so much," she said; and then, to be even with Sarah: "Would you mind handing this to Nellie?"

Mrs. Fox's eyes were twinkling. "I suppose it does seem funny to you for your callers and your maid to be calling each other by their first names," she said, "but most of us here went to school together and played together as children. You'll find it won't interfere a bit with Nellie's cooking. Her father owns a fine farm over east of town, and the aunt she was speaking of—Mrs. Paget—is the widow of the president of the bank."

"And yet she goes out as a servant?"

"We don't say servant much in Barchester." No one could mistake this for a rebuke. "Lately we've taken to calling them maids, which shows what education can do, but mostly they are hired girls."

"Nellie's younger sister is at the state normal now," said Mrs. Bridge. "I graduated there, but I never taught. You taught a year, didn't you, Edna?"

"Two. High-school Latin." She, it appeared, owned allegiance to the coeducational state university.

Janet was uncomfortable; it was hard for her to accustom herself to the fact that these young women—who exchanged familiar greetings with her cook, and whom she had been prepared to accept and to make allowances for as products of this remote village—were both better educated than she.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said. "We are here and it seems we shall be here for years, so we are determined to like it. But it is all so strange and so different. We're not adjusted yet. Tell me, didn't you find it frightfully dull and lonely here after you came back from college?"

"Why, no; at least I didn't," answered Mrs. Fox. "But we were born here, you see. I know how you feel. Of course, I've never lived in New York, but I was there for six weeks once, and"—she smiled deprecatingly—"I didn't know how to act. Standards were so different. It wasn't dull exactly, but somehow there was nothing to do."

"Nothing to do in New York!"

"Of course, there were places to go, and it was exciting at first, but nothing to do as I have been used to doing. There everybody depends upon outside things for their pleasure theaters and the like. Here

"She's a Porrige Kitten," the Old Man Said. Then, His Voice Terrible in Its Vindictiveness: "The Sins of the Fathers Shall be Visited on the Children"

we are used to being thrown upon our own resources. We make our own pleasure. It rather seemed to me as if New Yorkers had lost the knack of it, as if their inward resources were dormant and they had to buy their enjoyment at so much a ticket or do without. . . . I was frightfully glad to be back again."

"We have lots of fun," said Mrs. Bridge. "There are half a dozen young couples here who flock around together most of the time. That's really why we came so soon and before you had time to get settled. They're coming to my house tomorrow night, and we'd love to have you. Maybe you'll sing for us. We've heard you have a lovely voice, and everybody's so excited about it."

"Thank you; I'm sure we shall love it."

"We've noticed you driving with Eunice Perrigo," Mrs. Fox said to Sarah. "I'm glad. She's such a restless piece it'll be good for her to have a girl to play around with, poor child."

"Why does everyone seem to sympathize with Miss Perrigo?" Sarah asked. "She seems to need sympathy less than almost anybody else here."

"She's a peculiar child. Notional, as you might say, and inclined to be reckless. And no home life, of course. Mother and father dead—and that's a reason for sympathy just at this time, when she needs a mother most."

"She seems to do very well," Sarah said with a trace of flippancy.

"And, of course, her brothers," said Mrs. Fox. "She doesn't get on with Walter, and James—well, James is James. You have to take him or leave him. Sometimes I think he must be half Indian."

"I shan't be easy in my mind," said Mrs. Bridge, "until Eunice marries and settles down."

They got up presently, and though Janet pressed them to stay for tea, they declined. "This was just a little call, to say welcome to Barchester. But let's not be formal after this. And you'll come tomorrow evening," said Mrs. Bridge.

"Thank you. It was nice of you to come."

Then they were gone. Janet and Sarah watched them step into a little runabout and drive away.

"Well," said Sarah, "that's that. You're launched in society! I gather I was not invited to this hectic soirée. Young married couples only! I'm going out and be afraid of snakes!"

She went down the steps and out to the road—not deep with mud, its ruts filled with yellow water as she had first seen it, but dry, sun-baked, dusty—and crossed it to the bowlder-strewn slope which fell away to the river below. Even in this season of drying springs and dwindling brooks, its voice was audible, pleasantly audible, above the song of the locusts, pronouncing endlessly and metallically the letter Z. The voice of a mountain river is an interesting voice; rather the voice of a choir than of a soloist. It is made up of an infinitude of sounds—a sustained undertone of surge and rush and power, splashing, rippling, lapping, and now and again a tinkling as of little bells gently titillated. It is very difficult to be lonely beside such a stream, or to be afraid.

Sarah did not descend to its edge, bordered with witch hopple and river pinks and sumac, but seated herself with city-bred care upon a rock in the lee of a clump of ambitiously growing spruce and looked suspiciously about the neighborhood of her feet for signs of creeping or crawling or flying things. She had not come there to enjoy what Nature spread before her eyes, but rather, as she herself would have put it, to get the most good out of a grouch.

The call of Mrs. Bridge and Mrs. Fox had depressed her. It seemed, somehow, to affix the seal of finality upon their residence of Barchester and to make it an accomplished, irrevocable fact, as it had never been before. She could feel Barchester dragging at her, tugging her into itself with intention to make her as it was. She could see it reaching out for her sister; and she feared that ennui, sheer desperation, would drive her to let herself go—to sag, to abandon her urban ideals in the effort to snatch what pleasures were going. She saw herself forming the sociable habit—the ice-cream-and-strawberry-festival habit—and the visiting habit; she saw herself losing that smartness for which she had always striven, that smartness of dress and manner and of speech which made her a New Yorker of New Yorkers.

He Lifted His Eyes to Hers for an Instant and Dropped Them Again. In Them Was No Hint of Merriment; Only a Grave Scrutiny as if He Wished to Satisfy Himself of the Good Faith of Her Question

She saw today more emphatically than she had seen before with the eyes of Broadway, of Fifth Avenue, of Times Square and Forty-second Street. In short, she gave a private and very satisfactory demonstration of that provincialism and circumscribed vision which has become so profitably fashionable in the city of culture and refined tastes, where one will pay a hundred dollars for a seat at the première of a theatrical performance in the hope of seeing something that the censors will delete.

She sat brooding upon the unhappiness of her lot when, suddenly, she was conscious she was not alone—a shadow laid itself over her shoulder and made an irregular pattern upon her lap. She had heard no sound of approach, but one seldom did hear James Perrigo when in motion.

Sarah started and turned with that apprehension which your city-bred woman always shows of every movement or sound in the country.

There stood James, unsmiling, a little saturnine possibly, but undeniably a fine figure of a young man. He nodded and then stood motionless and silent—not clumsily silent, but none the less still for all that.

"You startled me," she said.

He nodded again and let his eyes fall. Sarah was not sure if his inability to meet her gaze engendered a tiny suspicion, as her reading had told her it should do, or if it were only a sign of diffidence. However, it could not have been diffidence, for he sat down with a sleek, graceful movement, perfectly composed, and let his eyes rove downward toward the river.

"Well," she said, "why don't you say something?"

He lifted his eyes and let them drop again suddenly. "I hadn't thought of anything to say," he answered.

She had a curious feeling that if she were to move suddenly there would be an affrighted whir of wings and he would disappear into the tree tops, or the whisk of a tail and he would scurry into a hole among the stones. So she sat very still, beginning to be a bit uncomfortable, and wondered what to do next. Apparently his intent was social, for he had settled himself comfortably with the evident intention of remaining. Presently he said, with his eyes still upon the distance, "I thought you would come out—sometime."

The implication of that was arresting. "Do you mean you've been waiting for me to come out?" He nodded. "And this is a call? But if you wanted to call on me why didn't you come to the house?"

"I didn't want to see you in a house," he said.

"Is it the custom here for men to wait around for young ladies to come out?"

A lift of the shoulders was his only answer to this, but it was eloquent; it seemed to convey his utter lack of interest in the customs of this place or of any other. While she searched for some line of conduct with which to meet the situation he continued to sit as if unconscious of her presence; but of a sudden she saw animation in his eyes and his finger lifted in an unhurried gesture to point.

She peered in that direction and saw, two hundred yards away, a red fox, poised daintily, one forefoot lifted, sharp nose pointed to sniff the air. Presently the little creature satisfied himself with his surroundings and trotted away with that curious tiptoeing, ground-spurning, eye-satisfying gait which belongs to Brother Reynard.

"Was that a wild fox?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Are there many of them around?"

"Lots."

"Are they dangerous?"

He lifted his eyes to hers for an instant and dropped them again. In them was no hint of merriment; only a grave scrutiny as if he wished to satisfy himself of the good faith of her question. "To hens," he said.

She determined to find out how long it would be before he spoke of his own accord; it resolved itself into a contest of which he was unaware. He irritated her, yet he interested her; her social education had not equipped her to deal with a situation or individual like this. She contemplated getting up and leaving him abruptly; but she did not go, and the thought entered her mind that she might arouse him to a show of barbaric enthusiasm by showing him the mirror in her vanity case or letting him handle

(Continued on Page 69)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1927

Arms and the League

BETWEEN the bitter-enders and the leap-before-you-look partisans of the League of Nations the majority of the American people occupy a middle ground of caution. There is little doubt that just after the end of the war they favored a League, and that in theory they still believe in one; but because the facts do not square with the insistent and sometimes hysterical propaganda of its partisans there is an increasing tendency to wait, if not for evidence of the League's sincerity, at least for a demonstration of its power. And in spite of much excellent work done in minor fields, there is little to show that the League dominates in its major field.

The first blow to America's belief in the League came when President Wilson consented to the Allies' tying the Versailles Treaty like a tin can to the tail of the League. And ever since, the League has been running around the block and up dark alleys, pursued by the clamorous, unescapable thing. There followed in swift succession the paradoxical propaganda that though America had been of little real help in the war and had lost her soul, she could still save Europe, who had kept her soul, from the after effects of the war. Then came the Disarmament Conference at Washington that scrapped the battleship, already scrapped as a practical weapon of war by many leading naval authorities, but that put no limit on light cruisers, submarines, airplanes and armies. No one questioned that they were still practical weapons of offense and defense. Next came the great drive for war-debt cancellation, as if confidence in Europe's good intentions would be strengthened by a refusal to honor her written obligations; or that a propaganda of hate would drive us into the arms of those who proclaimed their disgust with America and their dislike for Americans. Europe has no doubt been deceived as to the temper of America by the reaction to their cancellation campaigns of an insignificant but noisy body of apologetic Americans. But these men and women have simply made more difficult the work of those who would like to see genuine confidence and good feeling established between Europe and America.

Finally, and most illuminating of all, there are the naval programs of the Powers. America has observed both the letter and the spirit of the Disarmament Conference. She not only scrapped a partially completed program that would have made her the first naval power in the world, but she has held in check the construction of light cruisers, submarines and airplanes. As a result we wake up to find England well advanced on an ambitious cruiser program, Japan coming along strong behind her, France and Italy building fleets of powerful submarines, all the European powers rushing airplane construction, and the Continental ones, including Russia, still maintaining large, well-drilled armies. We are told, and it is doubtless true, that Great Britain would never wage war against the United States, that she would probably be on our side in any future war; but even so, there is no good reason why we should accept the status of an oversea dominion.

There has been much talk lately in Europe, all promptly cabled to America, about American imperialism and the enslavement of Europe. That, in the language of the day, is pure apple sauce, and no one knows it better than those who are stirring it up. Far from enslaving Europe, we are sending vast armies of dollars abroad to slave for her. They are putting her on her feet and enabling her to compete successfully with us, as some of our manufacturers can testify.

European politicians and propagandists—the terms are almost synonymous—know perfectly well that we are the least militaristic people on earth; that we are devoted to peace and ready to join in any disarmament program that is put forward in good faith. It is Europe, not America, that is unwilling to disarm and that needs a League. It is European quarrels, jealousies, hatreds and ambitions that make a League so desirable—for Europe. If she had learned the lessons of the war, if she had lived up to her wartime professions, if she had stopped arming and wasting and quarreling over the loot, a League would be almost superfluous. If she continues her preparations for "the next war" which she is always talking about, this League will be superfluous. For it looks as if the armament race was beginning again, and unless the League or some power above the League stops it we shall be forced into that race against our will. A nation as rich as we are, as envied as we are, is almost a *casus belli* in herself.

Meanwhile Europe might as well let up on her propaganda. It has been clever at times and terribly raw at others, but as the real facts are getting into the consciousness of the American people it is losing its power to influence them, even when it is parroted by apologetic Americans and played up in the press. The American majority for peace and abstinence from participation in European quarrels includes practically everyone who went overseas to fight—excluding those who went over for a "thrill"—and practically everyone who stayed at home who did not profiteer in munitions or in publicity. The real question, the great question in the minds of these people, is not the World Court or the League of Nations, but what Europe is going to do about the competitive armament race that is starting.

The notion, held by a small group of Americans, and once fostered by a large one of Europeans, that we could take a seat in the League and by saying "Naughty! Naughty!" help the situation, has gone stale. But that's all our participation would amount to. We are already lending to Europe all the money that she wants; we would not use force even if we could; we have done our ineffective best in the cause of disarmament; and if there is anyone deafer to the counsels of common sense than a European politician, he has yet to turn up. And common sense is all we have left to offer.

California's Great Opportunity

THE state of California is to be congratulated upon the admirable report which its crime commission, created in 1925, has recently submitted to the legislature. The bold fashion in which it drags ugly facts out into the daylight, the telling simplicity with which it analyzes the causes of existing evils, and the practical, clean-cut methods by which it proposes to abate them should inspire every Californian with new respect for the power of the law when effectively written and administered.

This commission, under the chairmanship of Walter K. Tuller, of Los Angeles, finds that the prevalence of crime in the United States, particularly crimes of violence in the big cities, is simply staggering. The report repeats the testimony of the East and of the Middle West when it goes on to say: "Crime has become an organized business. It operates throughout the length and breadth of the land. . . . It undermines the very foundations of the entire social structure. Either society must control and destroy organized crime, or organized crime will control and destroy society."

Conditions in California are no better and no worse than in many other commonwealths, but it is not too much to say that if the recommendations of the Tuller commission are promptly and whole-heartedly carried out results as striking as those which followed the passage of the Baumes laws in New York may be confidently expected.

The importance of the reform measures instituted in New York less than a year ago can scarcely be overappraised, for they have not only put the fear of God into the criminal element in that state but they have shown the entire country how any commonwealth can achieve like results by a similar tightening up of criminal law and procedures.

The framers of the Tuller report strike at the root of the matter when they say that we are attempting to handle twentieth-century criminal business by seventeenth and eighteenth century procedure; that the old system, being designed primarily for the protection of the defendant, ignored almost entirely the rights of the public. The new system must protect all legitimate rights of defendants, but at the same time must insure and protect, as far as possible, the great body of law-abiding citizens, the public. It must short-circuit roundabout methods. It must insure speedy trials and the early hearing of appeals, both of which are of the very essence of deterrent punishment. Technicalities which are notorious connivers at miscarriages of justice can, and should, be thrown into the discard. Simpler forms of pleadings will bring this about.

Two examples will suffice to show the laxity of the California criminal code as it now stands. Section 165 relates to the offense of bribery, and yet it is so worded that a public official who offers to receive or solicits a bribe is not guilty of any crime. Section 190, which is concerned with murder, makes it the duty of the jury in first-degree convictions to fix the penalty at either death or life imprisonment. In a recent case, in which the jury brought in a first-degree verdict but failed to agree on the punishment, the supreme court ruled that the judgment of conviction must be reversed and a new trial ordered. Both these statutes obviously require revision along the lines recommended by the commission.

A proposed new section consolidates into one crime, designated as theft, what are now separately described as larceny, embezzlement and obtaining property under false pretenses. These offenses are so similar that it is often virtually impossible to tell which has been committed in a given case. By combining them all as the crime of theft conviction will be made easier. If the proposals of the commission are carried out, sharper teeth will be put into the habitual-criminal act and any person convicted of a felony who has twice previously been convicted of a felony, either within the state or elsewhere, shall be judged a habitual criminal and sentenced to imprisonment for life. These provisions are somewhat similar to those of the Baumes law, which has operated so powerfully to check crime in New York.

To carry out all the recommendations of the Tuller commission would involve the rewriting of several statutes, the passage of certain new ones, and eight amendments to the state constitution. The first of these amendments, which has a parallel in a defeated recommendation made by the Baumes commission, would permit the jury to consider the fact that the defendant fails to take the stand on his own behalf. The third would sanction the waiving of a jury trial in felony cases when so desired by both prosecution and defense. The fourth would allow the jury, as in English courts, to have the benefit of the comments of the trial judge on the evidence; and the fifth would authorize the legislature to create new divisions of the district courts of appeal when necessary.

SELLING THRIFT

By WILL PAYNE

ABOUT 3,000,000 otherwise normal American citizens have declined a gift from the Government. In a nation that is not characterized by aversion to money—"dollar mad," our admiring European friends call it—the case seems to require some attention.

It goes back to the World War, for which, first and last, 5,000,000 persons enlisted. Nearly all of them were young persons. The average age was twenty-four years. They were in good health when accepted in government service, but a great part of them would encounter extraordinary dangers to life and to physical condition generally, through wounds, disease and the hard living they might expect to find in the trenches.

The Government provided, without cost to the men, a scheme of compensation for death and disabilities while in service. This was based in principle on various state laws providing for monetary compensation to workmen or their dependents, for death and disability incurred in their employment, only the Government assumed the entire liability. This, however, did not cover its obligations to the enlisted men.

It took them out of civil life in youth and health—that is to say, in an insurable state. There was no telling at what time or in what condition it might return them to civil life. Nowadays insurability is one of every healthy young man's assets. If he isn't married already, he will, in the genial course of Nature, be wanting to get married presently. Marriage means responsibility for a wife and, let us hope, children. Mostly, the young bridegroom has no money to speak of; only an earning capacity. If he dies or is disabled, earning capacity ceases, wife and children want. But through one of the most beneficent arrangements ever invented by man he can go into a pool with a million other bridegrooms and by small monthly or semiannual payments provide a fund out of which his dependents will be paid a stipulated sum at his death, or the family will receive monthly payments if he is disabled.

This arrangement, called life and accident insurance, has probably done more to forestall poverty than any other single thing. Nearly everybody recognizes its advantages nowadays. There are almost as many life-insurance policies in force in the United States today as there are men, women and children in the country. Invested funds held by the various companies amount to more than $12,000,000,000 and are increasing at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year.

By taking these young men into military service the Government destroyed their insurability for the period of service. Life, for an individual, is uncertain, but life insurance is based on certainty. Out of so many men, of such an age; living normal lives, so many will die every year.

That gives a scientific basis for the yearly premium to be paid by the insured. These young men, however, were going into a most abnormal life—principally to be shot at by highly efficient artillery. The mortality rate would be high, but nobody knew how high. One life-insurance company which the Government approached on the subject finally offered—reluctantly, I believe—to insure 60,000 men at a rate of fifty-eight dollars a year for each $1000 of insurance.

But 60,000 men was the merest drop in a bucket; and fifty-eight dollars a thousand was prohibitive. Not that this company, or any other, was blamable. All the big companies are mutual, strictly coöperative. Their first duty was to their policyholders. They had no right to assume a risk that might impair their outstanding policies. Insurance of 5,000,000 men bound for war was plainly out of the question. To meet this situation the Government decided to insure the men itself.

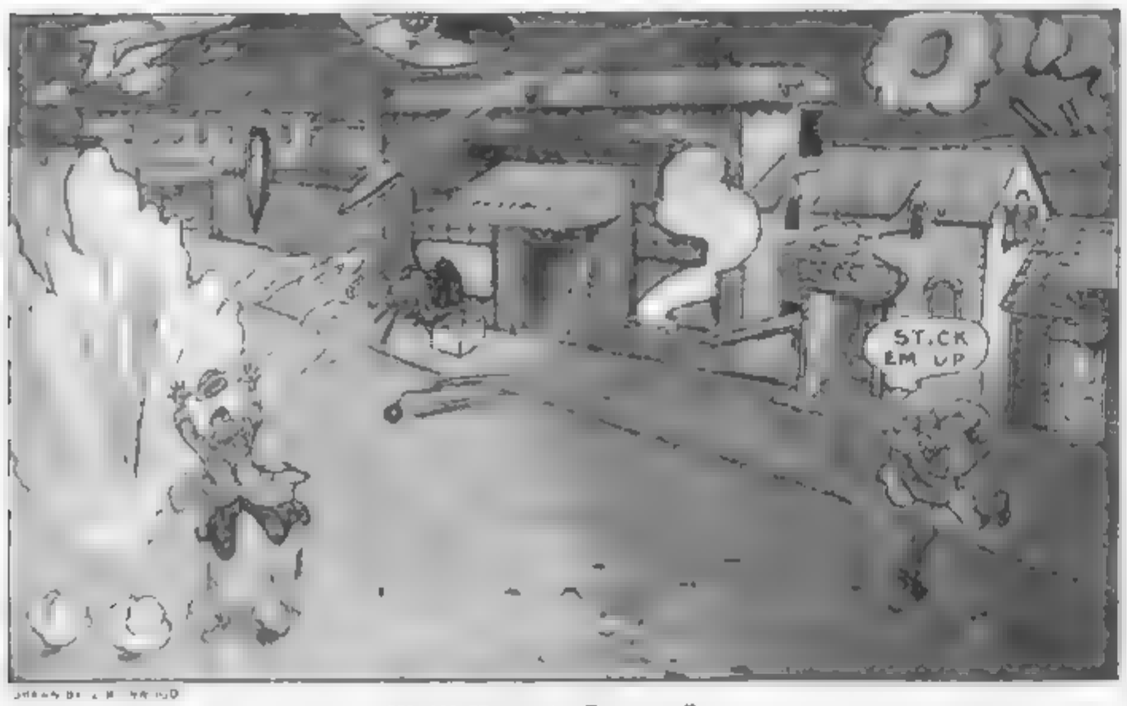
It assumed all the extra hazard involved in their military occupation, basing its premium rate on the mortality that would be expected if they were still engaged in ordinary civil pursuits. Moreover, it assumed all the loading. A life-insurance company bases its premiums on the deaths that may be expected, according to the mortality tables, in a given group of civilians within a given time. Then it adds enough to cover expenses of administration, agents' fees, and so on. This addition is called loading. But the Government added nothing for administration expenses, agents' fees, and so on. Therefore an enlisted man going into the war zone could get life insurance cheaper than if he were sitting on the front porch at home.

The men saw the point and 87 per cent of them applied for this wartime government life insurance. The number

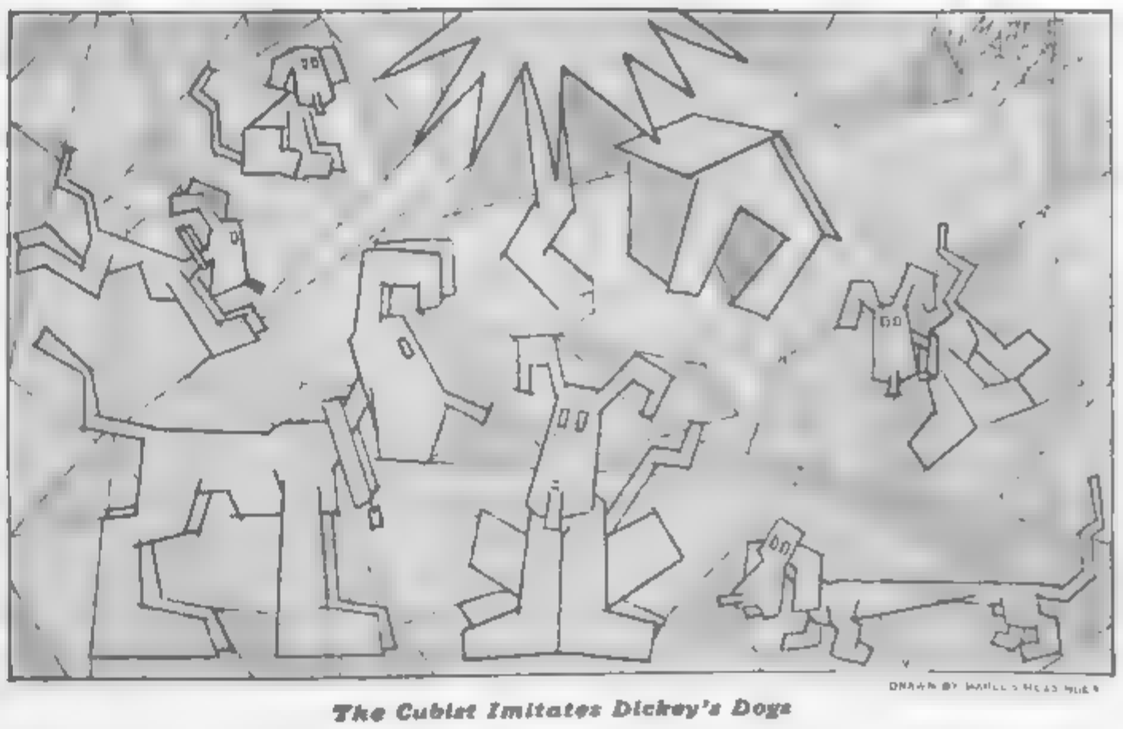
(Continued on Page 105)

DON'T HURT THE POOR TIGER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



We'll Have to Pass a Law



The Cubist Imitates Dickey's Dogs

The Amorous Röntgenologist

VIOLET is not fair to view
As other maidens be;
Her face is like a kangaroo,
Her form, a Christmas tree,
Her twisted smile would sunken
wrecks raise;
But my! she takes some lovely
X rays!

And every wise observer knows
That beauty is but skin-deep;
The camera's testimony shows
Her beauty lies within deep;
And so I cry, my ardent eye alit,
"Violet! Be my ultra-violet!"
—Morris Bishop.

If Only

IS SHE an athlete? I should say.
She can dance all night; she can shop all day;
She can jump five feet for a bride's bouquet.

Golf ad infinitum; tennis till you're through;
Swimming, mountain climbing, leave her fresh as new.
Nothing can fatigue her that
she
likes
to
do.
—Fairfax Downey.

Conjuror's Wife: "John, How Often Have I Told You to Keep Your Rabbits Out of My Bed?"

How I Found New York

THE avenues run south and north,
The streets run east and west;
The pedestrians run to and fro,
And then run home to rest. —P. B. Prior.

Not Started Yet

BIG business man: "Unmarried?"
Applicant for steno job: "Naw. I ain't even been married yet!"

Casey at the Bat

Retold in the Latest Historical Manner

IT WAS in the 70's, the squalid 70's, that Mudville had its one brief flicker in the vast, vanishing film of the old National League. The year does not matter, for the sadiron of time was shortly to prove that the town was not large enough for major-league ball. The phrase itself, pompous, pretentious, would not be coined until seven years later, but the fact was the same. A great hullabaloo, a great din of subscribing among the merchants and sporting bloods of the city, and then—in twelve brief months—nothing but a dreary expanse of gray, falling bleachers, an eyesore for nearly two decades until they were broken up into miserable building lots, themselves a failure. A boy who afterward set up his own *atelier* in Paris remembered the desolate ruin, because it was there that he saw a torn, flapping playbill with the face of Modjeska.

Financially it was awful. But yet one day Chicago played there or it may have been Milwaukee. They were in and out of the National League in those days so fast that one could not remember them. Nevertheless, one remembered the crowds.

(Continued on Page 178)

Strange Behavior of the Traveling Salesman the First Night at Home After Being Accustomed to the Pullman Sleepers

Almost Inevitable Result of Reading Midget Newspapers

Vegetable-Beef

Some people like it even better than our famous Vegetable Soup!

In every plate of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef:

Invigorating beef broth
Hearty pieces of beef
Vegetable puree
Tomatoes
Diced white potatoes
Diced carrots
Peas
Onion
Pearl barley
Parsley

12 cents a can

Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a tremendous favorite—has created a great public taste and demand for hearty soup which is richly laden with choice vegetables.

So it's only natural that another soup of the same general type, Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, should be making such big strides in popularity every day.

Remember Campbell's Vegetable-Beef as the soup made with vegetables, that also offers your appetite a generous quantity of solid beef, in hearty pieces. Every plateful gives you, besides, rich and tonic beef broth, delicious vegetable puree, diced vegetables, the finest of peas and blanched pearl barley.

In fact, many housewives put this soup in a class with solid foods—it's so filling and nourishing. Here's a lunch or supper already cooked or a wonderful dinner dish.

Special helps for housewives . . .

Heat Campbell's Vegetable-Beef just as it comes from the can, spread it on toast with a sprinkling of parsley. Wonderful for breakfast, luncheon or supper. For the most tempting and delicious stew, add it to meat, potatoes and dumplings. Meat loaf, croquettes, meat pie, casserole of rice and beef, omelets, salads—there's no end to the attractive, nourishing dishes so much easier to prepare with the aid of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Helen of the Hundred Waves

The Tale of the Magenta Jewel—By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

DARWIN, Northern Territory, is the jumping-off place of Australia; the end of a world of broad spaces and leisure; of easy living and time and time to burn. After you jump, there are four brief days, and then roaring Surabaya, power house of Java, the closely populated, the cruelly busy. All round you the wonders and wickednesses and smells of the East boil up as spouting mud boils up in the great island's thousand geysers; and peace, and dreams, and leave to be yourself, to let the fibers of your mind float free, as anemone tentacles float in untroubled waters—all these are gone. For with Darwin dies the last breath of the Pacific world.

Days are long in Darwin. The red dust flies on the wide, untenanted roadways; tulip trees flame vermilion about shuttered houses where no one screams or hurries; across wide acres of grass and eucalyptus trees in the heart of the town drifts, sweet as sandalwood, the smoke of burning cypress pine. You may look up and down the main street for half an hour and see nothing pass but a shirted aboriginal, shuffling black feet on the pathway; or a lean browned man from out back in dust-colored clothing; or maybe, once in a long while, a two-horse carriage, waking dead echoes with the swanking clatter, the self-conscious dash, that used to stand for fashion and for power the whole world over.

In the Chinese quarter of Darwin, where strange names swing over lowering houses and women walk in satin trousers, leading Christmas-toy children by the hand, a white man and girl strolled together. They were known in Darwin, but as drifters of small account are known. No Royal Leaguers came hurrying to entertain the two; no dinners and picnics were inflicted on them, no tea parties committed for their benefit. Here, as elsewhere, choice of hostelry marks caste—and who among the well-bred folk cared to have anything to do with a shabby elderly fellow, none too sober, putting up with his sister at a joint in the Chinese quarter?

"Let Me Keep That," She Had Begged. "I Want That!"

Drifters, Charles Pentecost III and his half sister; royalties in exile, after their fashion—they, who had for three generations been kings of the rich Pacific island of Man-o'-War, and who had lost it, even in the moment when Helen Elizabeth, by a famous swimming feat, made herself chief. Drifters and exiles, like so many who pass from port to port of Oceanica and Australasia; now journeying; now, when means had run short, pausing to wait for better fortune; and always, inevitably, trying to forget. In the huge distances of that half of a world that lies below the line, there is room and to spare for all sorts of forgetting—yours, and your spy-eyed neighbor's, and even, some think, God's.

"Look at that Chinaman," said Charles. "He's a hundred years old."

"Not so far out," answered the girl, sending a slow glance in the direction indicated. She had a deliberate, stately way of turning her head and moving her eyes, though her body was slight and wirily active. There was something in that movement, in the parted, crisped red hair, in the golden eyes above an arched thin nose and a mouth pursed like a little heart, that made one, if one was imaginative, think suddenly of hoops and farthingales, starched ruffs frosted with fairy lace, gems recklessly looped and massed—and then wonder, dimly, what it was all about.

They who knew the family history of the Pentecosts, and the strain that went back to very near kinship with a famous queen, could have told.

"I've heard," the girl went on, "that he's more than ninety; no one knows how much. But he came here forty years ago, when Darwin wasn't built, and he was pretty elderly then."

The queer old ivory face behind the bars of the ground-floor window looked at them, as it had looked at hundreds who had gone by in generations past. No more than the bleached skulls of those hundreds, beneath the sod, did this bleached face, almost itself a skull, betray emotion. It was as though the slow-gliding stream of passers-by, through the years, had washed and washed against the face, submerging it in looks and thoughts until they had swept it bare of something essential, human. Charles, for a flash of time, was reminded of royal faces seen during his school and university days at home. So they looked—washed by eyes.

But what was there in an old Chinaman, sitting behind ground-floor bars in the Chinese quarter of Darwin, to attract all that? Again, his sister answered the unspoken question.

"That is Wing Sing Lee," she said. "He's said to be the richest man in North Australia."

"What ho!" was Charles' irreverent comment. "A chap with a name like the chorus of a music-hall song. Wish we had some of his troubles."

They had paused on the pavement, not very far from the barred window. It was almost impossible to think of that carven face, under its gold cap, of the partly seen still figure shrouded in stiff silks, as human and real. Not even the black spots of eyes seemed alive; they never winked or shifted. It may have been this, or it may have been the natural, common assumption of youth that age is always deaf, which caused Helen Elizabeth to remark audibly, "He doesn't look as if it had made him particularly happy."

She almost started when the figure spoke in reply:

"No, madam."

"B'gad, you've wound it up and set it going!" cheerfully observed Charles. If his home education had done nothing else for him, it had at the least imbued him with a scorn for subject and for colored races that nothing in after life availed to modify.

Helen Elizabeth flashed a look of reproof at him, before she answered Wing Sing Lee.

"I beg your pardon. We did not think you heard."

"I hear much," answered the man who was nearing his century. "I hear everything in Darwin. You are surprised I can talk grammatical English, madam. Among Chinese, all knowledge can be had by whoso wishes to pay. If you will enter and view my house, it will be great honor."

Noticing a moment's hesitation, he went on, in the same fluent bookish style: "I am aware that you have nothing to do with the Chinese of Darwin." It was true; Helen Elizabeth and her half brother had kept almost fiercely apart from the yellow folk with whom circumstances obliged them to live; he through innate contempt for everything that did not wear a white skin, and she, because she cherished privacy more than any other good her broken life had left her, and feared to see it imperiled.

"But," went on the old millionaire, "there are many who have wished to see my house, and have not done so. If you enter, you will be the first of your race."

While he was talking, the door beside the window—a stout, iron-stanchioned piece of work, painted pea green, like all the windows and doors in Chinatown—had swung quietly open.

"Let us go in," said Helen Elizabeth to her brother, using the Pacific tongue known as island Maori.

"Yes, do so," chimed in the Chinaman coolly. "I have traveled and traded everywhere, madam. I have many beautiful things not for the eye of ——"

(Continued on Page 32)

SWIFT

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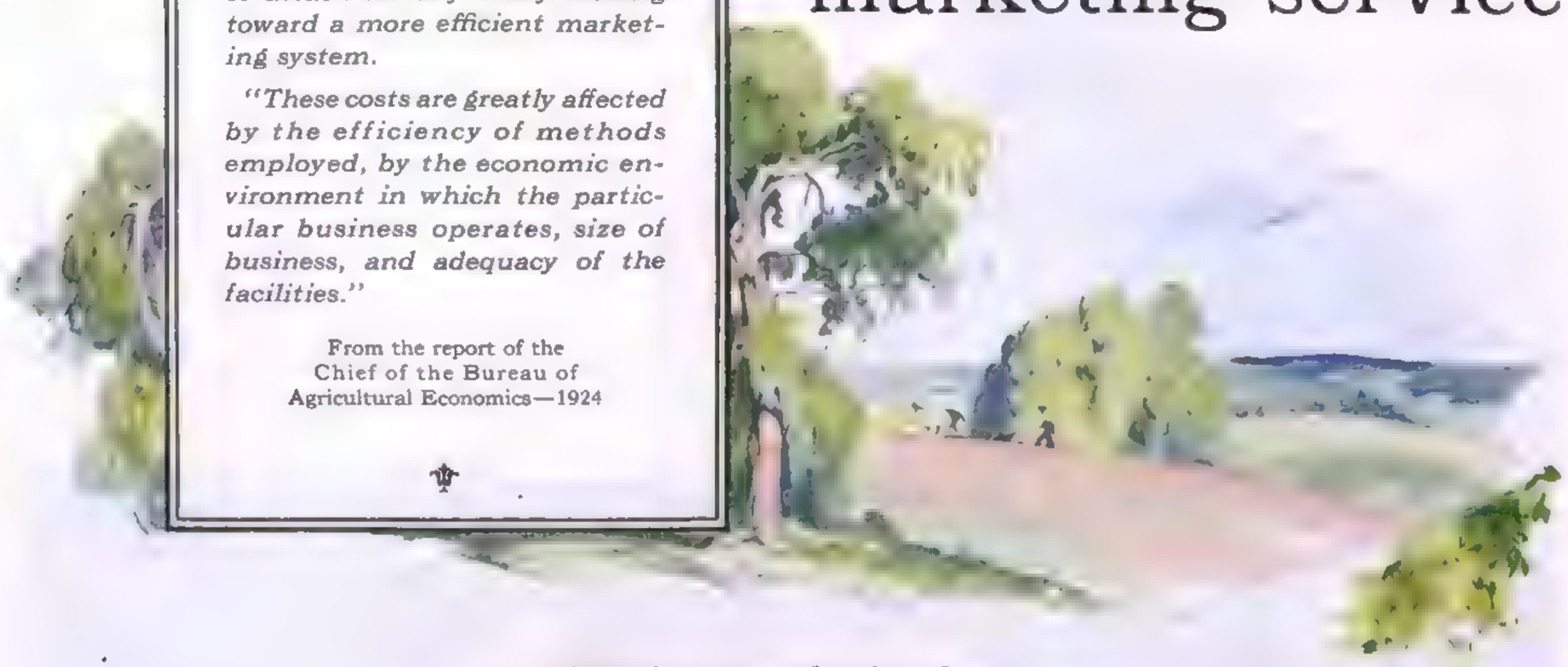

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(Continued from Page 30)

"If the beggar wants to sell us anything, you'd better tell him straight out we're practically broke," cut in Charles

"Hush! He doesn't. He owns half the shipping and nearly all the stores in the Territory. Really, Charles, you — "

"It is quite a natural mistake, madam," said the Chinaman. His dead eyes seemed suddenly alive; one would have sworn that something in Charles' rude speech had pleased him. "Come in; the door is open."

From a long dark passage, unfurnished and unwindowed, they went, through two hot dusky rooms barely lit from outside, into a courtyard. There were masses of flowering shrubs here, and dragons carved in stone, their heads inlaid curiously with flashing blue-glass scales. The pavement was marble, time-yellowed, but well kept. Pea-green doors opened all round the courtyard. One of these swung silently on its hinges and the two passed in.

Sandalwood, musk, camphor, the indefinable odor of silks and stuffs, the reek, barely cold, of incense sticks lately burned, met them in a whiff almost solid. Charles coughed in a British manner. Helen Elizabeth remembered the drop of eau de Cologne on her handkerchief, but through innate courtesy refrained from lifting it to her nostrils. For there, seated in an immense carved chair that was black with age, and probably priceless as to value, was their host.

"You have been thinking that it is strange I should allow you the privilege of seeing my treasures," he began, almost as if he had learned a speech by heart, "but it is not so. I would not proffer the invitation to those who I know are not descended from the most renowned of queens."

"Steady, old chap, don't take away ladies' characters," admonished the graceless Charles. "Virgin Queen and all that—what? Very near relation, but not quite direct line."

He was wandering about the great room into which they had been admitted, staring, like a Continental tourist in a church, at the huge gilded altar with its smiling Buddha, the embroidered satin hangings, the priceless vases, tall as himself, the life-size figures, gilt and colored, of gods, heroes, virtues and vices personified; the countless small curios of silver, gold enamel, crystal, precious and semiprecious stones, that made the place a veritable Aladdin's cave.

Wing Sing Lee had now risen from his chair and, walking slowly, with the aid of an ivory-and-amber staff, was going round the room, displaying its wonders to guests who would have been less than human had they not been moved to approve, admire, even to desire, many of the things they saw. The thought of the wonders of that hall stayed with both, while they were passing through other rooms, as richly but less valuably decked, through a second outer court containing fishponds stocked with live sacred turtle, through galleries and passages more than anyone could have supposed to lie concealed behind the commonplace exterior of the palace of Wing Sing Lee.

He seemed very tired when they returned at last to the great hall. Chairs were brought by a Chinese boy, tea and cakes ordered. While they were waiting, Wing Sing Lee handed a trayful of miscellaneous small ivory carvings, pearl boxes, silver inlaid trinkets, a ring or two, a jeweled lotus hairpin, to his guests.

"You can amuse yourselves looking at these trifles," he said, "while I shall light a stick of incense in honor of my gods, which are not yours."

Helen Elizabeth was too polite, and Charles too deeply occupied with the curios, to protest against the heavy sickening smoke that presently arose. It seemed to Helen that the stuff was dizzying her, affecting in some odd manner her will and her brain, but she fought the feeling off.

"We shall get out in a minute," she thought, "and it's been a wonderful afternoon. Still, I wonder why ——"

The old man was back in his seat. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself," he said.

Helen Elizabeth kept silence. She felt that he was willing her to talk, to say something about the curios, and she did not choose to be willed. She turned her head to look at Charles, who had picked a ring out of the tray and was holding it up in one hand

"B'gad, that's a stunner!" he said. "I dunno the stone."

It was certainly a curious jewel; not red, not pink, not the color of amethysts, or wine -what was its shade? That of a bougainvillea blossom, as near as might be; or the shade once widely known as magenta. It was the size of a threepenny piece and was set in a curious battered ring of old Chinese workmanship.

Tea arrived in a few minutes. The old Chinaman asked Helen Elizabeth to serve it. She could not help her eyes straying from time to time toward the ring; almost she broke one of the precious porcelain cups, watching Charles handle that strange gem. Wing Sing Lee's eyes, like the dimmed eyes of a very old worn doll, shifted slowly to and fro under their almond-shaped lids, watching her—watching Charles.

The smoke from the incense thickened; Helen Elizabeth felt giddy again. She became conscious of a strange double stream of thought that seemed to be pouring forth from the mind of the old millionaire, who had surely seen and known all that man on earth may see or know. One stream was represented by his speech; he was telling her, in a perfectly unmoved voice, how little he cared for all his riches—for anything, indeed, that was left to him in the world. The other stream, unspoken and wordless, was directed, as one would direct a jet of water, not now at her, but at Charles. Immediately uneasiness seized her. What was he willing Charles, the weak willed, to do?

Continued on Page 112

Wing Sing Lee Did Not Answer Him; Did Not Answer Helen Elizabeth. She Could Almost Hear Him Now, Willing—Willing

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with six cylinder performance of the most expensive type at a very substantial saving

NEW—with all the brilliance and *éclat* of the new qualities it brings to six-cylinder motoring—this Hupmobile Brougham is bound to create new conceptions of the luxury, beauty, comfort and roadability that can be built into a car selling for $1385.

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There is sparkle, there is individuality in the outward beauty of this newest Hupmobile creation. It draws the gaze. In design, color and finish, it excels with a score of little touches that lift it so far above the commonplace today as inevitably to bespeak imitation tomorrow.

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The new Hupmobile Six Brougham is now on display at your local dealer's salesrooms. You are cordially invited to inspect it—to ride in it and drive it—to experience the performance thrills of the most expensive type of six-cylinder motoring which this Hupmobile Six now assures you at a very substantial saving.

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Wild Game and Wire Insurance

By ROBERT B. VALE

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF GAME COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA

Deer at Lick Run, Clinton County, Pennsylvania

MY friend Muller didn't feel overly enterprising that morning, so, when the rest of the crowd started back toward the beaver pond, he said he'd hang around the shack a while and then follow an old logging trail to the top of the ridge. If the fates were kind he might jump a bear, for it was cozy and comforting on the south side of the hill; also there were many beech trees on the slope, and as everybody familiar with the habits of the great, lumbering animal knows, a bear will travel many miles for a square meal of beechnuts.

Well, Muller lazied around camp for an hour until the snow commenced to soften under the rays of a warm sun, when, with rifle tucked under his arm, he meandered up the path. He reached a narrow bench just under the crest of the ridge and stopped to get his second wind.

Around him was a scattering of sapling stuff growing amid the decaying stumps of hemlock; columns marking the graves of many a noble tree felled in the interest of progress and for the advancement of civilization; sable monuments bearing patches of green moss, and upon whose sides long sharp ivory claws had written epitaphs to the departed forest in the mysterious language of the wild. Many of the stumps had been ripped apart by the bears in their search for grubs.

The Stump That Walked Like a Man

SUDDENLY one of the stumps rose in the air, and when it was quite erect the hunter saw that the thing had changed into a three-hundred-pound bear, upon whose ebony pelt patches of sunlight glistened. The bear lifted a paw to its head, for all the world like a man shading his eyes.

"Woof."

"Woof, yourself," replied Muller; "and I'll wait till you reach the edge of the bench, for you're not yet half awake. Now beat it."

The bear dropped and was off, his hind feet scooting ahead of the front feet, and as he was going over the slope Muller fired, missing. Later we followed the trail of the animal. It led obliquely down the side of the ridge, crossed a stream where the alders were thick, then ascended another ridge straight into the game refuge. Here he was in bounds; was safe. Do I believe the bear knew of the haven where man would not follow? I do assuredly

It was a single strand of wire, slightly heavier than the gauge used on telegraph lines. About breast-high it followed an undulating and erratic course, sometimes climbing a mountain slope, then dipping into dark ravines; occasionally running side by side with a highway or fire trail, infrequently touching a bit of cleared country.

"That's the tape we use to tie up our game-insurance policies," remarked Dr. H. J. Donaldson, president of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, as his finger traced the filament of steel across a trout stream to where the wire lost itself in a clump of rhododendron; "the visible sign of the sportsman's method of conserving wild life and making better hunting. It marks the boundary of a game refuge.

"Under this scientific and modern and simple system it will be impossible for man to exterminate native birds and animals; under extension of the idea and multiplication of refuges, all manner of game, save the migratory birds that do not breed in our latitude, must increase. The game refuge is a necessary part of the general scheme of game protection, as much a factor as the laws regulating open seasons and bag limits. The two go hand in hand.

Wild Turkeys in Game Refuge No. 5, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania

"Pennsylvania is one of the great happy hunting grounds of the nation, and the most amazing.

In the face of a rapidly increasing population that now numbers nearly 10,000,000, despite the fact that 750,000 gunners take the field annually, regardless of the known fact that the automobile has increased the love of outdoor life and made the way easier to seek the woods and the fields, notwithstanding the predictions of some conservationists that furred and feathered creatures of forest and fen will be wiped out under intensive shooting, game in Pennsylvania is increasing; hunting is better than it was five or ten or twenty-five years ago. Doctor Hornaday said recently that the state contradicted every theory and that it stood in a class by itself. He was right."

There are wild deer in more than fifty of its sixty-seven counties, and in many districts are so numerous that they have become pests, making it impossible for farmers to raise crops profitably without a deer-proof fence, half of the expense of which is borne by the state.

A Game of Tag With Bruin

BEARS, once reduced to a slim and timid company, are coming back with such rapidity that in Potter County it has become necessary to employ trappers and thin them out a bit, the excess population being sent into other districts. Also the bears are mighty brash and sassy. At Eagles Mere the bears discovered that an easy living was to be had from the garbage cans of the summer cottagers. Several made it a practice to call each evening, and not being overconsiderate, they frightened nervous women and peace-loving old gentlemen by placing their paws on the window sills and looking into dining rooms. Some of the servants, after finding an occasional bear sitting outside the kitchen door, went back to risk their lives in city traffic.

Finally, one Sunday evening, the matter reached a climax when a group of children were seen playing tag with a big black bear over near the Red Arrow trail. It was exciting fun to run after the animal, chasing with their cries of "Shoo, shoo," and they laughed at its comical gait. When the bear stopped, the kids retreated, and the bear followed them like a dog. Everybody enjoyed it except the mothers, who insisted that they did not want their children romping with bears and demanded that the animals be driven away at once. Trappers came and two of the intruders were caught.

(Continued on Page 53)

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SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By GEORGE BROADHURST

A FIRST night in New York and a first night in London are two widely different things. It is almost impossible to buy a reserved seat for the first performance of a play in London, and when one is bought it is always done by a personal application either to the producer of the play or to the manager of the theater, and the price is exactly the same as that for any other performance. It is never a case of charging all that the traffic will bear.

A London first night is practically an invitation affair, and the audience includes leading statesmen, players, dramatists, authors and other men of letters, as well as men and women distinguished in the other arts or prominent in society. In the pit are the regular first-night pittites, who know their rights and are not for an instant backward in claiming them.

A few months ago a New York manager making a production of an American musical comedy raised the price of seats in the pit for the opening night. The protests of the pittites both during the performance and the intermissions were so vigorous and disturbing, and the press took up the cudgels for them so enthusiastically, that it is unlikely that such an innovation will be tried again in London for years to come.

No American theater has an equivalent of the English pit, which is at once an institution and a tradition. The ground floor of the English theater is divided into two portions. In the front one are the stalls, the highest-priced and most exclusive seats, the occupants of which, before the war, were compelled to wear evening dress, and where such attire is still expected, although the rule is no longer mandatory. Back of the stalls and under the balcony, in a position which corresponds to what was previously known in America as the parquet circle, are the cheapest seats in the house with the exception of those in the gallery. This portion of the theater is the pit. Between the pit and the stalls is merely a narrow aisle, which is also a great gulf.

James K. Hackett in a Scene From Macbeth

The Inalienable Rights of a Pittite

FOR all successes in London, for at least three hours, and often for much longer, theatergoers form in a line, called a queue, waiting for the pit and gallery doors to open, for the seats in these parts of the theater are not reserved. They bring their camp stools, they read novels and newspapers, they eat their suppers which they have brought, and they are entertained by performers whosing,joke, dance and do acrobatic stunts in the street in return for the few pence which are thrown to them by those in line. Many of the pence are given in pity to men and women who years before were popular on the variety stage, but who, having been left behind in the strenuous race of vaudeville, now make a living in this way.

Viola Allen

When it rains, the pittites, wearing their raincoats, stand or sit under dripping umbrellas, and in the winter, dressed in their heaviest clothes, they stamp their feet and buy roasted hot potatoes in an effort to keep warm. What is more to the point, they do it because they choose to do it. They elect to stand and wait under such conditions and they do not want the conditions changed. Recently, under the leadership of St. John Ervine, a prominent critic, and the author, among other playa, of John Ferguson, which did so much toward establishing the Guild in New York, a campaign was started in various newspapers to have the queue abolished and the seats for all parts of the house reserved and sold in advance, the editors claiming that it was cruel to ask the poorer people to wait hours for tickets in all kinds of weather. Several of the theaters followed the suggestion of the newspapers and placed the seats for all portions of the house on sale at the same time.

What a howl the pittites made! And the disturbances they raised! The old way was good enough for them. In fact, the new one was a conspiracy against them. It enabled people who were too proud to wait in line, to buy up the seats which belonged to those who were willing to do it. They could not tell two weeks ahead what night they would want to go to the theater, and when they did want to go, all the front seats would be sold. The fine old British way, First Come, First Served, which was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. That's what they wanted and what they were going to have! And they have it!

St. John G. Ervine, the English Author and Playwright

First nights have a fascination for me and I attend them whenever I can. There is a tenseness and a speculation about them which is never felt at any other performance. Are the hopes of those directly concerned to be realized or are all their efforts to be as nothing? Is some young and prayerful actress, who is destined to be a future star, making a first appearance? Is it to be a christening or a funeral? Is the reputation of a dramatist or an actor to be made? None can tell until the performance is over, and yet all may happen before the curtain drops.

That splendid comedian, Thomas A. Wise, feels about first nights just as I do. The engagement of The Wrong Mr. Wright, in which Wise had made a wonderful personal success in London, having closed at the old Strand Theater, we delayed our sailing for America for more than a week for the especial purpose of seeing the première of A Royal Family, that charming comedy which turned out to be so great a success in London and which was so beautifully played in New York by Annie Russell, Charles Richman and W. H. Thompson.

When There Was Something in a Name

IMAGINE our dismay, when at the last minute the seats which had been promised us failed to materialize. Moreover, there was not a seat to be had anywhere in the house for love, money or influence. But we were determined to go, and so we engaged two district messenger boys to stand in line for us from 2:30 till 7:30, at which time the doors were to open. At five o'clock we nonchalantly strolled by to see where we were vicariously placed, and found that we were third and fourth in line, which assured us two good seats.

At 7:15 we relieved our understudies and were as conspicuous as two men in court dress would be at a miners' picnic. By sixteen minutes past we had a faint idea of the vocabulary and rancor of the London pittite when he thinks he is being imposed on. Compared to the clamor they raised, an Irish political meeting is as unexciting as a discussion over a croquet shot.

"Look at the two blighters," one of them shouted. "Two blooming American millionaires. Why don't you buy a couple of stalls, instead of spending your money to beat us out of our rights?"

"I expected something slimy, but nothing like this."

"You're going to have a pleasant evenin', you are. A large blood orange on the back of the neck won't be 'alf bad."

"Yes, especially if it's peeled and cut in two."

"They wanted to go slummin', didn't they? Well, they'll go before the night is over, and go proper."

Wise tried to explain our predicament, but he might as well have been whispering against a tornado, until someone yelled, "Say, are you Tom Wise?"

Tom said that he was and admitted that he was glad to see him.

"I didn't recognize you without your wig and your side whiskers," the man responded. Then he turned to the others and said, "Say, he's Tom Wise. You know, the comedian who was at the Strand. Jolly good too."

At this the wind suddenly shifted and our craft veered away from the rocks ahead. Many of those in line had seen Wise's performance and were not at all backward about voicing their approval; among their sentiments being: "You certainly made me laugh." "You're a bit of all right, you are." "Come back soon, Tom."

Wise beamed on them with that wonderful smile which has won the hearts of audiences everywhere in the United States, and ingratiatingly told them how much he had

enjoyed playing for them, how delighted he was that he had succeeded in pleasing them, and explained unctuously that he expected to return within a year to the dear old London which he had learned to love so much.

In the language of the theater, in two minutes Wise had them tamed and eating out of his hand. The gale had blown itself out and had turned into a gentle favoring breeze which headed us straight for the harbor of peace, until one of them unexpectedly turned his attention to me.

"Say, Tom," he called, "who's the fellow with you? Was he in the play as well?"

"No," answered Wise. "This is the author."

"He wrote it?"

"Yes."

"And did he write What Happened to Jones as well?"

"He did."

"He wrote them two funny plays! He don't look like it!"

As I did not know how the man expected me to look, all I could do was to continue to look as I had previously looked, throwing in for good measure a smile which I hoped was conciliatory but refined.

"No," spoke up another. "He looks like a curate who's gone into the pulpit and remembers he's left his sermon at 'ome!"

That was something definite; it was something to go on; but the trouble was that I couldn't go in that direction

Moreover, it was evident that they had previously conceived ideas as to what a writer of farces should look like, and that there was something wrong with the picture; it also dawned on me that possibly they might think that the portrait was not authentic. Fortunately, all such apprehensions were quickly dispelled, for there came to my rescue an elderly and dominating female, who of face was round and expansive and of figure overflowing where it was not overstuffed.

"Leave the man alone," she said sharply. "I know lots of writers who don't look as much like an author as he does."

"What do they look like then?" a man in line queried.

"Not like you, anyhow," my defender rejoined. "They have brains, and you're standing on all the brains you have."

Protection With a Purpose

THEN turning to me, she said, "Don't pay any attention to 'em, sir, and don't you worry. I'll look after you, and so long as you're with me you're all right, and well they know it."

When I looked at her and realized her militant face and her huge displacement, I felt that what she said was true and that my time of apprehension was over. In addition, Wise was conversing with the queue in his most amiable and ingratiating manner and tossing them bits of American slang which gave them loud merriment, so that by the time the doors were opened we knew that he was accepted for himself and I for my protector

Being placed so favorably in line, Wise and I secured two seats in the front row, and at my side was the copious lady. Soon she became more than friendly; she became confidential, and whispered in my ear that once she had been on the stage in the first line of the chorus. Then from the confidential stage she progressed to the confiding, and told me under the most sacred seal of secrecy that she was a dramatist herself and had written a play which was much funnier than Charley's Aunt. Her only trouble was that no manager would read it. She had sent it to several, who had replied that it was a very interesting work, but, unfortunately, they were not in the market for such a play just at that time. She was, however, absolutely sure that they had not read the play, because toward the end of it she had gummed two pages together, and when the manuscript was returned the pages had not been ungummed.

At about this period of the proceedings I began to realize that the lady's motives in coming to my protection had not been entirely altruistic, and this impression became a certainty when she asked if I would not read her play and then forward it to Charles Frohman saying how much I liked it.

I expressed my deep regret at being unable to repay her kindness, but as Wise and I were scheduled to leave London in the morning to catch the boat for New York, it made it impossible for me to do as she wanted.

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION
Raquel Meller in Her El Relicario—The Charm—Number

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION
Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth

But if she brought the manuscript to my hotel that night, couldn't I read it before going to bed and send it to Frohman before leaving next day?

Unfortunately, I had a most important business engagement at midnight, after which my trunks had to be packed and many other things, due to my departure, given my personal attention.

I considered myself an expert at wriggling from under such propositions, but no sooner did I break one hold than I found myself in another and more difficult one, the end being that I agreed to write Frohman asking him to give the play his personal attention.

I wrote Frohman as agreed, but the note was along the lines of one I had formerly received from W. M. Wilkison, the manager of the younger Salvini. He had written:

Dear George: I hate to do this. The bearer cannot act, but she is good to her mother.

About a London first night there is an air of amiability and good wishes. The audience seems predisposed to be pleased. It wants the night to be a happy one and the play a success. The pittites and the galleryites are on the watch for their favorites, both current and past. The appearance of Ellen Terry, now the grandmother of the London stage, is the signal for hearty and spontaneous applause, which will not be stilled until the dear old lady has bowed and bowed her acknowledgments. Mrs. Kendal is another favorite certain of a hearty welcome, as is also any present-day favorite. The two American actresses most in favor are Doris Keane, remembered for her exquisite performance in Romance, and Tallulah Bankhead, who in the past two years has established herself firmly in the affection of London theatergoers

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION
Mary Anderson

The pit always has its special favorites. Among the younger women, it is today Gladys Cooper, who has climbed worthily to her present eminence from much more lowly beginnings. She is sure to be greeted with calls of "Good evening, Gladys," "You're looking beautiful tonight," "Good luck with your next play," and other such messages of affection and good wishes. The late Sir Charles Hawtrey was beloved by both pit and gallery. Another favorite is Noel Coward. There is something in his you-be-damned air which has gone straight to their hearts, and no sooner do they catch sight of him than they applaud vigorously, call him by name, and tell him that they are waiting for his next comedy. Despite the precurtain amiability of the pittites, they have no hesitancy in expressing in unmistakable manner their disapproval of anything which does not come up to their standard. They hope that the play and the evening will be successful. If their hopes are realized they will give curtain after curtain, and at the end of the play they will cheer the company and the author long and heartily.

The Ayes Have It

IF, HOWEVER, the play should not come up to their standard—and the standard is high heaven help the poor author who is lured forth in response to their seductive calls. His appearance is the signal for the most distressing and dismal sound heard in any theater in the world. It is the deep-toned "Boo-oo-oo-oo! Boo-oo-oo-oo! Boo-oo-oo-oo!" of the pit and gallery. Compared to it the call of a steamer's foghorn when icebergs are in the vicinity is gay and inspiring.

Sometimes, of course, the verdict is divided and the cheers of the pleased are sounded against the groans of the disappointed. Then the vocal battle is long and loud. The occupants of the stalls and other high-priced seats often leave while it is in progress; quite frequently the lights are lowered as a hint that the decision is a draw; and on more than one occasion the police have been called on to quell the violence of the partisans for and against.

On the first night of one of Bernard Shaw's comedies the play had been received with every manifestation of approval, but when the dramatist went before the curtain, faintly but distinctly mingled with the applause and the cheers were two or three "Boo-oo-oo's." When silence came, Shaw, addressing the malcontents, said, "I agree with you perfectly, but what are you and I among so many?"

Galsworthy's latest play, Escape—he has said it will be his last—was produced in London in August. It is a thesis play told in a prologue and nine episodes: the problem being: What would be the conduct of various people were

(Continued on Page 142

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BUICK

GREEN FRUIT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

AS LATHROP walked up by the side of the house in the sweet June night he saw that Beautiful Katy and a follower had taken possession of the gate. Over its span of iron lattice an arch of honeysuckle and rambler rose gave, against the moon-white bar of cement walk inside, a shadow effect as of a tossed curve of delicate black lace; and Katy's own shadow ran up along it, toward the house, in an elongated libel of its lovely creator. Beautiful Katy was beautiful, very certainly, Lathrop reflected as the moon poured its effulgence down over her, in her cheap crystal-sprinkled white dress, and on the half-obscured follower vainly pressing himself into the hedge and a friendly cedar as Katy's employer passed by. A young man—the follower—who came to read the gas meters at the house and look after the oven—Peter—was it Pettle?—or Pottle?—Peter Pottle, a young workman who had been overseas and still had a flavor of khaki in his carriage. His low voice, curiously mellowed by some emotion, had a moment earlier reached Lathrop over the hedge along with the night-expressed sweetness of the rose and the honeysuckle, themselves no sweeter than his tones:

"I don't care. I don't care what anybody says, you're a whole lot prettier than her. You're the prettiest girl in Woodstock. You are to me, and you are to everybody else, I'll bet. But you are to me—especially."

A small feminine sigh had come back.

"Oh, well—Woodstock. There ain't so many here. You got to take your standards bigger than that. Now, when you compare yourself with the movies—that's where a girl can tell! Somebody may tell you you're pretty an' all, an' mebby you think you are f'r about five minutes. But then you go to the movies, an' you take a look at 'em there—jus' one look—an' you know where you get off. You go take a look at Mae Murray or Constance Talmadge or Gloria Swanson ——"

"Them girls! They ain't no prettier than what you are—to me, I tell you! Why, if you was to get fixed up with all the paint and them fancy dresses and the joolry—say, I tell you you'd have 'em stopped forty ways. Gee, you're as pretty as any girl I ever see in the fillums!"

"Aw, you're jus' kiddin'!"

"I ain't, either. I bet you could go in the fillums yourself if you wanna go."

"Some people has told me that I had ought to go in picshures. It'd sure be easier'n housework, at that."

It was at this point that Lathrop had let his heels scrape loudly on the cinder walk, had feigned a brief sneeze and come abreast of the gate pillars. Whereon a dead, strained silence had fallen, and his pleasant "Good evening, Katy; good evening, Peter," had been received with rigid, throaty embarrassment.

Not that the two young things had any cause for embarrassment, out among June roses, at an old, old game; but that the game itself, as practiced at Woodstock's back doors, was supposed to create a sort of circle of isolation about the players. They were there; but, properly, you weren't to see them.

It would be difficult, Lathrop reflected, not to see Beautiful Katy. Last night she had hung over the gate with the chauffeur next door, and twice earlier in the week with young Boughton, the gardener's brother. That's what came of having the most beautiful waitress and parlor maid in Woodstock. Indeed, her legend was about to be bruited far beyond the confines of the little suburb.

Boluses and Plasters and Something Miss Alice Called Squills. Dal Gladly Fetched and Applied Them—Personally

Mrs. Webber, his housekeeper, had brought him a newspaper and shown him an item the other day.

"Ten Contestants in Local Beauty Contest," he read, "for Title of Miss Madison"—Madison was the neighboring city—"Woodstock contributes the tenth candidate for beauty prize in the person of Miss Katharine Flannigan ——" Mrs. Webber's finger had paused.

"Katharine Flannigan—that's our Katy, sir. And if she's as good a beauty contest as she is a waitress ——"

Mrs. Webber's silence rang eloquently with accusation. If Mrs. Webber should see Katy now she would probably descend like the Assyrian on the fold. Mrs. Webber did not fancy Katy—or his insistence on her employing her.

"She's not efficient, sir, and she'll be thinking about her looks while she's serving you."

"So will I, Mrs. Webber; so I shan't mind her waiting ——"

"The Osterhout girl, that Mrs. Martin recommended ——"

"She looks like a potato, Mrs. Webber. We've had only potatoes in the dining room for the last two years. Try Beautiful Katy. Take a peach blossom for a change."

Mrs. Webber had flung him an outraged, suspicious snort, though her respect for him after fifteen years of service and her loyalty to his personal standards were as impregnable as Gibraltar. But it had been a battle. In a week Mrs. Webber had been triumphant. It was Katy's work—very bad, sir. Katy mooned; Katy dreamed; Katy paid no attention; Katy thought about lovers, and read the movie magazines and put black paint on her eyelashes and her hair ——

"I've noticed her hair, Mrs. Webber. I've noticed it on other young girls. It grows outward in—would you call it brier bushes?"

"It's cootie garages!" Mrs. Webber had exploded bitterly.

"Wh-what?"

"Cootie garages, I said: that's what they call it." She set her lips tightly.

"Great heavens!"

"But I think," Mrs. Webber added, "she won't be keeping it in a garage much longer; she'll be cutting it soon. She spoke about it to Olga yesterday."

Katy's flange of Spanish-Hibernian glory had gone through many changes since then. Above her black frock, with its patch of apron, and beneath Mrs. Webber's rigidly imposed crescent of mull plaits, it had ranged variously from a Fiji chieftain's war plumage, through a French poodle ensemble, to a Navaho basket. Once she had left out all the curl, appearing, a complete shock to Lathrop, with a drowned-mouse Mona Lisa look that was heart-rending; and two months ago she had shown ears.

There was a reason—Mrs. Webber had shooed her out of the dining room.

"Earrings, miss—red-glass earrings with a waitress' cap! Who ever heard of earrings with a service cap? It looks as if your neck was bleeding."

Now, referring to the beauty contest, Mrs. Webber had been acrid.

"Lovers—and her looks! That's all she thinks about."

"Well, Mrs. Webber, I'm afraid we'll have to make some concessions if we're to have Beauty dwelling in our house."

Mrs. Webber's response sounded like "Pish!"

"I don't see why you insist on my keeping her, sir. Careless, she is, and—boys! All Katy does is practice on the boys. Why, she even practices on you. The way she hands you your egg and toast! She told Olga a bright girl could get any man going if she watched out for his weak spots."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Webber, do you suppose I am in peril? The girl may be thinking terrible things. One of those dreadful newspaper headlines: Venerable Retired Clubman Weds Youthful Cook of Sixteen—something like that, d'you suppose?"

"Oh, if you will make a joke of everything!"

Ah, how could Mrs. Webber be brought to realize, Lathrop asked now, as he turned the corner to the main street, taking off his hat against the night's sweetness? How could she be made to see that, to a sentimental bachelor of fifty-two, egg and toast was not half so desirable as egg and toast—and romance? That romance supplied by youth; by a verdant May-blossom mixture of freshness, of inexperience and impudence. Beautiful Katy was a symbol. She was a torch to illumine the back of his house, as his nephew, young Dal, had illumined its portico these past weeks.

Between them, Dal and Katy, he was really a very wealthy man lately. His old house stirred to a recrudescence of memory; his old—or rapidly becoming so—self brightened and renewed in a dozen ways.

Tonight he felt singularly refreshed, anyhow. He was on his way home from the movies, whither he had taken Miss Alice Love to see The Prisoner of Zenda.

Miss Alice Love was two years his senior and everything her name was not. She was freckled and foursquare and chairman of the local Woman's Republican League. She wore heelless shoes and usually needed a hair net, but deep in her heart there lurked a vein of undying sentiment. She was a surreptitious but prolific weeper over certain types of screen romance, and the Princess Flavia and her gallant

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

Rassendyll had betrayed her weakness sadly. Fifty loves an unhappy ending. It is, it realizes, so true to life!

Anyhow, he and Alice had been deeply touched by the poignant misery of the pictured renunciation. They had exchanged opinions—as they often did—and agreed frankly that youth today was not what it once was.

From a house opposite, from behind white pillars, now floated scraps of song—if you could call it so—accompanied by a gurgling, scraping instrumentation:

Warm—as an—ov-en,
While they're—lov-in',
Here's—wha-at—occurs:
He sighs,
"Oo-gie, oo-gie, wa-wa—oo-gie, oo-gie, wa-wa."
She sighs,
"Oo-gie, oo-gie, wa-wa, too."

And the aspect of the quiet moon-flooded street with its brooding shade under old elms, the ranks of old family homes, stirred Lathrop. Sharply there came home to him a remembrance of a moonlit return to this street, with music sounding, thirty years ago. He had been twenty-two—Dal's age. He had taken Sweet Thing home from a little party, and someone across the way had been playing a rippling piano accompaniment, and a clear voice had sung Marguerite:

I would not chide thee, chide thee, Marguerite;
Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet ——

He had stopped then to listen, too, for he was flushed and touched with curious beautiful emotion.

Sweet Thing had let him kiss her good night! Incredible era. He could have kissed the hem of her frock. An incredible frock with huge lace sleeves in which her arms looked like spinnaker booms under full sheets. A plaintive shy little face above the sleeves, a white rose in her hair—incredible Sweet Thing out of a vanished yesterday!

He had loved that girl for five or six years, and they had almost married—not quite. That's why it was so poignant now. It had been not a grand but a sad passion; and, as such, so much pleasanter to remember. A little like Rassendyll and Princess Flavia. He had known a number of similar good-bys in his life, but Sweet Thing's had been the most authentic.

Always in moments of profound sentiment he revived her concept. It filled him with a delightful Chinese preoccupation with the past; it gave him a power over memory and romance—which matrimony would have destroyed. Besides, his taste had been proved irreproachable.

Once many years later he had met Sweet Thing. He knew what ordinarily happened to that Old Sweetheart of Mine. But the years had hardly touched her; certainly not her special qualities. He could have loved her anew. He did. The fact that she was married and the mother of four children only added a tang to the poignancy of his delightfully sad regretting.

The Oogie-wa-wa song—it was a Blues—continued to pour from the house opposite.

Two of Dal's contemporaries: Barbara Sinclair—called Sinky—and her friend, Lesbia Howard, the poet. Sinky was a human sunflower, bursting with vigor; a large, boyishly built, lightly carried girl, with great big hands and feet, and molasses-colored eyes and an aureole of peculiar tawny hair. She had a deep, soft bass voice, wore barbaric lemon and tangerine colors and did athletics splendidly. Lesbia was supposed to be a genius, supple and slender. Her face was very innocent, with wide-set eyes and a soft peaked chin, like a young girl by Greuze; but her earrings fell way down on her shoulders, and she wrote poetry without any capitals, full of words that were rather terrible.

Shelton Hastings was probably over there too. Shelton's specialty was romance—1922 model. It was curious, but the youngsters each had what Sinky called a special line. You needed it to make personality, she said. Just as hers was a record in hockey or tennis, and Lesbia's a flair for cryptic daring outcries in verse, Shelton's was the special amorous kidding so popular today. . . .

"He stands too close and eats you up with his eyes. He wants to get you fussed. He does too. He always makes me feel he's counting the pores in my nose, and I want to get out my powder puff ——"

—— *they'll holler,*
Oo-gie, oo-gie, wa-wa!
Oo-gie, oo-gie, wa-wa!

The shrilling of the infuriated instrument blew out in gnatlike gusts, and Lathrop could distinguish Sinky's feminine bass and a richer barytone.

Possibly Dal was over there too; though if Dal had any line, it was remoteness from this sort of thing

Dal—his sister Claudia's boy—had come home two weeks ago for the summer. He had not been with his uncle on a vacation in three years. Now he was here he was as complete a misfit with the young people as a beautiful young white elephant in a rabbit house. He had been pronounced variously within Lathrop's hearing in the first week a cold baked potato, an icy icicle, a passionate prune and a fried clam.

It was perhaps inevitable that he should hold himself aloof from the commoner type of youngster.

Dal was very beautiful to look at—tall, blond, classic, a young male thing against which no female heart would successfully steel itself; but he was also intellectual and highbrow in the profounder sense.

He had been appointed to a small assistant professorship in his alma mater, a demonstrating professorship in biochemistry, which, as he declared, was the great master science and resolved all life to purely mechanistic principles—for sensible people.

The shock of finding him a college professor yet a youth of meticulous style and moving beauty had unnerved Sinky and Lesbia.

"Why, it's incredible," Lesbia had cried—"to be such a good-looker, and—you know, not care about—you know, the usual things!"

"Pretty, but a cold potato," Sinky groaned. "It's injustice—and betraying confidence—for anyone to look so darn kippy and then go around spouting ologies and isms."

This—he couldn't have told why—was not exactly what Lathrop would have chosen for Dal. He wanted him, in some vague way, to be less remote—to connect himself with these normal youngsters. Was it possible Dal was precocious, or possibly had grown an oversophisticated taste?

Now, he rather hoped Dal was over there helping to produce the Blues, even while he reviled the sound of them. The music of his own day—Marguerite—was so much sweeter!

(Continued on Page 44)

"If You'll Excuse Me," Dal Interrupted in a Clear, High, Bored Young Voice, "I Shouldn't be Interested in the Obsequies of a Squir-el"

Millions of men buy Mennen *for a reason*. It gives them a quicker, smoother, easier shave. It soothes, tones up and conditions the skin. The Mennen process—*dermutation*—does more than just soften the beard. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair. This prevents any scraping and nicking of the skin—therefore eliminates the usual smarting and soreness after shaving. Buy a tube of Mennen. Try it for a week. **If your face doesn't feel better and look better, we'll return the cost of the tube.**

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(Continued from Page 42)

He had quite forgotten that on that long-ago night he and Sweet Thing had stopped to watch a street procession. A row of bicyclists humped over on high-set wheels had bumped along over the—then—sugar-lump cobbles of old Main Street, followed by a brass band with link torches. The band had been tooting the Blues of his era:

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

No, the music of his period—so much more sensible; so much more lyric.

He turned in to his house and a graceful masculine shape rose out of a deep chair on the veranda and came to meet him.

"Why, Dal, I thought you were over at Barbara's! I thought you'd gone over to the girls."

Dal unclenched a pipe out of his splendid teeth and looked up at the serene moon.

"I hardly see why you thought that, Uncle Steve. You know girls do not interest me."

"But it's only natural, Dal ——"

"I spent some time going over some notes on some heliotropic experiments I've been doing, and I went up a bit to Mrs. Haydon's. Interesting woman."

Lathrop eyed his nephew thoughtfully.

"You go up there rather often, don't you, Dal? Mrs. Haydon is rather heavy diet for a b—young man like you."

"Mrs. Haydon is a lady who intrigues me. Girls don't." Dal replaced the pipe. "She has—experience."

"She ought to. She's thirty-eight years old and a snappy widow. She's like Bosco. She could eat a young b—man alive."

"Really, you are absurd, Uncle Stephen," Dal said tolerantly. "You stress the idea of youth entirely too much. Youth is relative; it's mental maturity that counts. Besides, the question of youth is scarcely relevant here. I am twenty-two."

"God bless me, so you are!" cried Uncle Stephen. "I can hardly believe it, Dal. It seems like yesterday when you came visiting here and used to sling-shot the birds in the lilac bushes. I remember one afternoon the library window was open and I found you sling-shooting the head of Plato over my case of standard sets. I remember I rushed out and gave you a quarter to stop. I really should have lambasted you instead."

"Quite possibly. But my youthful charms had a powerful hold over you, Uncle Steve."

"Good Lord, why not? The last lad of the old house; the last bud of the family tree. What am I, a senescent old chip drying away on the family woodpile, to do anything but revere ——"

"Come, come!" said Dal.

"—— the tender shoot, the unfulfilled, the nascent promise—arboreal, young, green ——"

Dal made a gesture of annoyance.

"I repeat that I am not so young as you fancy, uncle."

He took his uncle's arm and they moved toward the veranda.

It struck Lathrop he had never seen Dal look so handsome. The moon, which laid its witch's fingers in enchantment on everything, had worthy matter here. Except for his blue serge coat and cream flannels Dal might have been Apollo Redivivus, he thought—slim, earnest, appealing. Certainly Mrs. Webber need not worry since Dal had come. His own eye had been put out this fortnight. Beautiful Katy could do nothing but gape at Dal.

The sounds over the way—the oogie-oogies—gathered volume and wafted their way. Dal made a face.

"Horrible!" he shrugged. "There, if you like, is what you mean by youth. The ever-adolescent, the immature, the arrested development. I despise Shelton Hastings and his type, anyhow—the kind that jollies—and your Barbara person. She ran over this afternoon to invite me to a fancy-dress party she's giving. If I go I shall go as Doctor Caligari. She tells me she is going to dance a highland fling in the dress of a hieland chief—kilts, bagpipe, socks, shawl, sporran. She'll look like Harry Lauder."

"Look here," cried his uncle, "Bab's a pal of mine. You're too hard, Dal. Besides, it isn't natural. These girls ought to interest you. You ought to be playing with the girls—your own age—not Mrs. Haydon."

"You don't quite understand. My relation with Mrs. Haydon is intellectual. My principal friendships with women are all psychic or intellectual. Anything else—oh, if you're to drag in sex ——"

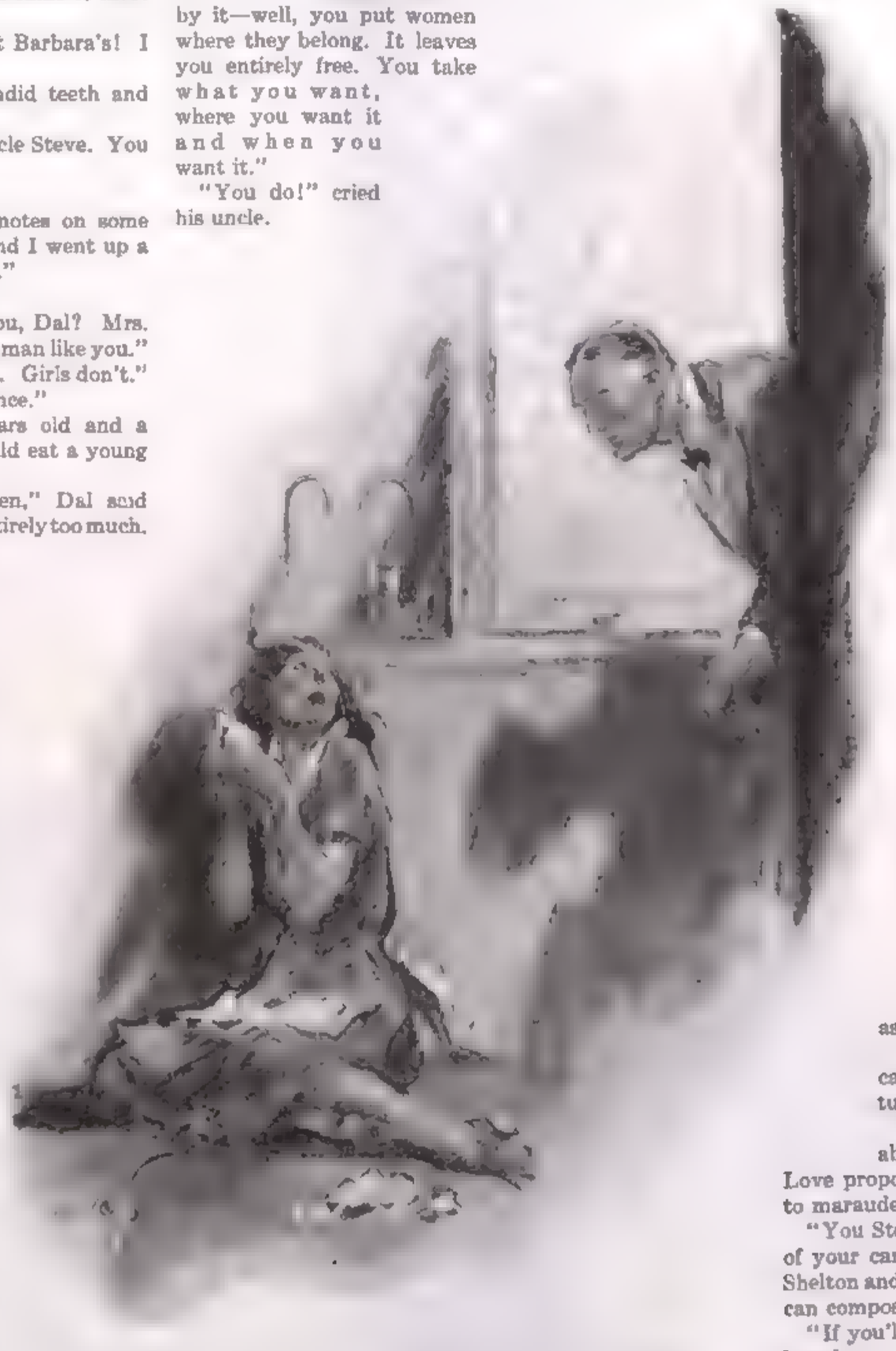
"I wasn't ——"

"My ideas on that line—the human sort of thing—this business of sex or any ramification, of girls—I believe, for a man of my type, anyhow, in the code of a momentarian."

"A what?"

"A momentarian," said Dal patiently. "A momentarian is a disciple of the moment. If this matter of bothering with girls is necessary in any form, you take it up as a matter of expediency—and then you let it go, on a certain plane. You don't let it get to you where you live, as this puddinghead Hastings would say. It's a rationalistic view, and if a man controls his life by it—well, you put women where they belong. It leaves you entirely free. You take what you want, where you want it and when you want it."

"You do!" cried his uncle.



"Why, My Goodness, Girl, You're Drowning! What Ails You? Tell Me, Please, Katy"

"I didn't say I did"—Dal colored faintly—"I was speaking generally. But I should."

His uncle sniffed.

"Well, it ain't natural, Dal. There's a power of charm about young women, and a deuce of a lot of influence, and I'd like to see you lapping some of it up. Better take them up a bit. Why, look at their faces! Why, when I was your age a pretty face ——"

"A face!" Dal snorted. "And what is a face?"

"Once upon a time it launched a thousand ships," said Lathrop, recalling Sweet Thing.

"Bosh! Excuse me, uncle—but to the scientific student! A face!" Dal lifted his own to the white silvering of Lady Moon; his young eyes were cryptic, dark with thoughtful beauty. "A face, as such, leaves a scientist cold. For, after all, what is a face?"

"Yes, what is a face, Dal?"

"A face," said Dal, "is, scientifically speaking, merely a collection of orifices arranged as a matter of economy at a given point in the organism."

"Well, I'll say some of 'am are a darn sight better collectors than others. What about Beautiful Katy? You said yourself ——"

Dal smiled and removed the pipe again.

"You are a sentimentalist, Uncle Steve; and I am a detached observer, that's all; detached, but suffering. That reminds me, Miss Alice Love called me up at dinner and asked me to a picnic party tomorrow. She's giving it for a visiting flapper—a party for a flapper! But Miss Love is your friend. For your sake I consented; for your sake I bleed."

II

IT STILL occupied the mind of Dal's Uncle Steve as he laid his elderly head in repose upon his pillow a little later and gave himself to a continuing pleasant vagary of thought; thought about this boy of Claudia's, with his cleverness and superiority and good looks, his awful utter lack of humor; thought about girls like Sinky and Lesbia, and like Sweet Thing, and the apple-blossom Katy.

Miss Alice Love would have agreed with him on everything except Dal. She had called Dal a beautiful, conceited chucklehead. They had almost quarreled over the word "chucklehead," Miss Alice Love not yielding an inch from her stand, though cross-questioning had proved her to be without any sound conception of what the word meant—if, indeed, it meant anything.

It was because of Dal's conduct over the dead squirrel. They had all gone on a tramp on the second afternoon of Dal's visit—Miss Alice, Sinky, Lesbia, Shelton Hastings, Dal himself. They walked up toward Trevor Hill and Lesbia had recited a new poem she had done:

wine, give me wine,
the purple wine of passion,
the pressed bright grapes of life
to turn the soul all ashen.

And Sinky was telling of last year's Saranac ice gymkhana when Miss Alice Love saw the squirrel. It lay right on the path, its lifted paws pressed together as if in an arc of supplication, its tail curved in a perfect question mark, its lifeblood flowing from its side.

Miss Alice Love touched it with the end of her blackthorn walking stick.

"Oh, the poor creature! The poor, tiny harmless thing! Isn't it tunnin', and to think it's dead! Cruel! Look at it! Poor little squirrel! Some beast of a cat ——"

"Poor thing!" Sinky crooned. "Why, it looks as if it was praying, Miss Alice!"

"Don't let me see it!" gasped Lesbia. "I can't bear to see a helpless dumb animal tortured."

They had stood rather like a ring of mourners about the unfortunate animal until Miss Alice Love proposed that they should bury it, and not leave it to marauders, whoever they might be.

"You Stephen, get out your penknife—or take the end of your cane and make a hole here among these leaves. Shelton and Sinky and I will get grass to cover him. Lesbia can compose a funeral ode, and Dallas ——"

"If you'll excuse me," Dal interrupted in a clear, high, bored young voice, "I shouldn't be interested in the obsequies of a squirrel."

Miss Alice Love whirled round with her blackthorn.

"What? Not in a squirrel? A little, helpless, innocent creature? For all we know a beloved only child who, leaving its home, in a confiding moment —— Why," said Miss Alice more seriously—"the death of anything, Dallas, that in its life brought beauty or poetry to the world, deserves its moment ——"

Dal made a most uncivil noise in his throat.

"I must confess, the death of a squirrel leaves me cold, Miss Alice; death of any sort—for that matter," he added calmly

"Really!" Miss Alice gasped.

"Death," Dal continued, "is merely—from a scientific viewpoint, anyhow—a redistribution of matter and energy. Nothing is lost—only rearranged in space. And a squirrel is simply a lesser location in space. A squirrel more or less in a world where even men are immaterial as permanent locations in space ——"

"Really!" Miss Alice gasped.

"—— would do as well left here on the path to be amalgamated with its chemical sources."

"And suppose the cat came back and amalgamated it. No, you have no heart, Dal. Look at those tunnin' paws,

(Continued on Page 131)

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At dinner... millions enjoy this steaming hot drink...*without regrets*

COLD WEATHER. Weariness. How you need a steaming hot drink to revive your flagging spirits! How you appreciate that trail of warmth down your throat! How soothing and restful and friendly it is!

You can have such a hot drink even at dinner—without regrets. Without sleeplessness. Without jumpy nerves. Without indigestion. Millions of others do!

They find in Postum every delight that any hot drink can give. Flavor? Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. From the golden grain it gets its distinctive, delicious taste—unlike that of any other drink. In 2,500,000 homes Postum is appreciated not only for its complete wholesomeness, but for its smooth and mellow *flavor*.

Try Postum at dinner tonight. Either Postum Cereal or Instant Postum. They are the same drink, made from the same healthful grain. The only difference is in the method of preparation. Instant Postum is made instantly, in the cup. Postum Cereal is prepared by boiling.

Instant Postum can be made with either boiling water or hot milk. The hot milk drink is particularly valuable for children, or adults who are under-weight.

Make this test in your home: Use Postum as your mealtime drink for thirty days. Experience the relief from drug stimulation. Note the difference in the way you sleep—in the way you feel on getting up in the morning. At the end of thirty days you'll have *results* on which to base a wise decision.

Four out of five who make this test decide in favor of Postum. And this is a test you will thoroughly *enjoy*. Let Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, help you start the test!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I will send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the thirty-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum or Postum Cereal."

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.-S.E.P.—2-26-27

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check which*
Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) . . . . ☐ *you prefer*

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Street.....

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
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Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

The Business End of Broadcasting

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

The Zimmer Harp Trio, a WJZ Feature

JOHN HENRY CITIZEN, of Montclair, New Jersey, has a radio receiving set that cost him about $250, and a capital investment of that size, he feels, entitles him to something worth while when he tunes in on the air. If a program pleases him very much he may occasionally write a letter, or more probably a postal card, as payment for service. Nothing more is requested. If the program doesn't please him he abandons that broadcasting station simply by turning a knob. However, in spite of the low cost, he has several times expressed astonishment that the general run of radio entertainment is no better than it is. About one dozen stations are within easy reach of his set and nearly thirty can be heard at least fairly well. About the lowest cost of operation for the cheapest of these stations is, in round numbers, $100,000 a year. Thus literally millions of dollars are expended annually to furnish free entertainment for John. Even if he had a radio receiving set in every room in his house he couldn't harvest half the flood of sound that goes winging through the air he breathes.

However, this amazing condition does not overwhelm John with appreciation. Far from it. He feels that his $250 investment gives him an implied contract with all broadcasting stations within his reach. He does not pay them, nor does he even obligate himself to listen, but if one of his favorite stations were to cease operation John would feel that something ought to be done to protect his rights. This may be very illogical, but there are millions like John, so their opinion becomes important by weight of numbers whether it is reasonable or not. The implied contract that John imagines he has with the broadcasting stations would be described by a lawyer as unilateral—that is to say, it binds one party to do his best and binds the other party in no way whatever.

A Subject of Scientific Experiment

IF JOHN lived in England he would pay for his radio entertainment in the form of a tax and receive programs arranged by what we would call the post-office department Here they are free, and because they were born free they are likely to remain so, but many a midnight kilowatt is being burned over this problem. One of the most interesting facts about radio is that broadcasting has not reached financial rock foundation anywhere. The English system is far from perfect, while here the cost of broadcasting increases at such a terrific rate that hundreds of stations have been closed. The records show that 1441 stations have been licensed by the United States Government since November of 1920, but only about 600 are now operating.

Nevertheless, broadcasting does go on, and there is reasonable ground for predicting that it will not only continue but improve. Under what conditions, however, no one really knows. Broadcasting has been an incident and an accident and a by-product and an experiment ever since it came into being. The nearest to a business basis that it has ever approached is in furnishing a sort of indirect advertising.

On the night of September 29, 1926, John Henry Citizen, of Montclair, tuned in for an hour of light opera broadcast by WEAF's own orchestra and corps of singers, both of which, by the way, are far from ordinary. At the conclusion of the entertainment John casually remarked: "That's pretty good." He assumed, of course, that the sole purpose of this rather expensive effort was to win his approbation and thereby comply with the terms of the imaginary contract he holds by virtue of his $250 investment. What the station was actually doing, however, was testing the possibilities of wireless communication and studying the technic of transmission. The problem, briefly, is this: An ordinary telephone conversation can be transmitted within a sound range which the electrical experts call 250 cycles, but to transmit the music of a full-sized orchestra, along with the voices of soprano, mezzo-soprano, barytone, tenor and basso, calls for a range of at least 10,000 cycles. How to carry all that sound presents a very important and extremely intricate technical problem

The only practical way to solve it was to operate a broadcasting station. The operating company is, of course, primarily interested in selling telephone service, but if the time ever comes when John Henry Citizen, of Montclair, New Jersey, calls up his office in New York City without the aid of wires, the executives of that company would like very much to furnish him the instruments and service. They are keenly interested in all forms of instantaneous communication, because the modern way of avoiding sudden death from new competition is to get the jump on the other fellow in developing every usable idea that emerges from the laboratory. All of them come out wearing pinfeathers and in need of much nursing. It is decidedly better policy to participate in the nursing than to try to kill the infant, and it is still better to give the infant birth, because the basic patents go with parenthood. In this country every well-organized industry works along these lines and maintains its staff of scientists. There is probably no better organized industry on earth than the business of supplying the American people with telephone service. If it has a competitor for first place, that competitor is probably the electrical industry, which works hand in glove with the telephone business for the very obvious reason that telephone companies are valuable customers, and growing more so every year. Neither of these two great industries would dare to ignore the radio even if they had any such inclination. They have been studying it since about 1902, and beyond question would have been broadcasting experimentally ten or more years ago but for the World War, which diverted attention to other problems.

Bombarded

THE first station of the present-day type to go on the air was KDKA of East Pittsburgh; its first program was broadcast in 1920. There is no need to trace the growth of the procession; the whole electrical industry knew at once that something very important was going on in their trade territory and all the big fellows, and nearly all the little ones as well, plunged in. Radio became a fad almost overnight. That was about five years ago. With receiving sets being sold by the thousands, business houses of all sorts began making inquiry about the cost of setting up their own broadcasting stations. In New York City alone 200 inquiries were addressed to the executives of WEAF.

Needless to say, the technical staff was appalled, for 200 different wave lengths all in the same neighborhood would have ended in utter confusion. The effect upon the scientific experiments under way would have been comparable to a bombardment. Some peaceful means to prevent disaster became a necessity. The vast majority of those who wished to broadcast intended to use their stations as house organs; in fact, that is still the purpose of most of the broadcasting stations in this country. The executive staff of WEAF suggested a compromise. "Why not use our station?" they asked. "Get your talent together, and if it meets our standards we will sell you some time on the air. In that way you can test broadcasting and find out if it is worth anything to you. Later you may or may not want a station of your own." A considerable number of those who made inquiry about the cost of establishing their own stations abandoned the project after one brief glance at the figures. Some, however, were determined to go ahead, and did so. Others bought time. Briefly, that is the story of how commercial programs came into being

In spite of the great progress that has been made in broadcasting, efficient winter-and-summer service cannot yet be assured much beyond a radius of 100 miles, and this is frankly admitted. Under favorable conditions astonishing distance is achieved, but people are no longer interested to any great extent in picking up a few squawks from some far-away station. They now demand entertainment comparable to that given when the artists are present, and the only way this can be assured at present is by the use of land wires. If one tries to estimate the cost of these wires on the basis of long-distance-telephone rates, however, he will go far wrong, because for ordinary purposes wires

Continued on Page 141

OUT-OF-DOORS

Why the High Heels?

OF ALL the details that's wondered at in the cowboy's clothes and rig, the high-heeled boots seem to hold a big share of the interest, and not knowing, some folks go as far as to make the mistake of thinking that the cowboy wears his neat-fitting, high-heeled boots for style and good looks.

Of course, any man, anywhere, whether he be hanging on a strap in a Subway train in New York or riding a bronc in a sagebrush flat in Arizona is entitled to some pride as to what he puts his feet inside of. The cowboy does take a powerful lot of pride in his boots, and even though his wages on the range might only be sixty dollars a month, he'll put out on an average of thirty dollars and more for a good pair of boots.

Them boots are handmade, and to order. The cowboy'll spread an order blank on the bunk-house floor of the cow camp, put his stocking foot on the paper, and with a pencil trace a line that marks the outside boundary of the territory that foot takes in. As a rule it averages pretty small, and I know many a hundred and eighty pound cowboy who could easy wear a size six shoe, or even a five.

The tape measure every boot maker sends out is another way of making sure of getting a snug fit. The measurement of the ball of the foot is marked down, then the low instep, the high instep, the heel, and then the calf, and last the height of boot top that's wanted, a few remarks are wrote down as to the fancy stitching on the boot tops, a little is said about the height of the heel, the style of the toe, and so on, and then the order is carefully folded into an envelope and lays at the camp till somebody comes by to take it to town and mail it.

Forehanded and Sure-Footed

SOMETIMES the letter don't get to town for two months, then another month is took up in the making of the boots, and after that the cowboy has to wait some more till somebody from the outfit goes in and brings the boots out to him. If the cowboy is lucky enough to have a horse fall on him and get a leg broke so he might go to town hisself, why then he might get the new boots before the old ones are wore out.

As a rule the cowboy orders his boots in winter and at least six months before he'll need 'em. The boots will wear him from one to two years, and sometimes even more. I had one pair of boots give me over two years of steady wear, and all I had done to 'em in that time was getting the heel built up again so I couldn't kick my foot through the stirrup.

So when you take it that a pair of boots last a man that long, it ain't no more than right that that man should be a little particular as to how that boot looks. But the main thing that counts is how the boot feels when the man is in action.

In the everyday work of the cowboy there's happenings which call for action the likes of which would tally up well with that of the panther. That action starts from the point of the spike heels and backs the man that wears 'em to a sure footing and a holt whefever he lands.

I Know Many a Hundred and Eighty Pound Cowboy Who Could Easy Wear a Size Six Shoe, or Even a Five

Like, for instance, me and another feller was loping along on down the side of a mountain one time and hazing a pretty spooky bunch of ponies. My pardner was riding a bronc that'd just been caught out of the wild bunch a few days before, and that bronc wasn't at all what you'd call well mannered. We was a-hightailing it through the scrub pine and juniper, and doing pretty well in keeping track of the dust of the ponies we was following, when all at once I hear a crash which sounded like part of the mountain was giving way. My horse started to stampede, but I headed him for a low scrub pine and stopped him there; then I looked back, and mixed up in a patch of dead juniper trees I sees my pardner and his horse. That pony had gone on a rampage, and the way he was tearing things up it seemed like he had a grudge against dead junipers and everything in general.

But dry junipers ain't no soft thing to fool with, and with the little time I had to think I thought of the sharp hard limbs that would puncture that bronc and man right through, but luck seemed to be with 'em and the pony come out of an opening in the tangle all at once, and lit into a stampeding run down through the thick timber.

There was nothing I could do, I couldn't get my scared horse within forty feet of the runaway, head-fighting bronc my pardner was on, and all I done was to holler at him to fall off. His horse was headed for a low overhanging limb of a scrub pine, and I could already see what that limb would do to him if he stayed in the saddle.

Things went so fast that it was hard to follow, and it seemed like my pardner was about to be cut in two by the big limb when I get a glimpse of him leaving the saddle, then two spiked boot heels in midair, a cloud of dust, and all was still. When I rode to where the dust had been stirred I came first to my pardner, standing up, and looking at his hands. The hackamore rope he'd held on to when quitting his horse had slid and burned its way near through the gloves he was wearing. The bronc was the whole length of the rope away and flat to the ground where he'd been jerked off his feet.

What the Heel Prints Showed

BUT what would of interested them that wonders about the high heels on our boots would of been what the ground told where my pardner quit his horse. There was two deep gashes in the earth where that cowboy first landed when his pony was going downhill at the speed of a runaway train. Then about twenty feet from there down was two more gashes, these last was longer and deeper and showed where the cowboy got his second footing and played on his rope till it was time for him to set on it and upset his bronc to a hard lay.

It's second nature with the cowboy, regardless of where he's at, whether he's out alone or with others, to hang on to his horse and to depend on no one to help him. That comes from riding alone most of the time, and being that camp or water is often many long miles away, it's up to him to see that he's never left afoot, and what's more, that he does the work he sets out to do, and on any kind of a horse.

The high-heeled boots is one of the things that help the cowboy to do whatever his work calls for; the tops of 'em protect his legs from the rubbing of the stirrup leather and steady his ankles against any jolts; the shank and narrow toe finds and fits the stirrup; the high heel keeps the foot from the danger of having the foot slip through the stirrup and hang, and that same heel will give the cowboy a sure and quick footing on any kind of ground, and soon as he needs it. There's a lot of times when he has to dodge a flying hoof in saddling or handling a horse and at such times he sure can't afford to slip.

—WILL JAMES.

It's Up to Him to See That He's Never Left Afoot

Through *All the Year* they lead the *Style* parade

STYLE knows no season. The parade moves from Biarritz to the Lido . . . from Newport to Miami . . . but be it January or June, the leaders always lead.

The *style leadership* of the new Paige motor cars is no chance happening. No corps of tutors . . . governesses . . . ladies in waiting . . . ever busied themselves more diligently to prepare an only daughter for her debut than Paige designers labored to capture (and labor to retain!) *style leadership*.

The French have built wonderfully swift motors. Germany has produced great power. England has built with enviable precision. But Bond street and the Rue de la Paix must yield *style leadership* to the streets and highways of America . . . over which the new Paige style cars are travelling in such rapidly increasing numbers.

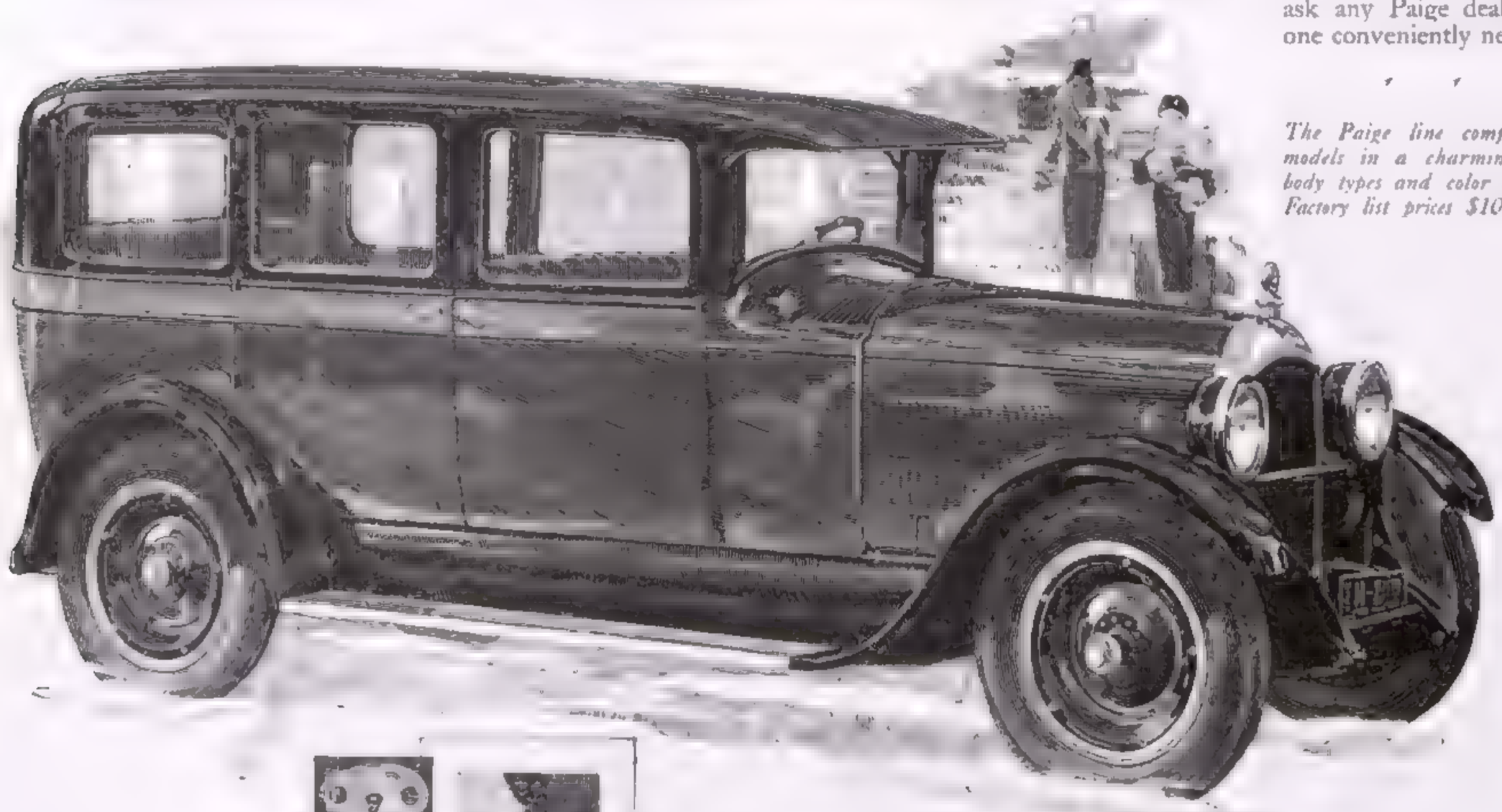
You will not find outside the boudoirs of the elect, such charming mohairs as those which upholster the deep, springy cushions of Paige. Fine furniture lent the motif for the inlaid walnut panels that distinguish the interiors.

There is a hint of exquisite hand-wrought jewelry in the clustered instrument panel, aglow in reflected light. The great steering wheel is of solid walnut. There are subtle touches of distinction everywhere . . . arm rests . . . silken toggle grips . . . tinted window recesses . . . two and three tone color combinations . . . cleverly placed lights.

And yet do not imagine that this ultra-smart car has been fashioned only for the wealthy. Quite the contrary! The wealthiest woman is not necessarily the most smartly gowned. All too frequently the frock looks infinitely better on the manikin than on the mistress. Really, it's amazing how little actual money will make you the proud and fortunate owner of one of these new Paige *style* cars. For complete details, ask any Paige dealer—there's one conveniently near you.

* * *

The Paige line comprises twenty models in a charming variety of body types and color combinations. Factory list prices $1095 to $2795



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PAIGE *Sixes & Eights*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

WHAT MAKES A MUSICIAN, ANYWAY?

Continued from Page 20

percussion partner, the big bass drum, mark the time by sounding the "umph" and "bum," while the second alto does naught but answer with a sheep-like "pah." A lowly follower in the flock is all a second alto is, and that's what Warren was until he moved to Marion.

There the Huber Band was in its prime. It was the premier of the countryside. It thrilled the multitude at old settlers' picnics and celebrations of the Glorious Fourth as far away as Bucyrus and Galion. Young Warren got a job, still tooting second alto, with the Huber Band. But the youngster soon moved up a notch. He became a tenor. Thus cast, he continued to play after beats, but now and then he burst into a bit of counter melody or blatted a unison passage with the other big and near-big horns. Warren was progressing musically.

When Hank Riggs, the well-known paper hanger, moved away from Marion, there was a vacancy in the cornet section of the Huber Band. Professor Huber approached Warren G.

"Want to try cornet?" he asked Gamaliel.

"I'll try anything once," young Harding answered in the vernacular of his time. He tried and got away with it. Thus did he leap into prominence, because the cornet plays the lead, the melody.

But fate had further fortune for him who later graced our capital. A week before the Huber Band was to garner forty dollars by playing for the county fair, the one and only performer on the helicon bass retired with a swollen neck, strained while reaching for a pedal note. Professor Huber was in mental agony. A bassless band might just as well not try to play.

"Who'll man the mammoth helicon?" Huber cried.

"I will," quoth young Harding.

He did. The Huber Band was forty dollars to the good. Harding manned the mammoth helicon until he retired from his home-town band to run a paper and for the Presidency.

In eight brief years he progressed from the status of a humble after beat, pah-pahing in the middle of the band, to a front-rank performer on the biggest horn. When Harding, through the helicon, said "Umph," his fellows followed faithfully. He was the time-setter for his clan. It took clean courage to advance the way young Harding did. If he hadn't had strength of character to fill Marion's Main Street with deep bass notes, he never would have filled the White House so acceptably. Harding hitched his wagon to a helicon. But he had personality. He understood the art of dominance. Remember this when your boy or girl looks longingly on the big bass horn or on the equally bass though dominant granddaddy of all violins.

First Aid to a Helicon

Of course the candidate for the fundamental horn must have other qualities. Mere self-determination and perhaps a gift for being in the public eye will not suffice in wrestling with the helicon. I use "helicon" in the general sense. The helicon of our vibrating days is known better as the Sousaphone, or sometimes as the double B-flat bass. In its greatest glory its enormous forward-pointing bell is gold lined and gorgeously engraved, and flares so widely that a child may sit at ease therein. The instrument, as made in 1926, weighs almost forty pounds, but there's a tip to novitiates—it requires no more atmosphere than does a wee cornet, so long as the artist on the mouthpiece end has vigor and thick lips. Hence if after beholding Cora Youngblood or some other dainty muss make this metal monster walk lame, roll over and jump through the hoop, you compliment her upon her artistry, her apt reply may be, "Oh! What the helicon?" After which she will trip lightly through a triple-tongue solo by Levy-Anthen or some other master of brass-instrument technic, then turn to Bach or Beethoven without pausing for a second breath. Now do you see why the imposing spectacular helicon is beloved of musicians and municipalities?

I warn fond parents that if their offspring has thick lips, normal sense of rhythm and pitch, and adopts the instrument which outweighs all others in the band, that instrument will remain a member of the family circle until kingdom come. It is well-nigh impossible to separate a helicon player from his helicon.

The United States Army Band, affectionately known as Pershing's Own, has five helicons. And when they sound the pedal C the Washington Monument wabbles fearfully. Many helicons saw service in the war. One of these was carried by Frank Winkler with the 308th Infantry Band. During one eventful night this bass horn was struck five times by shrapnel and looked like a casualty. But as no well-regulated band can function without its metal bass, the brave musicians soaked an old drumhead in water from their canteens, bound up the bass' wounds, and Winkler and his helicon remained in action throughout the war. All hell can't stop a helicon.

The Heritage of Years

One can readily understand how the boy who beats the bass drum in the Crossroads Cornet Band rejoices in his thumping job. He furnishes the fireworks for the marchers on parade. Between tunes, his "bum, bum, bum-bum-bum" keeps the band boys and the Odd Fellows, Shriners or Woodmen of the World stepping in unison, unless they lack a sense of rhythm, in which case he abashes them with a coldly critical eye. No tune starts until the mighty leader goes "toot-toot" on his solo B-flat cornet, the snare drum goes "tum-tum, tum-tum, th-r-r-r-thr-r-r-r-tum-tum" and the bass drummer comes in with his "dum-dum." After that he "dums" away, still keeping the boys in line musically until he hits the last note with resounding force.

The town-band bass drummer is pretty certain of an attentive curbstone audience and a flock of kid courtiers barefooting it in his train. The drum major up in front makes a big flash and gets a first whack at the crowds. The slide trombones are frankly fascinating. The shrill piccolos and the squealing clarinets reach heights of glory not attained by any other instrument. But there is a certain kingliness about a bass drummer, the inheritance of centuries.

There was more than one kind of glory attached to the olden drummer's job. In 1534 a license was granted to one Bartheau Roumbaugh—who, according to his name, must have been a confirmed internationalist—to export one hundred tuns of double beer! Possibly it was some such incident that prompted a gentleman reformer named Virdung to raise his voice against the drum as follows:

"These drums are to the taste of those who cause much disquiet to pious old people, to the sickly and weakly, the devout in their cloisters and those who have to read, study and pray. I really believe that the devil must have had the devising and making of them, for there is no pleasure nor anything good about them. If the noise of the drumstick be music, then the coopers who make barrels must be musicians."

I'm afraid reformer Virdung was a sixteenth-century curmudgeon. At any rate his diatribe did not interfere with the triumphal progress of drums and drumming.

The resounding drums, like the saner Sousaphones, piercing piccolos, squealing clarinets, cacophonous cornets and spectacular trombones, have their uses in the world—they embellish those who skillfully perform on them. 'Tis somewhat different with the piano, violin and flute.

Most of us grow sentimental over music, and that is fundamentally what music is for. But the law of harmony is founded on the triad—a chord of three tones, especially a given tone with a third and a fifth above. Because all Nature is orderly and music results from regularity of vibrations, music is or should be composed according to mathematical laws. Hence children of musicians frequently become expert mathematicians and engineers. But all who excel in music must exercise exactness and application, and must somehow discover what particular instrument or instruments they are destined to play. They must be able to analyze.

Nearly every virtuoso has a keenly analytical mind. Harold Bauer, whose analysis of life is more astonishing than his brilliant concert programs, was a violinist before his natural bent led him to the piano, which is one of the most mechanical of standard musical instruments. Ignace Paderewski is generally recognized as the greatest of our concert pianists, but the world did not generally appreciate the orderliness of his mind and its constructive power until he became the leading statesman of his native Poland. Few of his American admirers knew that the late Ferruccio Busoni spent hours in sketching the orderly arches of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station during his visits to New York. Josef Hofmann has several patents on auto trucks and other mechanical devices, the royalties from which materially augment his ample income as a concert pianist. True violinists are of another sort.

In spite of the hours and years of methodical practice preceding musical renown, the violin virtuoso is more emotional than most musicians are, partly because he creates his music near his ear while holding the source of that music close to his body. The violin develops the paternal instinct.

Our Musical Vice President

The flute, although musically speaking a decorative instrument, also develops paternalism, but to a higher degree. A good flautist must be more practical as well as more methodical than the artist on the violin, otherwise he would not have the skill and patience to master the mechanics of his many-keyed instrument. Nor would he have the acumen to grasp, at one glance, a cadenza of one hundred and twenty notes or more. The flautist has to have keen faculties. Witness the record of Charles Gates Dawes.

Our versatile Vice President is famous, among other originalities, for his lilting Melody in A, written for the violin. But he who has been official baller-out of bureaucrats, protector of budgets and preëminent international financier, reveals his creative-constructive genius not so much in his manner of conducting successful political campaigns, ruling the Senate more or less, or composing music for the violin as in his effective performance on his favorite instrument—the velvet voiced though stubborn flute.

Mr. Dawes explains his musical preference in this wise: "Hell 'n' Maria! I played my way through college on a flute!"

Doubtless our Vice President is aware that in adopting that soft and soothing ancient instrument he was unconsciously leaning toward his opposite. The future stormy petrel of the capital sought to imitate the cooing dove.

Having touched lightly on some of the psychology and physiology entering into the making of musicians, let us draw upon the practical experience of old-timers in the band and orchestra game. In my day the making of an orchestra or band was a hit-or-miss affair. If one kid thought he wanted to play a clarinet, a clarinet was what he tried to play. If another youngster felt an urge to beat the old bass drum, he was a drummer from that time on—or thought he was. Qualifications of any sort were not taken seriously. That disregard of natural gifts or normal aptitude is digging pitfalls for armies of our boys and girls who really want to accomplish something worth while musically. The evil has not lessened with the growth of music in the public schools, largely because the demand for good music supervisors appears to exceed the available supply.

The Physiology of Music

One of the best of these supervisors says: "Long experience teaches me that good whistlers become good flute players; pupils with even front teeth become proficient on the cornet or other instruments with small cup mouthpieces; pupils with even lower teeth become good clarinet or saxophone players; those with even front teeth, plus unusual mechanical ability, are naturally qualified for the oboe or bassoon. Good lungs are requisite for flute, saxophone and tuba players. Ears and the sense of pitch usually take care of themselves. These are my principal physiological rules for assigning musical instruments to young people of school age, or of any age for that matter.

"As to the psychology, girls are inclined to prefer the tone of bass instruments. This tendency, which may mean a natural leaning toward the opposite sex, is more pronounced in pupils of semi-tropical or other temperamental blood. It may explain why there are relatively few great women violinists while there are many excellent women cellists. It is, of course, natural for a pupil to prefer the musical instrument which he most frequently hears and which he learns to like through association. That is why you find more cello, oboe and French horn players in cities that support symphony orchestras; a predominance of saxophones in centers where jazz or dance orchestras flourish; and a startling wealth of cornetists where the small-town band is the center of musical activities. Both boys and girls take into consideration the beauty or effectiveness of the playing position when they choose the instrument which is to bring them fame.

"French and Italian children excel on clarinets and other wood-wind instruments because France and Italy produce so many brilliant reed or wood-wind bands. Hungarians are temperamentally suited to the violin and clarinet, and the more sensitive Hungarians to the delicate violin; the more robust to the noisy clarinet. And can't they make it noisy, though? The best bass viol players come from Hungary, too, because the Hungarians play bass viols as we do fiddles, in solos, duets and quartets. But the more sturdy, powerful Germans and English make the best players on instruments of brass.

"This is about as far as I have gone in trying to solve the problem of whether Annie shall adopt the barytone or Andrew the slide trombone, although, of course, anyone who plays a slide trombone must have a good ear or sense of pitch. For the

(Continued on Page 53)

for Economical Transportation

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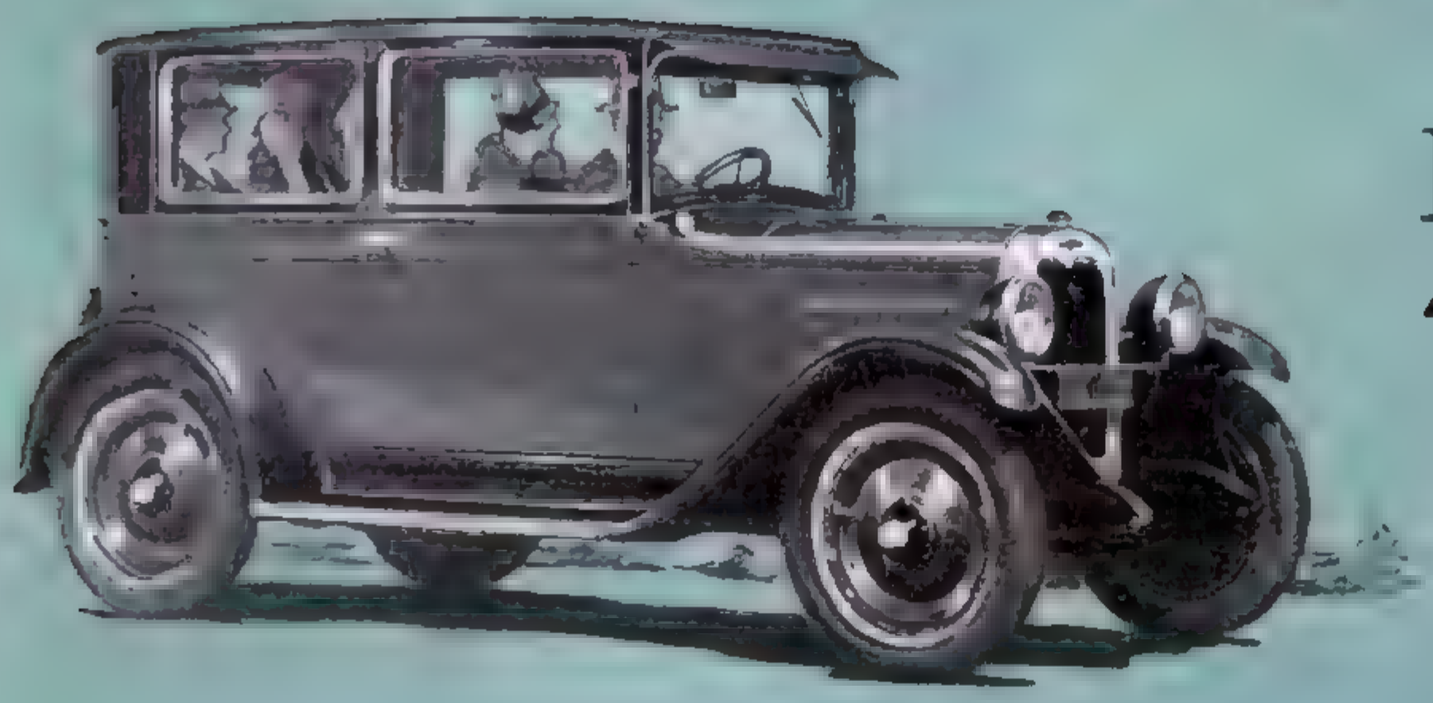

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Even after many washings
the same rich colors – the same deep sheen!

That's because Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery is made only of 100% pure, FRESH silk . . seldom more than 24 days from Filature to Foot

NOTHING adds quite so much to a woman's natural fascination as the piquant charm of lovely new hose. Yet, nothing can detract more from the impression she would convey than hosiery that is faded and drab.

To be sure, all new silk hosiery looks very much alike. But after you have worn it—after the first washing . . . that's when you notice the difference.

The Beauty of FRESH Silk is Lasting

Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery, you'll find, retains its original lustre and coloring. Even after many washings its deep, rich sheen and delicate tints remain . . . And it's easy to understand why.

For Realsilk Hosiery possesses the great advantage of being made *only* of 100% pure, FRESH silk. Less than a month after the silk is taken from the cocoons in the filatures of Japan, you are actually wearing it!

The very *freshness* of the silk has an important bearing on the lustre and color of the hosiery, for FRESH silk preserves the vibrant animation and deep, rich sheen that you see in the original skein. Its beauty is natural and permanent.

Only Realsilk Methods Can Assure This

Were Realsilk to employ conventional methods of merchandising there would be no way to assure the *freshness* of the silk in the hosiery you buy. But, as you know, Realsilk employs a very unique and modern method of merchandising.

A Realsilk Service Representative comes *direct* to your home. He takes your order. The hosiery is shipped by mail direct from our great mills *the largest of their kind in the world.* All in-between steps are eliminated. The silk is given no chance to age . . . The hosiery is FRESH, new-made and unhandled when you get it.

If you have not yet given the Realsilk Representative who calls regularly in your vicinity an opportunity to present the remarkable and worthwhile service he offers, you'll find it a mighty good investment to let him have a few minutes of your time when next he calls.

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Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

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(Continued from Page 50

different trombone tones are obtained by shortening or lengthening the slide, much as a player on any of the violin family produces a lower or higher tone by moving his fingers along the fingerboard and thus lengthening or shortening the strings."

One of the oldest bandsmen and teachers of band instruments and bands is Frederick Neil Innes, for years a cornet soloist of renown. Mr. Innes believes the music problem in the schools is complicated by the indifference of principals to music credits and the tendency of many music supervisors to let the children follow their own sweet wills in selecting musical instruments. In his own field he has developed a system through which he believes he can organize a boys' band without making many mistakes in personnel. He says:

"I find out whether a boy has a musical ear or is tone deaf by sounding C on the ledger line below the staff. If he sings or whistles this note, I try him on the F below or above the C, according to his natural singing voice. If he succeeds in sounding this, he is accepted as a candidate for some of the musical instruments. If he fails to come within two or three degrees of the first test note, I try him on a note near the one he sings or whistles erroneously. If he is tone deaf he will sound still another note, but not the one I sound. Then I know that he is fitted, if at all, for the percussion instruments, which have no pitch. But in playing drums or cymbals he must have a highly developed rhythmic sense. So I ask him to tap sixty times with the regularity of a ticking watch, while I give him the tempo, then hold the watch. If he can't meet that test he is out of luck and out of the band.

"After any candidate for some instrument requiring a sense of pitch has proved he has a musical ear, I look at his lips and teeth—principally his teeth. If his four front teeth, two above and two below, are strong and even, and do not overlap more than a sixteenth of an inch—and he has thin lips—I assign him to the cornet, alto or trombone in the order named. If some of his front teeth protrude, or his teeth overlap more than a sixteenth of an inch, or any other abnormal condition of his mouth will prevent a cup mouthpiece lying flat against his teeth, I assign him to some wood-wind instrument in which the tone is produced by pressing a slender, vibrating reed between the lips, instead of by making the taut lips vibrate between the teeth and cup mouthpiece. Or I may assign him to a flute or piccolo, on which he produces tone by blowing across an open hole. Or, if the boy has thick lips, I assign him to barytone or bass tuba, helicon or Sousaphone.

"But after all this care is exercised, mental or musical preferences must be observed and changes often made. Most musicians who are artists on any instrument must prefer those instruments. Success often comes from reasons we cannot define."

A Sad Necessity

Maj. George W. Landers, dean of Iowa bandmasters, sticks to the singing-school system.

"A boy who can, after a week's trial or maybe more, sing the major scale and the intervals of a second, third, fourth, fifth and seventh, can be trusted with a piccolo, clarinet, cornet, saxophone or any melody instrument," he says. "A boy with a good bass voice is a logical candidate for the bass horn. I never heard of a bass singer who made good on flute or clarinet. Bass drummers have caused me more grief than any other candidates for my bands. Good bass drummers are rare birds. Of course, I make mistakes and change the boys about; but once changed, if they show application, they will make good."

From H. E. Alden, leader of the New Mexico College of Agriculture's band, comes this testimony based on thirty-four years of music teaching, East and West:

"Cornets, trombones and drums are played by musicians who think quickly, who are alive to what is going on. Clarinetists are generally of the plodder type, although once they learn a thing they don't forget. Saxophones are played by favorites among the girls and boys; basses by the more stable sort of folks. Good violinists and cellists, mostly with thick lips—I don't know why—are gluttons for punishment. They love hard work. They are just the opposite of the flashy types which glory in triple-tongue cornet solos, trombone smears or trap-drum circus stunts. Even teeth are necessary for cornet playing; boys with either undershot or receding lower jaws should be assigned to reeds or drums. Those with thick lips should go on trombones, barytones or basses. Any candidates that do not come in these classifications can be turned loose among the altos. Altos are a sad necessity."

Science has rallied to the support of these practical musical men. Professional psychologists have not only identified the music centers of the brain but have also determined that there is a special brain center for violin players, and that musically gifted children can sing before they can speak.

Tests for Would-Be Musicians

Granting that as a twig is bent the tree is inclined, and assuming that we do waste more money in music lessons than in all our other attempts at technical education combined, Prof. Carl E. Seashore, of the University of Iowa, and Prof. Elmer E. Jones, of Northwestern University, are seeking, by practical application of scientific knowledge, to separate the musical wheat from the musical chaff. Five elementary tests made by Professor Seashore showed that only one out of four pupils possessed enough musical ability to warrant further diagnosis through advanced examinations. His tests, made with the aid of phonograph records, disclosed the absence or presence of sense of pitch, time, rhythm and memory. A fourth of the pupils thus tested made such a poor showing that it was believed that time and money would be wasted in attempts to give them musical education. More than five thousand grade pupils have been tested at Northwestern University. Although a girl has received the highest award for three years and a boy for four years, and honors are thus about even between the sexes, some pupils have shown eighty times more musical ability than others.

Among the preliminary tests are those for alertness, rhythm, coördination of brain and muscle, dexterity, precision and memory. In the first test the pupil sits before an electric globe with his finger on an electric key. The rapidity with which he presses the key after the light is switched on is recorded by a pendulum. The pupil cannot beat the gun, because the pendulum is not released until the light is switched on. A similar test is made with the pupil blindfolded and the starting signal given by a buzzer. In the rhythm test the pupil, still blindfolded, attempts to press an electric key in exact time with the swinging of a pendulum. There are twenty trials in this test, ten with a buzzer which is synchronized with each swing of the pendulum as it ticks off the seconds, and ten without the buzzer. The pendulum swings and key depressions are recorded on a moving strip of paper.

In the coördination test the pupil taps an electrically charged steel plate with a metal pencil, the rapidity of these taps being electrically recorded and checked with a stop watch. A free arm-and-wrist movement is required.

In the dexterity test the same pencil is used and the pupil thrusts the pencil through three holes placed in triangular form. This test lasts a half minute. Speed and accuracy are tried for.

In still another test for speed and accuracy the pupil is required to thrust a metal pencil through holes in a plate, but must not touch the sides of the holes or the face of a parallel plate. Memory is tested by a three-second moving-picture show, after which the pupil is required to write down a list of all the objects shown. This guides the child in reading music. A coördination test which is designed to show whether a pupil will have especial skill in piano fingering requires the pupil to fit a number of blocks together in a given time. A dynamometer is used to test the pupil's strength of hand and wrist.

Such tests are, of course, primarily for those who plan to study the piano. But in this connection, Professor Jones, taking for illustration the relative requirements of cornet and piano, says:

"I think it is possible to determine by accurate tests whether a boy should study the cornet or the piano. At least it could be determined upon which instrument he would ultimately attain the greatest proficiency. The finger movements on the cornet are not rapid, and much depends upon breathing and tongue technic; while on the piano very accurate and very rapid movements are required. These capacities can all be tested in the psychological laboratory and should enable one to determine which of these instruments a student is likely to play better."

Professor Seashore goes further in his laboratory. Not only does he measure musical talent by double-disk phonograph records which illustrate basic tests for sense of pitch, intensity, time, consonance and musical memory, but he also has a second series of motor tests, with instruments and methods for measuring timed action, rhythmic action, motility and singing in pitch. His position is that by definite scientific tests it is possible to determine whether children are so musically endowed that they should be given opportunity to achieve artistic eminence or whether their inherited ability is of a more modest nature.

Music for Medicine

With music a credit subject in practically every school system of the country; with some kind of an orchestra or band or singing society functioning in almost every high school; with silver cornet bands flourishing at every important crossroads, to say nothing of thousands of policemen's, firemen's and fraternal bands increasing national harmony; with our pipe-organ bill touching the million-dollar mark each month and three hundred thousand new pianos going into our homes or schools each year; with symphony orchestras thriving as they have never thrived before, and grand opera produced with artistic and financial success in all seasons of the year, to say nothing of the melody going through disk records and the throbbing air each day and night—it is not necessary to hold a brief for music.

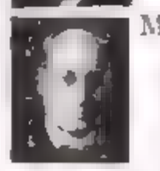
We know that religion owes much to music, because, though words may express ideas, music expresses the ideas and the emotion that goes with these ideas. We also know that music is an evangelist, if used properly and at the proper time. The presiding judge of a juvenile court had this in mind when, after ascertaining that only four of the eighty-four urchins brought before him evinced a love for music, he declared, "If the schools of the United States prepared children for their hours of leisure one-half as well as they train them for business, there would be less need for children's courts."

Even when inheritance and environment have darkened the minds of unfortunates, music may help them see the light. Many medical authorities agree that music may be made a healing agent. And not long ago Willem van de Wall, director of the Committee for Study of Music in Institutions, coöperating with the occupational therapy division of the New York State Hospital Commission, declared that music helps to bring mental self-control; to replace abnormal by normal mental habits; to reawaken old energies, stimulate latent forces, create new hopes, reënforce resisting power, prevent deterioration. In many hopeless cases it has brought contentment, peace and joy in resignation.

Week of February 28th

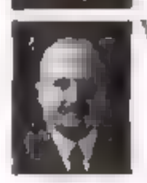
Which is preferable, a Major suit or a No-trump, with game sure in either? Should you finesse, when holding nine of a suit? Play the following hand; then hear the experts' answers to these important Bridge questions by radio.

Carl T. Robertson, Cleveland, dealer, South—
Spades K, Q, 4
Hearts J, 8, 6, 4
Diamonds K, 3, 2
Clubs A, K, 8



Milton C. Work, New York, West—
Spades 10, 8, 5, 3
Hearts Q, 10, 9
Diamonds 9, 7
Clubs Q, 10, 6, 2

R. R. Richards, Detroit, North—
Spades A, 9, 7
Hearts A, K, 7, 5, 3
Diamonds A, 8, 6
Clubs 9, 4



Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East—
Spades J, 6, 2
Hearts 2
Diamonds Q, J, 10, 5, 4
Clubs J, 7, 5, 3

Tues., March 1, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
KGA	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CFCY	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CFCH	Radio Assn of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

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A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 19)

parallel in the world. The Greeks indeed for centuries had had the phalanx, that oldest of regular formations, infantrymen ranked twelve deep, carrying shields and ten-foot pikes. Philip of Macedon had increased the depth to sixteen in the file, and had armed them with the enormous twenty-one-foot *sarissa* spear against which the ten-foot pike was ridiculously short and useless; and the city states of Greece had gone down before him. Still the essential feature of the battle line was that close-ranked, massive, impregnable phalanx, but it was cumbrous and unwieldy, normally able to operate directly only to front or rear. The genius of Philip added to it the hypaspists—infantry *d'élite*, armed with shield, short pike and sword, and placed on its flanks—who, following on a demoralizing charge of heavy cavalry, not only could attack rapidly the broken mass of the enemy but could hold it until the great phalanx rolled up to it and crushed it.

From the beginning of organized war the regimented mass of spearmen had been accompanied and preceded by a tumultuous rabble of missile throwers, archers and slingers. Philip had disciplined these light troops—the peltasts—had drilled them to stand in ranks eight men deep behind the phalanx. Most important of all—although since men had learned to ride the horse cavalry had become common, particularly in Asia, that cavalry was merely loose hordes of horsemen who surged around the enemy masses, shooting their arrows and hurling their darts as they galloped—Philip fashioned a body of heavy cavalry—the armor-clad Companions—which charged knee to knee in ranks four deep, and charged home. In addition, he had regimented his light cavalry, armed with javelin and a sword, and had invented the *dimachias*—the "two-fashioned" fighters—who were the exact equivalent of the dragoons of two thousand years later—men armed to fight equally well on foot or on horseback. Besides these, not yet important in open warfare, was the artillery—catapults and ballistæ—light for forcing the passages of rivers and defiles; heavy for a siege.

There was nothing such an army could not do against the weapons and organization of its period. So long as its central phalanx remained unbroken—and virtually unbreakable was that solid mass whose long spears prevented any attempt to grapple with it hand to hand—it could not be defeated. And from the security of that unshakable center the wings of cavalry and hypaspists could deliver smashing right and left blows at the enemy, fortified by the protection of that mass to rally on if they were repulsed, gashing open the hostile ranks for that mass to overwhelm if they were successful. Generally, however, since Epaminondas, the Theban, had a few years previously taught the world the efficacy of that oblique maneuver which, long after, Frederick the Great was deliberately to imitate at Leuthen, the right wing, heavily reënforced, delivered the blow, the whole line advancing in a slant with the left refused. And almost invariably the wing in front of them, overpowered, was crushed and scattered before their own weakened left could be seriously attacked Then followed the massacre.

Such was the scientific fighting machine, drilled to a perfection of discipline and maneuverability, which Philip of Macedon had bequeathed to the genius of his son, and forming part of which Demetrius and Alcestas now sat their horses side by side in the front rank of the *ile* of Companion cavalry commanded by Clitus, the chosen bodyguard of Alexander when he hurled himself upon the foe. Out in front of them, surveying that host of forty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry, now ranked in its line of masses with its officers advanced in their regulation positions, Alexander sat motionless on his horse, surrounded by the sun-flashing splendor of his suite. Still no sign anywhere on the distant rolling ridge between them and their enemy was there of the monstrous horde of Darius that dwarfed this army by comparison to a surely doomed handful. At any moment now would come the order to march toward it. Demetrius and Alcestas murmured to each other in their impatience, murmured as on either side of them and behind them the other men were murmuring, their voices low in that rigid discipline which compelled silence in the ranks, muttering imprecations upon this scorching Assyrian heat which consumed them, which certainly would utterly exhaust that army in its forward march if their commander did not hasten to give the word.

Suddenly that godlike white-plumed figure turned to his suite, spoke and pointed. Instantly half a dozen of them struck spurs into their horses, galloped furiously toward the host, scattering toward its various local commanders as they approached. At last! Now were they to move onward in full array to the ardently craved-for fight. Soon would that vaguely imagined Persian multitude—who could even approximately imagine a million men, as the scouts and spies had reported?—shriek and scatter before their irresistible onrush, while they smote and smote in the exulting intoxication of victory.

Clitus lifted his spear and the mounted trumpeter just behind him blew the call he commanded. Immediately the whole squadron, on its front of fifty-six riders, moved forward at an accouterment-jangling walk, passed from that into a trot, into a canter, into a gallop where still the ranks kept knee to knee with spears erect. Suddenly the trumpet rang out again, the left inner flank checked its horses, the outer flank spurred onward in a great wheel, the whole mass charged forward in level line upon a new front, changed direction again with equal precision and speed, wheeled once more to the shouted commands of the subaltern officers as the trumpet resounded above the thudding hoofs, the clank of armor, the confused mingled noises of this mass of men and horses in violent motion, halted abruptly and unexpectedly. Demetrius and Alcestas cursed as they jerked their horses back into alignment. This was not a movement into battle. This was drill!

From their new position they had a view along the front of the army, and saw that this was indeed the case. The entire force was practicing the particular evolutions of its divers arms. The great phalanx had contracted its front and depth by a closing up of its ranks, each man now occupying a space of three feet square against the six feet of the parade order. The immensely long *sarissas* of the first five ranks had been lowered until they were slightly below the horizontal, protruding now in a serried quintuple barricade of points, the first of them fifteen feet, the last of them three feet in advance of the mass of men, and behind them the eleven other ranks had inclined their upright *sarissas* slightly forward, so that each was supported on the shoulder of the man in front; a formation singularly efficacious against arrow flights in its forest of slanting shafts. And then again the phalanx contracted as the men moved into close order. The spears were all suddenly horizontal, the outside ranks locked their shields like a wall, those within lifted theirs above their heads so that they formed a continuous roof impervious to missiles, so strong indeed that archers and slingers could run upon it and even chariots gallop across it.

Then again it opened out, spaced itself into its component battalions, marched and countermarched, wheeled now to this front, now to that, maneuvered as no other phalanx in the world could do. Simultaneously all along the front every other unit was performing the evolutions peculiar to its arm and function. Demetrius and Alcestas—linked in that passionately close masculine affection of the ancient Greeks that they did not even think of themselves separately—watched that display for the minute or two during which the horses of the squadron were breathed, and then again found themselves cantering and galloping, forming and reforming, over the plain. Angry they were, angry with the thwarted impatience of impetuous youth. Surely they had drilled enough without doing so on a morning of battle! If only those Persian barbarians would appear over the ridge and put a summary stop to this waste of precious time! With the license of war-emboldened veterans they grumbled savagely as they rode.

Suddenly they halted again, found themselves drawn up in their first position. The entire army was resuming its parade formation. The drill was over. Now perhaps——

Once more the staff officers galloped away from the white-plumed figure, bearing his orders. Once more the entire army waited expectantly for the word to march upon the enemy. The trumpets blared one after the other all along the front. And then each unit moved forward, wheeled by its right, fell into its original column, headed once more toward the camp! Demetrius and Alcestas cursed fluently as they watched this exasperating withdrawal, their own *ile* still stationary, waiting for the king for whom it was the bodyguard. At a little distance, Alexander was yet motionless with his suite, contemplating, doubtless with critical eye, the march order of his retiring troops. Then slowly, merely walking his horse, he came across to the right flank of their squadron, was hidden from their sight by the intervening mass of men.

They smeared the perspiration from their eyes as it poured down under their brass helmets in that scorching heat, cursed again in their disappointment. Who knew if those Persian barbarians might not have decamped while thus they had been fooling away the time! Unlike their commander was this pointless delay, particularly when—as all men knew—the sacrificial omens that morning had been favorable for battle.

"No longer is Alexander himself," muttered Demetrius, using familiarly the king's name, as the custom was among the veterans of his army; "else should we now be pursuing the barbarians!"

"Why he fails not on them passes my understanding," agreed Alcestas. "Presently shall we be marching again over half the world to try to catch them. As thou sayest, no longer Alexander is Alexander!"

A voice of thunder startled both.

"Who art thou who darest to say Alexander is no longer Alexander?" It was Alexander himself! Riding along the ranks, followed by Clitus, his quick ears had caught the remark. Now he had reined up in front of Alcestas, his godlike handsomeness of face intolerably stern, his large, lustrous eyes disconcertingly terrible in the fierceness of their glare upon the appalled youth. "Who art thou? Speak!"

Alcestas forced his voice to audibility, while it seemed to him that he must drop in sheer terror from his horse.

"Alcestas of Heraclea am I, O King," he stammered.

To his astonishment, he heard the voice of Demetrius, marvelously daring, interpose at the side of him.

"I also, who am friend of Alcestas, said likewise, O King. He did but agree with me. His punishment should I share, for his guilt is my guilt also."

The formidable voice—the mere ring of it gave one a shiver of fear—burst forth at him.

"And who art thou?"

"Demetrius of Tyrissa am I, O King!" Never had Alcestas so loved his friend as for that sturdy naming of himself.

The large bright eyes blazed from one to the other, the proud mouth curled.

"Why said ye that Alexander was no more Alexander?" he demanded, with that awful sternness—in unimaginable contrast to his normal smiling fascination of manner—which no man could confront with equanimity.

It was Demetrius who was again the spokesman. Alcestas gasped at his boldness.

"It was that today thou didst not give battle to the barbarians, O King, and overthrow them as was thy wont."

The fierce eyes softened not that blaze which was not to be withstood. A spasm of quick-tempered anger twitched in the godlike face under the great white-plumed helmet. He reined back his horse a pace or two from the squadron, cried to it in stern ringing tones.

"What is the punishment, Companions, for the soldier who in the ranks murmurs at his chief?"

The answer came in a thunderclap of blended voices: "Death, O King!"

The demigod gave one quick wrathfully annihilatory glance at the two quivering youths, turned to Clitus, their commander. That adored officer was troubled, his soldierly face anxious, as he sat his horse behind his master. He loved his troopers.

"Who are these men?"

"Sons of chiefs who fought with Philip thy father, O Favored of Apollo!" answered Clitus. "From Macedon have they marched with thee."

The sternly handsome face relented not at all. "Are they brave?"

"They are of my *ile*, O King. In its ranks all charge alike. Thou knowest whether they are brave."

Those unmeetable eyes were again upon them.

"Ye have dared to question the wisdom of Alexander! Ye have heard the punishment! But before it falls upon ye, shall ye learn why Alexander acts thus or thus. Not till after the battle shall ye die. Until then shall ye remain at my side, hearing what Alexander hears, seeing what Alexander sees, weighing all that Alexander weighs, and then when, marveling, ye understand; when ye have seen the Persian scattered like dust before the storm, shall ye die that others may not forget they are soldiers with but one duty—to obey!" His voice thundered at them. "At return to camp, O Clitus, send these men to my tent!"

"Thy command is heard, O King!" said Clitus, and saluted.

The demigod drove spurs into his horse, galloped toward the stockade, the *ile* galloping after him. Demetrius and Alcestas felt that they were no longer in a real world.

It was the night of the next day. Demetrius and Alcestas stood, awkwardly and self-effacingly, against the interior wall of the great tent wherein Alexander, by the illumination of several gold lamps, pored over a broad strip of papyrus unrolled on the table. Much had happened since that devastating moment when the thunderbolt of the demigod had fallen upon them, transforming their lives for the short period in which they would yet live. This camp, silent in sleep outside the canvas walls of the tent, was not the camp in which they had, as ordered, reported to headquarters.

In the darkness preceding the dawn the army had marched out of it, had set itself in battle array—they began to understand the wisdom which, after thoroughly resting the men, had spent a morning in a final rehearsal of the positions to be taken up in pitchy blackness—had moved forward to the rolling ridge that was between them and the enemy They had listened to the reports of the spies coming in every hour or so, had learned that that enemy was thoroughly baffled, his men demoralized by that long wait of four days in which Darius not venturing to attack the stockade, determined not to move until the battle should

Continued on Page 59

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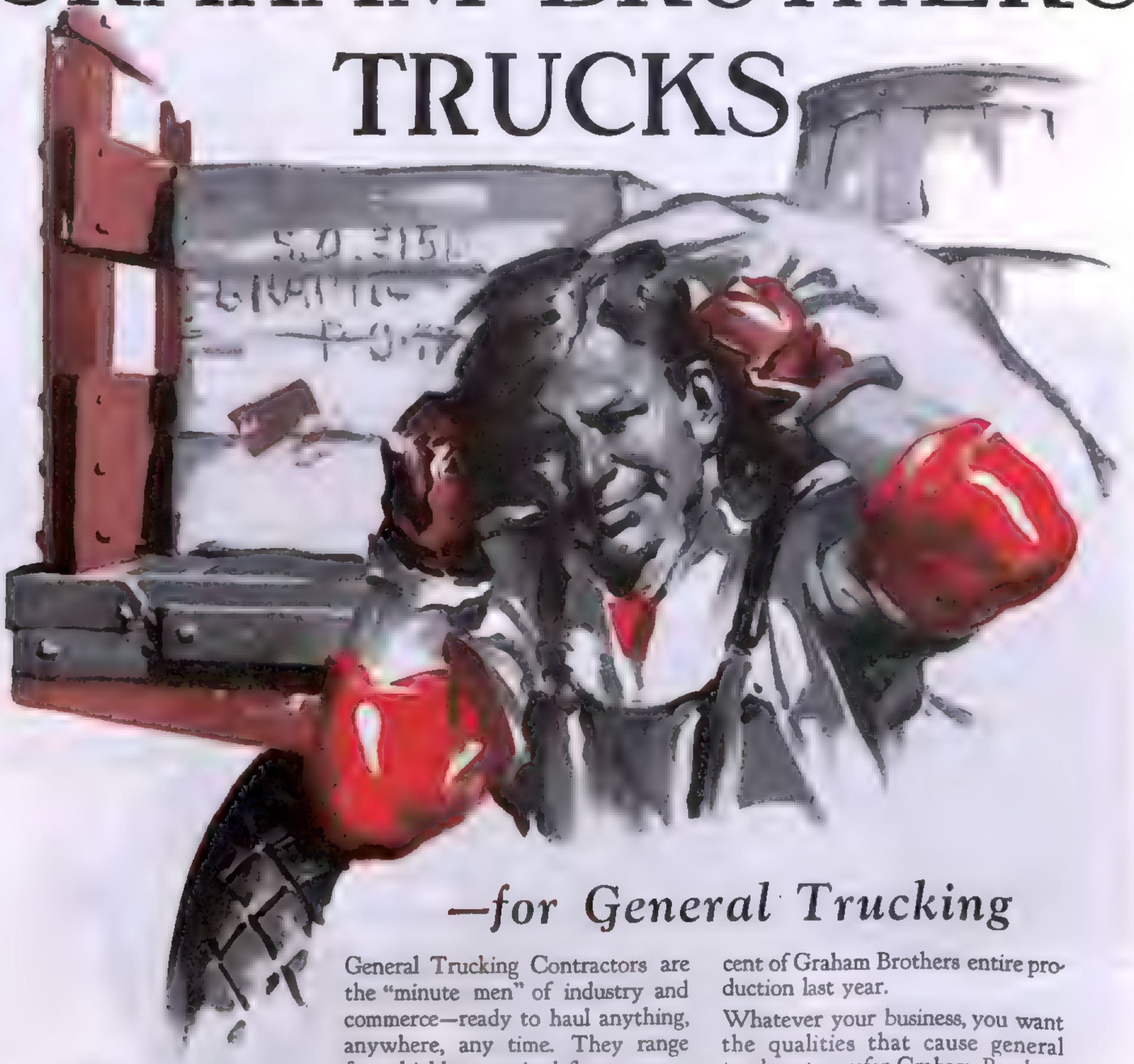

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(Continued from Page 54

be offered him had kept his monstrous host standing to arms in rumor-breeding suspense. In the first light of day Alexander had planned to burst in full battle order upon those myriads, startled and in confusion when the moment came.

It was not to be. The Macedonian army, marching with that punctilious exactitude to schedule wherein Alexander's subordinate commanders showed not the least of their skill, had indeed arrived at the summit of the ridge just as the sun came up, dissipating thick morning mists. Riding at his heels in the cavalcade of his suite, Demetrius and Alcestas had seen the immense mass of the Persian host stretching away far to right and left, formidably overlapping any line of battle that Alexander might form. And then suddenly the demigod they followed had ordered a halt.

In front of them, as the mist cleared, they could see that the ground had been everywhere disturbed by the spade work of multitudes. Those fresh marks on the earth might easily mean concealed pitfalls prepared for the confusion of Alexander's cavalry. A council of war had hurriedly been summoned then and there on the field—Demetrius and Alcestas awedly and awkwardly part of it; a sharp word from the demigod had brought them into the circle—and the opinions of the generals given one after the other. Most were for attacking at all costs. But the grizzled old Parmenio had urged caution. Not before they explored the ground should they risk their horse upon it. Some had cried out at this, ridiculing such faint-heartedness. And then Alexander had interposed, curtly and authoritatively. No man ever charged more vehemently than he; no man was more cautious before the blow was delivered. Parmenio was right.

Alexander himself, followed by his suite, and protected by a squadron or two of light cavalry and some light infantry, had explored that ground. Demetrius and Alcestas had marveled at the minute thoroughness of his examination; he took nothing on trust, accepted no man's word where he could see for himself. When they had finished that reconnaissance—delightedly ascertaining that pitfalls did not exist; Darius had but leveled the terrain for the onrush of his chariots—there was nothing he did not know about that sun-baked plain, certain now to be the battleground, for Darius would never dare to lead his unwieldy masses in retreat before that actively vigorous foe, nor could he risk sending them forward to attack the stockade-covered Macedonians on the ridge. His mighty army stood to its arms and watched, as if in paralysis, this audacious adventurer galloping to and fro on its front. Beyond computation was that host arrayed in colossal masses of every nationality under the Persian sway. To Demetrius and Alcestas, proved though was their bravery on many battlefields, it seemed almost incredible that any man could dare to attack it with such fantastic disparity of force. But Alexander laughed as he rode from point to point, his godlike face bright under his white-plumed helmet, his voice happily vibrant and eager as he spoke. In his company, no one could for a moment doubt that already he regarded the victory as his, though no one could of himself imagine how it was to be achieved.

When that reconnaissance was completed, too late in the day was it to attack; that certain-to-be-defeated Persian host would be given nightfall in which to retreat, shielded from the utter rout which alone satisfied Alexander. Returning, he had called together all his superior officers and addressed them in a speech which was to become classic. No doubt had he, said the king, that he could rely on their oft-proved valor, but each commander must stimulate the courage of his men to the utmost. They were to fight not only for the whole of Asia but for existence. The strictest discipline must be rigidly maintained.

Normally the Greeks and Macedonians advanced toward the enemy chanting the paean; on this occasion, however, they must advance in absolute silence, on the one hand that orders should be clearly heard, on the other that their loud battle cry, given at the last moment, should strike terror into an already uneasy enemy. Orders must be transmitted with a maximum of speed and implicitly obeyed. Each must remember that on his own courage depended, perhaps, victory or defeat. The officers had rushed forward in wild enthusiasm, some trying to kiss Alexander's hand, others to touch his mantle, all assuring him that their lives were his, begging him to lead them against the enemy then and there that they might prove their valor and obedience. Their youthful leader had smiled at them with that magnetic, fascinating smile of his, had dismissed them to rest and refresh themselves for the morrow.

The Macedonian army had put off its arms, and reposed behind the stockade erected while Alexander was reconnoitering. But no rest had given himself, the indefatigable demigod who was responsible for its destinies. Sharply bidden to follow him within the tent, Demetrius and Alcestas had stood and watched the endless succession of every kind of person presenting themselves one after the other for the attention of that handsome-faced, ruddy-haired—he had removed his great helmet—young man who sat smilingly at his table in a prodigy of swift-brained intellectual activity that never for a moment flagged.

Bewildering was the variety of problems awaiting his consideration and decision. First came the definite plans for the imminent battle. One after the other, the superior officers of every branch of the army came to receive the exact disposition of their forces for the morrow, every detail thought out, every eventuality foreseen. Then followed officials of the baggage train explaining how many vehicles and pack horses they possessed or would need in the immediate future for such and such an alternative, officials of the commissariat reporting the supplies of food they had purchased or requisitioned far and wide over the country and the arrangements made for transporting them. These immediate matters dealt with—and it had taken hours in the doing, while Eumenes and the other secretaries had written furiously, and staff officer after staff officer had dashed out of the tent—came the turn of those of only secondary urgency in this crisis.

Messenger after messenger had been announced from the governors of the now far-off conquered cities of Asia Minor, Phenicia, Egypt and Syria—in each of which had been planted a Hellenizing nucleus—each with his tale of difficulty or achievement, had been replaced by others from the many cities Alexander had founded and built upon his line of march; by couriers from the distant homeland of Macedonia, where Antipater governed as viceroy in precarious dictatorship over Greek cities that would revel at the first rumor of the absent war lord's defeat. Outnumbering all the others, had come the bringers of information—spies who spoke not only of the condition and array of the army of Darius in front of them, but who came from the interior of Persia; who came from that distant India which in the heroically legendary past Bacchus had conquered; who came with stories of vast unscalable mountains remote in the eastward; who spoke of the fierce Scythians in the northeast, of the great inland sea to the north which all men then believed to be somehow a gulf of the western ocean, of the sea to the southward where the spices were borne in barks to Egypt by dark-skinned men.

All of these that lustrous-eyed young demigod had heard with intent interest, questioning shrewdly, giving instant and manifestly right decision where decision was needed, now detailing a whole course of conduct, now dismissing them with a word which was of curt sufficiency. Above all, it was the reports of those far-roving spies which had held his attention. Already amazingly well-informed, he had interrogated them meticulously, imaginatively, with an unquenchable thirst for exact knowledge, eager especially for details of the routes of trade, for precise information of the passability of those immensely distant—to Demetrius and Alcestas never yet heard of—mountains and rivers, endeavoring to elicit the security against attack they might or might not afford. And gradually it had dawned upon those young men that this marvel of inflexible will and superhuman intelligence who was their leader was even then searching for safe frontiers for a not-yet-conquered empire beyond even their imagination in extent; an empire which should be fed by all the great world arteries of wealth-bringing commerce. They could not clearly understand one tithe of what they heard, but vaguely and gradually, in an immense and ever-growing awe, they began to understand the outlines of the mighty scheme, the most grandiose ever planned. Impossible it seemed to them that this tiny Macedonian army could achieve so colossal a task, but glorious indeed would be death in pursuit of it.

The daylight had faded in the tent, the lamps had been brought in, Alexander had eaten frugally while he worked—curtly ordering food to be given them also—and still that interminable procession had continued. Late and long since dark was it when the last of those men—every variety of physical type, of human character, had, it seemed, been paraded before them—was dismissed from the royal presence, where besides themselves now only Hephæstion and Eumenes and a few tired pages were in attendance.

The night was now midway past. Outside, save for the tramp and jingle of arms of the sentries, there was a deathly silence. Alexander seemed as fresh as when he had commenced his labors; the others were haggard and utterly spent. Even the pages, although several times had they been changed in rotation of duty, yawned discreetly as they stood. Demetrius and Alcestas could scarcely keep themselves awake.

The demigod rose, smiled an affectionate word or two to Hephæstion, sent a page running to fetch Aristander, his soothsayer and officiating priest.

A minute or two later Demetrius and Alcestas found themselves outside in the night, standing respectfully back from the demigod and his friend as the great ones watched Aristander kindling the sacred flame upon a small altar. Away to the eastward the sky was illumined by a bright glow under which were innumerable constantly moving points of fire; it was the vast host of Darius, brandishing torches as it stood in its ranks, acclaiming its king, as he rode his chariot among them, with shouts now plainly to be heard here on the ridge. Again it seemed to the two lads that never could the Macedonian few prevail against such multitudes. Alexander, however, did not give a glance to that illumination. He stood pouring the sacred libation onto the flickering flame of the altar, cried in a loud voice to the great god Fear, bidding him witness that thus he sacrificed to him. Demetrius and Alcestas shuddered in the chill of that ceremony, made yet more mysterious by the night silence of the sleeping camp; shuddered in the thought of that overwhelming host that temerariously they were to attack. Awe, even dismay, gripped them—even Alexander, then, feared? As the sacrifice was brought to an end, the invocation terminated, Hephæstion voiced the thought they would not have dared to utter.

"Never have I known thee thus to sacrifice to Fear, O King," he said. "Dost thou then fear for the morrow, as mortal soldiers such as I cannot help but fear?"

The watching youths, their hearts seeming to stop in their breasts as they waited for the reply, were startled by a happy laugh from the hero.

"Not for myself, O Hephæstion, but for the army do I sacrifice. Not upon me who am of the race of Achilles can Fear take hold, but to be dreaded is the god, for capriciously potent over men can he be, and I sacrifice to him that he may keep distant from our soldiers."

The challenge of a sentry rang sharp through the darkness. They heard the password given and then the clash of arms in salute. Parmenio, the veteran second in command, stepped into the ghostly light flickering from the altar. He saluted his royal master, spoke rapidly, anxiously, in a low tone, pointing to those myriad lights in the eastward. The two youths could just hear that he was imploring Alexander to make a night attack, to fall upon the Persian host while darkness and confusion would render their overwhelming numbers inoperative. He spoke like a man who has been brooding long in sleepless solitude, whose nerves were overstrung.

Alexander laughed, clapped the old man on the shoulder.

"Alexander wins; he does not steal victories, O Parmenio," he said gayly. "With the daylight will I march upon them, many as they are."

The old soldier expostulated, but the king cut him short, authoritatively.

"For these reasons will I not fight in the darkness, O Parmenio—that if in the darkness Darius is overthrown, will he take comfort that it was not fair battle and bring yet another army together, whereas since I shall overthrow him by day will he have no more hope and will submit to me as his conqueror. Moreover, remember, for a day and a night now has he kept his army ranked in order of battle, in anxious fear of night attack. With the morning will they be fatigued and disordered and still full of the fear of the night, and so shall our soldiers, who now rest and sleep, overcome them the more easily. I go now to sleep. Go thou to thy tent, Parmenio, and sleep also."

No answer was there possible when Alexander spoke in that accent of irrevocable decision. The old general saluted, went slowly and without a word back into the darkness.

The demigod turned to the two young men. "Ye have seen, and ye have heard!" he said sternly. "Do ye now presume to judge Alexander?"

They fell on their knees before him, whelmed in an immense awe, feeling almost that a divinity thus challenged them—who but a divinity could conceive and direct a plan so vast, be so superhumanly certain of invincibility?

"We have seen and we have heard, O Favored of Apollo!" they stammered. "And verily do we merit death for our presumption!"

He contemplated them with undiminished sternness.

"Go ye now to your troop. When ye charge with it tomorrow, remember that death waits for ye after the battle. Only Hephæstion"—his manner changed suddenly to smiling affection as he put his hand on his friend's shoulder—"may know all the counsel of Alexander, and live."

They watched him as he turned, went, with his hand still on the shoulder of that loved youth from whom alone he had no secrets, into the tent.

Once more the Macedonian army was ranked for battle. The sun was now high in the sky, and unwontedly late in the morning was this marshaling of their array. The whisper spread among the men that so confident of victory was their demigod that he had overslept himself, that Parmenio had had to waken him. Deliberate, in any case, had been their preparations on that morning fraught with such immense issues. The whole army had breakfasted at its leisure before it filed out of the stockaded camp, took up its position.

Not the ordinary array was it that Alexander had overnight commanded. In the center stood indeed the grand phalanx, its immensely long *sarissas* dwarfing the men above whom they bristled, and to the right of it, in one long massed line, was the Companion cavalry, while on the left was a comparatively small force of Thessalian

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I want to recommend three Universal Jewels of exceptional quality which I wish you would make it a point to see if you enjoy clean, delightful comedy and modern-life drama.

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I want you all to see *"The Collegians,"* **the clever comedies** by Carl Laemmle, Jr., which are making as great a hit as the famous *"Leather Pushers"* series. If you have seen any of them, please write me your opinion and criticism. Have any of you seen *"Michael Strogoff?"* If so, what do you think of the picturization of Jules Verne's great romance?

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(To be continued next week)

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cavalry. The novelty—immediately commented on by every man in the army—was that behind each of the flanks, and posted at an angle to them, was a strong reserve flying column of cavalry and infantry that could operate instantly in any direction. Between those columns, some distance back, a strong body of Thracian infantry was exactly behind the central phalanx, covering the baggage camp. Thus, if the vast overlapping host in front should advance to envelop him, it could not strike an unprotected rear. In addition, in front of the great mass of cavalry which he himself would lead to its decisive blow, he had posted a long line of javelin men and archers to break the charge of the scythe-wheeled Persian chariots.

So much Demetrius and Alcestas saw as, once more in the ranks among the comrades who had so eagerly questioned them, they sat their horses and looked out upon the field. Away in front of them, seeming to stretch almost from horizon to horizon, the Persian army was ranged in a double line of colossally deep squares, and in front of it, on its left flank straight ahead of them, and far away on its right, they could see—half obscured by the clouds of dust they raised—the chariots galloping into a thrown-forward line. They could see also, imbedded in that incomputable multitude and almost exactly in the center, rising high above the forest of other standards, the standard of Darius, the king. Like the noise of the ocean in tumult was the vast volume of confused clamor that arose from that immense congregation of close-packed men.

A great shout rolled along the front of the Macedonian army. Alexander was riding along his line. The shout approached, stirring the blood with its enthusiastic vehemence, became deafening. The next moment, mounted upon that world-famous horse Bucephalus, which nowadays he rode only in battle, and followed by his suite, Alexander galloped past, his white plumes streaming from his helmet, his armor flashing in the sun, his handsome face bright with eager happiness as he raised his hand in acknowledgment of the tumultuous acclamation of his men. And of all those who shouted thus madly in a paroxysm of blind devotion, none were louder or more sincere than Demetrius and Alcestas, doomed though they knew themselves to be. Who would not die for such a man!

The demigod brought his horse to position in front of the *ile* of Companion cavalry commanded by Clitus, unsheathed his sword, held it above his head. Instantly the trumpets sounded. At a slow walk, and in the complete and ominous silence he had commanded, the entire army moved forward toward its gigantic enemy.

Alexander's scheme for this battle—one of the great military masterpieces of all time—had the simplicity of genius. Against his adversary's attack he had guarded himself to the maximum possible by this skillful disposition of his troops. His own attack had one definite objective: The person and the mind of Darius. He could not rush and pluck him bodily from the center of that mighty host. What he had to do was first to dislocate its masses. He meant, by a succession of maneuvers, to provoke an opening in that line as near to Darius as possible, and then hurl his decisive charge upon it.

Demetrius and Alcestas, as they rode behind him and his suite in the front rank of the *ile* of Clitus, had, despite their awe-inspiring experience of close propinquity, no idea of the real plan of the demigod leading them thus steadily at an unhastened walk. They merely obeyed blindly the orders that came to them. Almost immediately the first of these was given. The whole right wing changed front by a half wheel to the right, marched as if it proposed to turn the Persian left flank. Immediately, also, the masses of the Persian left wing moved to counter this threat, shifting parallel with them yet farther to their left.

Nor was that the only Persian answer. A moment or two later a great torrent of armor-clad Persian cavalry came at furious gallop diagonally across their front from the center, passed around their right in an immense cloud of whirling dust. Instantly they saw staff officers spurring hard from Alexander's suite, carrying—though they who watched did not know it—orders to the cavalry of the flying column refused at an angle behind the right flank. Still, steadily, they held on their route, hearing suddenly away to their right rear a tremendous noise of conflict. The Persian cavalry had been met by the better-disciplined if outnumbered light cavalry of Alexander, charging squadron by squadron in a desperate fight that continued, it seemed, interminably, but in which the heavy Companion cavalry had no part.

The mass of the right wing changed direction again, continued to move forward, now aimed straight at the Persian left flank. They moved in a great echelon strung backward to the center—in front the line of javelin-armed light troops which covered the Companion cavalry, then the shield-bearing guards, then regiment by regiment, the *sarissa*-armed masses of the phalanx. From those covering javelin men who preceded them came suddenly a great outcry, a momentary confusion, a quick straightening in their ranks. Peering ahead, Demetrius and Alcestas could see a great cloud of dust rising in the distance and coming rapidly nearer. They guessed instantly its origin. Darius had launched his chariots against them.

The next moment the dust cloud had reached the ranks of the javelin men. There was a wild weapon-glinting chaos, a turmoil of figures struggling in the obscurity, and then, galloping madly, the chariots broke through, most of them without warriors, here and there horses without chariots, their cut traces trailing behind them, rushing obliquely slightly to their left upon the infantry, which promptly opened into lanes. Like a whirlwind passed those chariots, and vanished, not to appear again. The last of them were destroyed by other javelin men in rear.

Far away over to the left, great masses of the Persian right-wing cavalry were now racing furiously across the plain to attack the weak and obliquely refused left wing commanded by Parmenio. The Companions of the heavy cavalry saw their demigod leader rein up his horse, watch for a moment the direction of that great charge, look again to the apparently undiminished masses of the Persian line, and then once more his staff officers dashed away from him, spurring as if for their lives. What now?

A moment or two passed, and then the orders were shouted while the trumpets blared. There was a sharp cantering of squadrons into new formation. The *ile* of Clitus found itself at the head of a broad wedge of Companion heavy cavalry closely supported on its left by four solid regiments of the phalanx. The point of that wedge was directed inward toward a spot in the now not far distant Persian left center, where the standard of Darius was clearly discernible among the multitude. The attack of that first body of Persian cavalry, which had passed around the Macedonian right, had left a gap precisely where Alexander wished it. His keen eye had perceived it, but he had waited until the charge of the Persian chariots should have spent itself, until other Persian cavalry which might have interfered had fallen to the temptation of attacking his weak left wing. Now was the moment. The intensely excited Companions of the heavy cavalry—not for nothing had they ridden many times in their demigod's smashingly decisive charge—saw him turn and shout, wave his bright sword above his head. With a tremendously fierce vociferation—the terror-striking battle cry of the Macedonians—the wedge of cavalry hurled itself straight for the standard of Darius.

Riding knee to knee in that mad rush of frenziedly galloping horses, Demetrius and Alcestas saw the Persian hordes of footmen closing hurriedly to meet them, saw a confusion of swaying standards, of weapons flashing through the dust. Ahead of them Alexander raced as though he alone would win the victory, his suite spurring desperately to catch up. Faster and faster, yet keeping level ranks, the heavy cavalry loosed itself in that thundering charge. The spears came horizontal. There was an appalling crash, a sudden turmoil of men, some stabbing, some turning in flight, about the plunging horses whose riders smote savagely with their spears, and then with swords, when those spears were lost or broken. Still in front of them their white-plumed demigod was hewing a way through a mass that seemed too vast for impression to be made on it.

For several minutes the cavalry fought alone, hacking madly amid the Persians who clung around their horses as they fell and died, fighting like demons to protect their king.

And then suddenly there was another mighty shout, another great resounding clash of weapons upon weapons. The solid masses of the phalanx, wielding the enormous spears that none could withstand in their serried multiplicity of points, had smashed into the Persian center.

Somewhere within that dust-choked mass, Darius, the Great King, sprang panic-stricken from his chariot, leaped upon a swift horse and fled.

Not then was the end of the battle. Vicissitudes it yet had—a culminating crisis when a staff officer from Parmenio forced his way through the press to Alexander, at that moment reforming his cavalry for a second charge in the very heart of that Persian center which had locally dissolved about him. The vast onset of the right-wing Persian cavalry had simultaneously all but annihilated the Macedonian left wing. They were now attacking the baggage camp, and Parmenio implored instant reënforcement.

"What matters baggage?" the young demigod had cried. "Tell Parmenio that if we win here, all is ours; if we lose, we will die blade in hand. Let him fight like a general of Philip and Alexander!" And there, at the decisive point perceived with his eye of genius, Alexander had won. He had, indeed, after victory was assured there, left the infantry of the phalanx to complete it, and led back his Companion cavalry to a desperate murderous battle with the Persian cavalry, whom he cut off from return as they streamed back from his left wing. He had failed to capture Darius, lost amid hundreds of thousands of fugitives in a cloud of dust so thick that the pursuers could only follow by the noise of the cracking of the whips.

But these things Demetrius and Alcestas did not see. They had perished in that press, hurling themselves suicidally in front of a determined rush at Alexander, dying as the proud Companions could only die—sword in hand against multitudes, and crying the name of their demigod.

So became Alexander lord of the then-civilized world at Gaugamela, some sixty miles from that city of Arbela which was to give the battle its name. Great soldiers and great conquerors almost beyond computation were after him to devastate the earth, but not until Napoleon, if then, was the world to see the equal of his genius.

Internally Good Cars

Present emphasis on style may obscure factors that are even more important in choosing a car. It is invaluable to have a sure index to *internal* excellence . . . in the front of your mind keep the question of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

They signify that you have the finest steel for the purpose, from Timken electric furnaces, which are first in total electric steel production. Only Timken Bearings bring all the endurance of this better material, of tapered design, and of the greatest modern bearing improvement—Timken Positively Aligned Rolls.

In any motor vehicle the bearings are finally responsible for putting the power to work surely, smoothly, quietly, and economically. In transmissions, differentials, pinion or worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans, Timken Bearings preserve these qualities to the utmost. For Timken steel and design overcome side-thrust and shock, as well as friction and other forms of wear.

Timken advantages are available in most makes of cars, trucks and buses. Be sure that you get them!

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Proved Uses for 3-in-One

Ever since 3-in-One started as a bicycle oil, 33 years ago, thousands of our friends have discovered many New Uses. These have been tried, thoroughly tested and, if practical, advertised to the public.

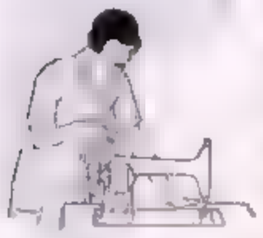
Some of these proved uses are listed below. Read them over very carefully. If you are using 3-in-One for some of these purposes and not for all, you are failing to make the most of a good thing.

Office Mechanisms—The smallest office should have at least one Handy Can of 3-in-One. Large offices should have several. Because 3-in-One reduces wear—makes office mechanisms last longer and do better work while they last.

Use regularly on typewriters, billing and dictating machines; adding, addressing and duplicating machines; check protectors, numbering and time stamps; office and time clocks, revolving chairs, locks and hinges.

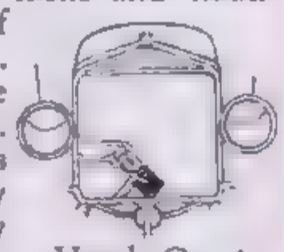
Household Mechanisms—Sewing machines and vacuum cleaners are probably the most used and most abused of housekeeping helps. They work so well for a while without oil that inestimable damage is often done before the danger is recognized.

All light mechanisms about the house should be oiled frequently and generously with 3-in-One. Then they will give the long, repair-free service you expect. Used successfully by housekeepers everywhere, on sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machine motors, oil burner motors and all other small motors, vibrators, phonographs, shears, scissors, locks, hinges, bolts, window latches and pulleys, clocks, go-carts.



Bicycles—3-in-One is "the bicycle oil." In the bearings, 3-in-One works out accumulations of dirt and grease. Its wonderful viscosity keeps it right at the friction points and provides perfect lubrication.

Automobiles—Even new autos develop annoying squeaks in odd places—hinges of windshield, doors and hood; door locks and hood catches; top of steering column. Old autos are chronic squeakers. Nothing kills squeaks so quickly and satisfactorily as 3-in-One. Keep a Handy Can in a door pocket and see how often you will use it.



Many auto repair men use 3-in-One on starters, generators, horns, windshield wipers. Many manufacturers recommend its use.

For Ford Timers, 3-in-One is supreme. Never gums. Keeps contacts clean. Reduces wear.

Guns—For almost a third of a century, hunters and trap-shooters, soldiers, marines and policemen have used 3-in-One to keep their firearms in first class shooting shape. Inside the barrel, 3-in-One prevents pitting. Rubbed on the outside, it prevents rust. Squirted regularly into the firing and ejector mechanisms, it keeps them working smoothly, quickly, without danger of jamming.

Tools—All tools with moving parts should be oiled regularly with 3-in-One to prevent unnecessary wear. They'll work easier and better.

Dustless Polish Mop—An economical Polish Mop is quickly made by cutting off the strands of a common twine mop to an eight inch length and applying 3-in-One. After a little time has been allowed for the oil to permeate thoroughly, such a mop will pick up dust from all uncovered floors and hold onto it until shaken out of doors. When badly soiled, mop may be washed, re-oiled and used again and again.

Prevents Rust—3-in-One is invaluable for preventing rust and tarnish on all unprotected metal surfaces indoors and out—the nickeled parts of autos and bicycles; polished gun barrels and tools; knobs and plates of door locks; escutcheons; black iron ornaments; ovens of ranges, bathroom fixtures.

Dustless Dust Cloth—Apply 3-in-One to a yard of cheesecloth or any soft cloth. Permit oil to permeate thoroughly. Use this cloth to *wipe* dust from furniture and woodwork. Shake off dust outside. Wash and re-oil when badly soiled. You'll like 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloths because they don't stir the dust into the air.

There are many imitations but only one *real* 3-in-One—a compound of highly refined oils having unusual lubricating qualities that no single oil can have. Be safe by asking for 3-in-One by name. Be doubly safe by looking for the Big Red "One" on the label.

3-in-One is sold in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of Bottles. The Handy Can is most convenient; the ½-pint Household-Factory Size is most economical.

33 Years of Continuous Service 1894 1927

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Three-in-One Oil Company,
130 L.E. William St., New York, N.Y.
Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses to

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If not convenient to use this coupon, a postal will do

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans and Polishes*

WILD GAME AND WIRE INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 35)

But, strange as it may seem, there were many who sympathized with the prisoners, and one night the corral back of the hotel was opened and the way to freedom was accepted.

A bear appeared on the golf course of the Phillipsburg country club on Ladies' Day. What's more, it stood up on its hind legs and leered at them. At least the ladies said it leered, and in a little while the bear had the course to itself. After inspecting some of the clubs and pawing over a golf ball it ambled off into the woods.

There was a telephone call from a farmer living near Germania, in the Northern Tier section, who said he was getting sick and tired of having bears carry off his sheep, and he wanted action pronto. The game protector to whom he complained asked why he didn't shoot the offender.

"That ain't my business. I'm not going to lose my sleep sitting up at nights till one of your damned bears comes around. You've protected the critters, now you trot up here and protect me."

"Fair enough; we'll send State Trapper Logue over to your place and catch the killer." Like the tiger and the lion, a bear that turns bad is just naturally bad all over, and a sheep-killing bear or one that pulls down and devours a heifer can't be cured. He is a killer, and his ultimate end comes with a rifle bullet. This particular chap was estimated to weigh 600 pounds.

A lot of farmers thought the ring-necked pheasant was a corn destroyer and they circulated all manner of evil reports against the imported bird, even going so far as to say that it picked out the eyes of young rabbits. But along came the news that in the crop of a single half-grown pheasant forty-four cutworms had been found, and when several potato growers reported that the ringnecks on their places had saved them the expense of spraying by eating potato beetles, sentiment swung toward the much maligned stranger.

A Bird of Solitude

When it is known that last fall there were 18,000 male ring-necked pheasants killed by hunters in one county adjoining the city of Philadelphia, you can get some idea of how game increases when properly protected. This county not only has a city of nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants close by, but in the 1925 shooting season an adjoining county was closed to pheasants and the next-door hunters just naturally gravitated over the line. Also sportsmen came from other parts of the state.

Now the remarkable thing about this big kill of ringnecks is that there are fully as many, if not more, birds in the county this year. It has been demonstrated that under wise laws and control of foxes and other vermin, hunters will not exterminate game. The main destiny of the ringneck will be to save such native stock as the grouse and quail, and here is where the story swings back to the strand of wire. If the hunters have plenty of pheasants near by they will not be so apt to go into the distant woods after grouse.

"You cannot propagate grouse under artificial conditions," said Doctor Donaldson. "They are creatures of hemlock groves and tangled laurel and beech groves and mountain streams where the wild grapes grow. There is no bird in America, save perhaps the eagle, that equals it in seeking the solitudes and in resenting the intrusion of man. Civilization drives it deeper into the woods. Shy, suspicious and nervous, the grouse has never become accustomed to the presence of humankind. Wild turkeys will come out of the timber and consort with flocks of tame turkeys, often inducing the home birds to go back to the joys of the forests. Often wild turkeys have been so tamed that they in turn abandoned primeval conditions. But nobody has ever seen a covey of grouse sell its birthright for a handful of corn or buckwheat.

"Quail may be penned in barns when winter snows cover the fields, and will allow themselves to be fed like chickens. They have been placed in cages, and if given sufficient room and proper cover they will breed in captivity. Save in a few rare instances, grouse have always pined and died under restraint. If they are to be preserved, and if grouse hunting is to be maintained, then grouse must be permitted to live their lives isolated among the trees and rocks."

The Overflow Movement

"The game refuge is the solution for this bird, for the wild turkey, for the rapidly disappearing fox squirrel, for deer, bears, and in a measure also, for quail, woodcock and raccoons. It is the one absolutely sure way to prevent obliteration. It has a background of performance that traces its way through the haze of the past in English, Roman and Asiatic civilization, far away into the earliest times when hunters set aside tracts of lands where there was thick cover and plenty of food for wild life, employed guards to keep out poachers and assured for themselves and their friends good sport.

"Back of the motive was selfishness, but in the ultimate a higher objective was attained than the princes of the East or the patricians of the Tiber or the barons of Norman England built for, and today in the land of Penn the full merits of the game-refuge idea are being worked out for the benefit of the whole people."

Experience and instinct have taught all varieties of wild life to understand the peace to be found under the protecting hand of isolation. In the remote districts where hiding places are abundant and where the sound of a rifle shot is never heard, the wild life of the forests abides secure.

And so the birds and the animals thrive and increase. Now there is a rule of life that prohibits overpopulation, and we call it the balance in Nature. If one species becomes too numerous one of three things happens: Predatory animals invade the district and an orgy of feasting occurs; or the surplus population spreads outward, setting up new colonies; or an epidemic of disease weeds out the excess.

Severe winters with deep snows destroy more game of certain kinds than hunters do. Quail perish by the thousands if a fall of snow be followed by a sleet that, freezing, forms a crust of ice, burying the birds in a silvery sepulcher, and when spring comes circular heaps of bones and feathers tell the tragedy of winter's cruelty. Birds and animals may weather the winter months, but a series of cold rains during the breeding season will check a normal increase. The spring of 1925 was marked by protracted cold and recurring downpours and it was estimated that less than 20 per cent of the young grouse survived. There were instances where the hen birds became so chilled that they died on their nests. Few eggs were hatched, and only a few of the baby grouse that broke the shell arrived at maturity. Weather cannot, in the strict sense, be a factor in the balance in Nature, but it affects wild life to a marked degree.

It follows that if large areas of land or water be set aside as reservations, and if foxes, wildcats, wolves, hawks and other flesh-eating forms of life be kept within reasonable bounds, there will come an increase in the protected species. Next, if there be sufficient food provided during severe winters, more birds and animals will be carried over for the next year's breeding. Finally, if disease can be controlled you will have a state of affairs ideal for herds, colonies, flocks and coveys.

Then follows the overflow movement. Game radiates outward from the refuge and commences to fill the surrounding country. Here conservation walks hand in hand with game-shooting regulations. For under the Pennsylvania system the belt of land adjoining any refuge must, under the laws of the state, be public shooting ground.

Checking the Game Hog

There you have it: The game refuge on which all hunting is banned; the open hunting ground on which the excess birds and animals may be taken during a specified number of days each season, with a fixed amount of game, known as the bag limit, allowed each sportsman. In plain language the bag limit is a device to check the game hog. Market hunting is already a thing of the past, nearly all the states of the Union and the Federal Government preventing the killing of game for sale purposes, and the next step is to reduce the bag limit to a reasonable number.

Game does overflow into surrounding country. The game-and-fish association of one county acquired a long-term lease on about 1500 acres of wild land in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. There were few grouse left in the district—not more than a dozen on the entire area—when it was converted into an auxiliary game refuge and the strand of wire was run around the boundaries. That was a matter of seven years ago. Today grouse can be found

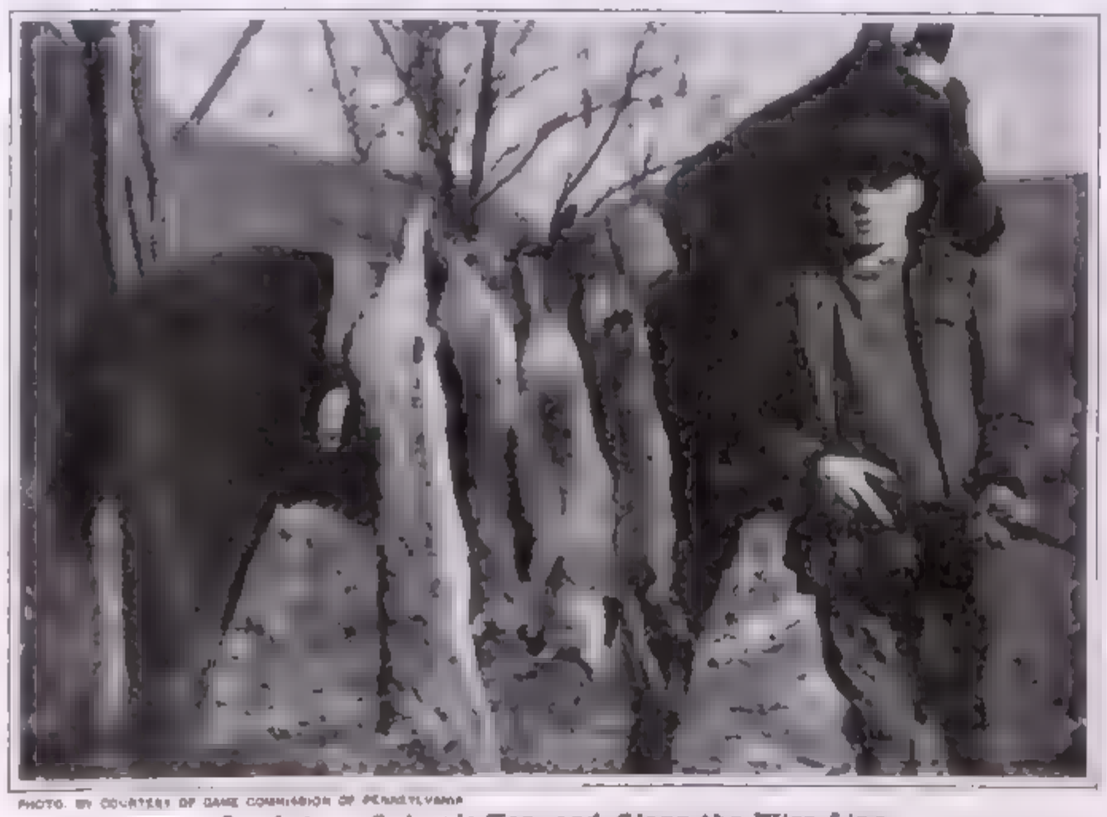

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF GAME COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA

Predatory Animals Trapped Along the Wire Line

You will like Ice Cream still better if you eat it from a Dixie

YOU'LL find that the deliciousness and smoothness of the best ice cream is actually enhanced when you buy it in Dixies. That's because it is sealed and frozen right in the Dixie—at the ice cream plant—and reaches you in all its natural and original purity and goodness. The ice cream "feels" smoother and more velvet-like because the air is held in the cream when frozen in a Dixie.

That's one reason why the leading ice cream manufacturers of America offer Ice Cream Dixies to their public. Another awfully important reason is the convenience of buying good ice cream in Dixies. They're so easy to carry and to serve, so appetizing in appearance, so very pleasant to eat from—And served individually of course there is no muss and trouble in slicing and serving.

And careful mothers and fathers feel perfectly safe in letting their youngsters eat ice cream from Dixies since only manufacturers of good ice cream are granted the Dixie Franchise and since Dixies keep the ice cream pure, clean and wholesome.

Eat Ice Cream for Health—Ice Cream is as good and delicious in Winter as it is in Summer.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
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Original Makers of the Paper Cup

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to Dixies for ice cream, individual Dixies for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug stores and department stores you can get Dixies in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

Many Seaman Automobile Bodies, products of one of the largest body building organizations in America, are finished with Mimax Lacquer.
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three miles from the refuge, on hills and in ravines that had not known the birds in twenty-five years. They represent the excess population from the sanctuary.

In the South Mountain region and close to the abandoned iron mines of Pine Grove Furnace the state established a game refuge in the center of a 30,000-acre public forest. This refuge contains less than 2000 acres. There are deer on all those ridges, but the best hunting is to be had in the country on the outer rim of the sanctuary. Not only have more deer been taken in this belt but also the largest bucks carrying the finest sets of antlers.

There is a state game refuge in Black Log Valley, one of the remote sections of the Alleghanies, and mighty difficult to reach. The single road follows the tortuous course of a wild creek and it ends far up in the valley. The refuge is in the heart of one of the best wild-turkey regions of the state. There are several large flocks within the wire inclosure and there are more flocks on the outside. As long as the Black Log Valley refuge remains, there will be wild turkeys, and the birds will never pass into the class of the passenger pigeon—a memory. In a dozen more refuges you can find wild turkeys, and on the outskirts of all these, hunters can be seen coming down a trail in the purple dusk of autumn, bearing across their shoulders a hefty bronze-and-brown gobbler, just as their forefathers did in the days of the pioneers.

For the purpose of still further increasing the size of the flocks and creating new flocks, the sportsmen of Pennsylvania this year accepted without protest a proposition to suspend shooting wild turkeys. The same with the introduced Hungarian partridge, which, in the plateau country, will multiply rapidly and afford wonderful shooting if protected long enough to take root. The modern idea in game conservation is different from the system in use a few years ago. Instead of releasing several pairs of birds in a district for stocking purposes, dozens are turned loose. In the case of the Hungarian partridge not less than 200 birds were freed in any locality; a large number, but the margin of safety is so big as almost to guarantee permanence.

True Sportsmanship

The game-refuge idea is a difficult one to sell to sportsmen, but once it has been demonstrated they become its most earnest supporters. The first reaction is resentment against suspending shooting over any considerable territory, and this is accentuated if the region closed happens to have been fairly abundant in game. After a few years, when the surrounding woods and thickets are found to contain birds and animals, the hunters become apostles for the sanctuary system.

The more refuges that are established the better hunting there will be. The more country that is inclosed with the wire strand and on which hunting is prohibited, the more game there will be in the outside territory. Anything can be carried too far, but there is no danger of restricting too much land. There are ninety-nine refuges in Pennsylvania's sixty-seven counties, and the game commission aims to bring up the number to 300 refuges. The area under wire is 101,265 acres, or about 160 square miles. The average size of a refuge is 1022 acres.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF GAME COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA

A Huge Wildcat Shot by Game Protector Ed Carpenter While Stalking Grouse on a Refuge

There are two types of game sanctuaries—one known as the permanent refuge and the other called the auxiliary refuge. The permanent refuge is on land that belongs to the state. The auxiliary refuge is on land under private ownership, but leased for not less than ten years. The system of control is the same with each of them. The first step is making a survey of the tract. Then the owners of land adjoining the proposed refuge are asked to sign an agreement to permit public shooting on their tracts. If such consent is not obtained the game refuge stops right there; the project is abandoned. This wise regulation prevents any exclusive and special privilege in the shooting line. Otherwise it would be easy for owners of land to obtain state protection for a refuge, and at no cost to themselves they would be in a position to hold a monopoly of the best sort of shooting concessions.

The state insists that all citizens shall have equal rights in the neighborhood of a game refuge. When this is assured the reservation is surrounded by the strand of wire on which official tags are suspended. From that moment the land is sacred to wild life. Visitors are free to come and go provided they do not carry any weapons or disturb the animals and birds. The only gun that is seen on a game refuge is in the hands of the protector, and he uses it to kill vermin.

If a deer or a bear or a rabbit or a squirrel or a grouse is shot and wounded outside the line and it dies on the refuge, the hunter is entitled to the kill, but the actual recovery is made by the protector of the refuge. The shooter notifies the official that he wounded a deer mortally and that it crossed into the refuge. The game protector takes up the trail, and when he comes across the dead animal he brings it out and turns it over to the sportsman.

Poaching on a game refuge is practically unknown. The wire line, hardly visible, and traversing miles of wild country, is never crossed by the hunter—an almost unbelievable thing. There is only one game protector. It is a physical impossibility for him to exercise any close supervision, and yet so high is the standard of sportsmanship and so fairly do the hunters play the game that one of the rarest things known is invasion of a sanctuary. The man caught at it would be an outcast among his fellows, and no decent shooter would have anything to do with him.

The poacher, so troublesome in Europe, is almost a nonentity in most of the states of the Union, and the reason for this is fundamental. In Europe, where game refuges have been established on landed estates for centuries, game is looked upon as the property of the landowner. In America the courts have very definitely established the principle that game belongs to the state—that is, the whole people. It therefore is protected by the state—by the whole people—and the mass of the hunters are not willing to suffer at the hands of a few persons. So the poacher does not thrive.

The idea of game belonging to the people is carried out in the restocking of a district away from the refuges. No game will be placed on the farm of any person who posts his land against hunting, and no game will be distributed in any district where the owners adopt a wholesale policy against sportsmen. That region is taboo as far as the game commission is concerned. Game belongs to all and not to a few.

A Wildcat Down But Not Out

With birds and animals under the protection of the state and conserved by the state for the outdoor men and women, the game commissioners of the different states make war upon all enemies of their wild charges. The worst enemies are predatory birds and animals, and these are known as vermin. Wildcats and foxes do the most damage. A wildcat will kill 200 grouse in a year. A fox will account for the same number of rabbits. Weasels, mink, crows and certain of the hawks are harmful. Out of this war on vermin grew the system of offering rewards for the extermination of harmful animals, and during the past ten years Pennsylvania has paid out nearly $1,000,000 in the form of bounties. More than 500 bobcats are slain annually. The number of weasels upon which bounties are paid yearly is close to 50,000. Ten thousand foxes are taken each winter.

Around the game refuge there is a fire line—protection against forest fires. The fire line is the path over which the game protector makes his rounds of the refuge, and on the fire line, or close to it, he places his traps to catch vermin. Many of these guardians can pick up a nice bit of money by trapping fur-bearing animals. One morning Ed Carpenter of the Donaldson refuge found a wildcat in a trap. He gave it a rap on the head and tossed it aside while he proceeded to look after a few fox sets that were near by. Woodsmen are alert, and a slight movement made Ed turn. As he did so a yellow form leaped upon

Continued on Page 66

Releasing a Bear for Restocking and Propagating Purposes at Game Refuge Number 9, Jackson Township, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania

Test your tires every Friday

Pat. Mar. 28, '16; Feb. 14, '22; Apr. 10, '23. ALL US PAT OFF.

Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge

10 LBS TO 50

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Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot—easy to use on any type wheel. Other types for High Pressure, Truck and Bus Tires

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Friday is the best day, because most tires do their hardest work over the week-end.

Get this "Friday testing habit" and enjoy longer tire service, easier steering, better car balance and greater riding comfort.

The Schrader Tire Gauge has been standard for years. It is dependable, inexpensive, easy to carry and use. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Thicker steel
Keener edges
Better shaves

COMPARE the Ever-Ready Blade (A) to the thin, wafer blade (B).

Ever-Ready has a staunch steel body—a body heavy enough to take a scientifically perfect bevel edge! It can be sharpened sharp! It keeps its keenness! It shaves with ball-bearing smoothness—quickly, cleanly, delightfully.

And the Ever-Ready Blade is reinforced with a sturdy steel "backbone". It's rigid like the old-fashioned razor. It meets each hair with unbending accuracy. There's no "give" to it—except the satisfaction it gives the shaver!

Try Ever-Ready Blades once—they'll be your good-morning friends forever after!

Your Ever-Ready Razor

is the finest razor that ever met a beard. We guarantee it for no less than 10 years. Our service department will replace your old Ever-Ready frame if it isn't giving 100% service. Send it to the

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Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

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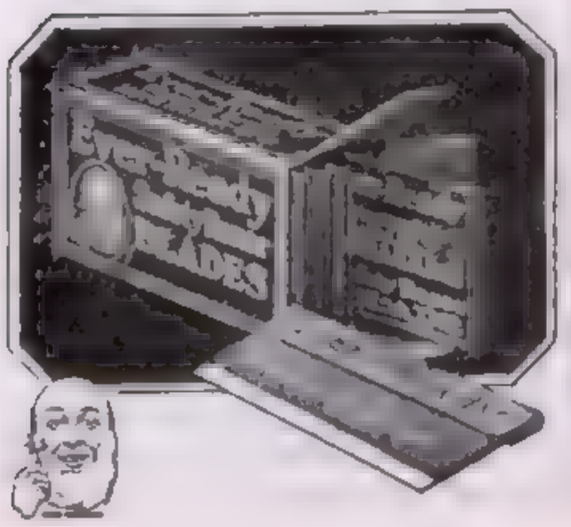

(Continued from Page 64)

him. The dead wildcat had come to life and attacked him. With the long claws ripping his hunting jacket and sweater to tatters, Carpenter worked his way through the snow to where he had laid his small ax, and when he got through with his operation the pelt of the beast was hardly worth keeping; also Carpenter needed some first-aid repairs.

On all the game refuges there are pets. Sometimes they are cub bears, sometimes they are baby beavers, and sometimes they are deer. I was fishing on Penns Creek and caught sight of a pretty doe on a patch of sand at the water's edge. She was not a bit scared and she watched me with plenty of curiosity. It was evident that she was familiar with man, so, when I got back to the game protector's house I mentioned the incident.

"Yes; that's Peggy. She was raised from a fawn, and when we released her she refused to go deep into the forest. She has a fawn hidden somewhere near where you were fishing."

That evening Peggy came into the yard at the game protector's house and waited until one of the women fed her on bread crusts. There was no fear of human beings; Peggy knew she was safe. Near Middleburg, on one of the refuges, I came across a litter of baby beavers that had been hand-raised by the protector. The mother died while being taken out of a district that was overpopulated, and her babies were raised by the state—fed on rolled oats and the leaves and twigs of aspen. They thrived and grew up to be fine, big, handsome beavers.

Standing on a cabinet of a refuge keeper's office in the Alleghanies was the stuffed figure of a tiny cub bear.

$100 a Head

"A tragedy in the woods," the protector said. "We were fighting a bad fire on the knob last spring, when I heard whimpering cries near an uprooted tree. I picked up two cub bears, not more than three weeks old. They had been abandoned by the she bear when the fire swept across the ridge, and when I found them both were so badly burned that they died within a few days."

Up in Sullivan County one of the game officers found a baby bear in a tree after a fire had run through the country and, fortunately, the little fellow was hardly scorched. The cub was taken into the household and was cared for until it was more than a year old. Then it was shipped to another region and was freed.

Wild life is abundant, happy and carefree on the game refuges. Food is plentiful, and even during the most severe winters, when deep snows cover the ground, the birds and animals are certain of regular meals. Predatory animals are kept away. The game refuge, the oldest and newest idea in conservation, is the best insurance the sportsmen can maintain. It is spreading over the entire country. It has been tested and it works. In Africa it is being adopted to save the elephant, giraffe, gorilla and other species. In the national forests the game refuge has worked so well that the black-tailed deer are coming back. The game refuge has saved the antelope and the mountain sheep in our Western states. In Yellowstone Park it preserved the grizzly bear, the elk and the bison. With an extension of the idea it will restore wild life in every state in the Union.

Massachusetts is planning to use the game-refuge idea in the hope of saving the heath hen from extinction. This member of the grouse family, which quite resembles the prairie chicken, formerly ranged from New Jersey to Maine and was abundant on Long Island. It has now totally disappeared save at one place, and the specimens to be found on Martha's Vineyard are the last to be found in the United States. It is estimated that there are several hundred birds in the group. If these cannot be preserved a most interesting game bird will go into tradition. The Massachusetts heath hens have been under the protection of the state for several years and some of them are on refuges where no shooting of any sort of game is allowed. It is the hope of the conservationists that with the killing off of foxes and preventing bush fires from sweeping the range an increase will follow. Wood fires have been most cruel to the heath hen, and one blaze a few years ago destroyed one-half of the flock.

With accretions to the coveys in Massachusetts it will be possible for that state to supply New York State with enough birds to be placed on a carefully guarded refuge on Long Island, and enable the state of New Jersey to make an effort to restock the southern range. Sportsmen who have studied the heath hen declare that the game refuge is the only hope of preserving it to America.

This autumn the state of Wyoming sold 100 licenses to shoot antelope, one male animal to an individual, and the cost of the license was $100. This is the visible sign of the effectiveness of game refuges and game laws applied to one of the rarest of American game animals. Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and other Western states threw protection around the antelope not a year too soon.

The animals were almost annihilated when all hunting of them was prohibited. Certain of the bands had been reduced to less than a dozen individuals. Today there are bands containing at least 200 antelope in Wyoming. The great sanctuary of the antelope is Yellowstone Park, and with this as the source of overflow and with all the Western states jealously guarding the various bands, it is now an absolute certainty that half a dozen years hence antelope shooting, under restrictions, will be resumed, and the fear that Colonel Roosevelt expressed as to their extinction will never come to actuality.

A Refuge Notice at Game Refuge Number 18, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania

Had the states of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida been familiar with the game-refuge system forty years ago, the American parrakeet never would have been wiped out. This bird was slain down to the last specimen by hunters who took it for its plumage.

The different refuges along the Southern Atlantic Coast and on the Gulf Coast will not only save the egret, the heron and other birds but they will furnish a source of supply for neighboring districts.

At any place in the United States where any rare birds or animals exist, the refuge system will guarantee their continued existence

America has protected the song birds to a degree that has never been equaled by any other nation in history. It is now a national tradition that they are under the care of each man, woman and child. Protection is taught in the schools, is one of the main tenets of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts; it is the aim of every game association in the land. As a result America is a land of birds, and the woods and the fields are filled with song and color. This is the background on which the game refuge is built.

Better and Better

I sat by the side of Welty Sadler, perhaps the most famous bear hunter in Pennsylvania. He lives in the Loyalsock Creek valley—the same district where he was born and raised. A fine old man, who knows the woods, understands wild life and has a knack of sizing up human kind and classifying individuals according to their natural rather than artificial traits. He shot his first bear when he was nine years old. He once killed a deer with a stone after his gun failed to work. A question had been thrown at him: "Are there as many bears in Pennsylvania as when you were a boy?"

"Plenty more; in my own section at least five times as many, and they are getting thicker every year. I hadn't ought to say it, but if we keep on with our game refuges, and spreading out a mite more of protection, the bears are sure going to be a worse pest than the deer. Lemme tell you something: The other day a bear got into the hogpen of a neighbor of mine and yanked a 300-pound pig out into the field. Another man up my way lost sixteen sheep through the cussedness of the bears. Increasing? I'll say they're becoming pestilent, but they can't get too thick for me or my hound dogs.

"Young fellows don't know anything about conservation; it takes us old boys to tell 'em. I'm some past seventy; ain't saying how much. Budd, the protector over at the refuge, is a kid alongside of me. When I was a kid we thought we were kicking up the dust if we got three bears in a season. Now it's a poor winter when the hunters don't take fifteen to twenty in our region.

"Think of nearly 1000 bears being killed in Pennsylvania in 1924. Last year the shooting of cubs was prohibited, and at that, about 500 big ones were killed. We have a larger kill of bears in Pennsylvania than in any other state of the nation, including Maine and the West.

"I've seen all kinds of game come back. As a man who has climbed the big ridge in life, I find better hunting today than in the so-called good old days. That's queer, isn't it? So I'm for the game refuge and I'm for the game laws and I'm for the big stretches of state-owned land to protect the water supply of the generations to follow us. I was born in an age of game destruction, but, glory be, I'll die in the golden days of game conservation."

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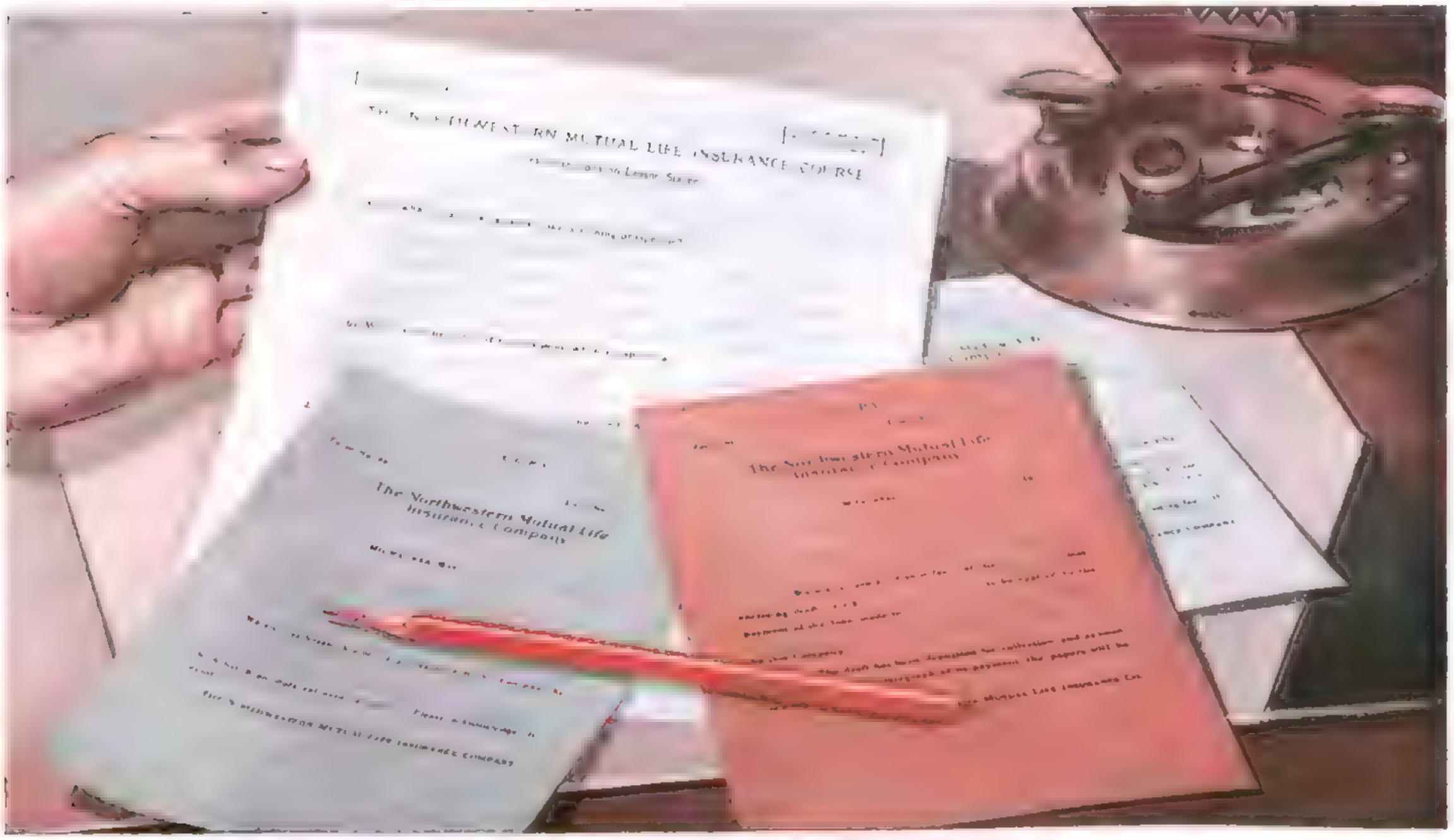

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NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 25)

her string of gayly colored beads. Then she remembered he was Eunice Perrigo's half brother, a young man of wealth, graduate of a university. These matters added up to a total which she could not read. . . . His profile was fine, somewhat hawklike, but splendidly chiseled. He was so obviously contented with the way things were going.

"For goodness' sake," she said testily, "say something!"

"Knuckles," he said, and flung his hand toward the river.

She glimpsed, between the clumps of witch hopple, the figure of a man wading up the stream—an eccentric thing to do.

"What's he doing?" she asked.

"Fishing. He'll stop there." James pointed to the spot below, where Knuckles would stop.

"Why?"

"No good beyond."

She watched to see if James was right, hoping contrarily he would be wrong. But he was not wrong. Knuckles emerged from the stream below and made toward them over the broken rock-strewn slope, busying himself with his rod and easing the creel which hung over his shoulder. He was not in waders, but had tied about his ankles the bottoms of his trousers legs and was wet to the waist. Presently he looked up and saw them, but gave no sign of recognition until he was almost abreast; then he nodded dryly, if a nod may be dry. Almost anything about Knuckles seemed to possess the quality of dryness.

"Miss Cross," he said, displaying his reddish hair. He had lifted his hat; but Sarah felt, and rightly, that it was not in deference to her. It had been a measure of coolness. "And James! Fraternizing! See you're doin' some summer loggin'."

James' face was still, and Sarah felt it to be hostile. He jerked his thumb downstream. "Been in?" he asked.

"Fished in yesterday, fished out today."

"Fished." James pronounced the word flatly, without inflection, but apparently it conveyed a desired meaning to Knuckles.

"Call it 'fished,'" he said. Then to Sarah: "Talked you most to death?"

"We've been doing nicely, thank you," she said with some asperity.

"Seems as though," said Knuckles; then he, too, fell silent. These silences seemed a habit of those indigenous to this soil. His live gray—or were they blue?—eyes seemed engrossed in a detailed study of James. James appeared unconscious of the scrutiny; his eyes searched the distant uplands.

"Miss Cross," Knuckles said presently, "there's pigeonholes for folks. You've got a pigeonhole and Walter's got a pigeonhole and Mr. Cross 's got a pigeonhole. You can take 'em and slip 'em right into their own place. But James here—he's just clutterin' things up; there don't seem to be a pigeonhole he fits into. Anyhow, I ain't been able to locate it. I got four-five picked out, but none of 'em quite suit."

James lifted his eyes and dropped them again swiftly. It was the only sign he exhibited of consciousness of this raillery—or was it raillery, Sarah wondered.

"There's the babe-in-the-wood pigeonhole." Knuckles shook his head. "Seems kind of likely sometimes. . . . There's the wicked-brother pigeonhole, and there's grounds for veerin' toward it. And there's the hand-in-glove-with-Walter pigeonhole—that's got possibilities. . . . I bought the cider mill day 'fore yesterday. Fetch down your apples this fall, James." He jerked his head abruptly and kept on his way to the road, down which he turned toward the village.

"Well!" exclaimed Sarah.

James said nothing. Presently he got to his feet; not, as the ordinary man does, by a series of pushes and heaves, but surely, lithely, in one flowing motion.

"Got to go now," he said.

"Do come again," she said ironically.

His eyes met hers for an instant. "I will," he said.

When he had passed from sight Sarah got up from her rock frowning. "Well!" she said again. It was the best her vocabulary could do to cope with that episode.

VI

WARREN CROSS did not have to go to the dictionary to find the meaning of the word "exasperation." He was engulfed in it. Yet there was nothing overt upon which he could seize to raise an issue and clear the air. Sometimes he felt as if he were an ornamental fish, swimming in a bowl filled with hostility instead of water; but it was inert hostility. The results of it were apparent, but the method by which the results were obtained was as difficult to discover as the germ of some obscure disease.

It was a sort of disease, and the business was sick of it. The more he went about it, in his diplomatic way, to discover what was wrong, the more he became convinced that his company had made a bad bargain. Yet all the elements of a good bargain were present—an excellent plant in good condition, fine timber and plenty of it, favorable railroad rates to the markets, satisfactory wages to the labor. But these added up to a monthly loss.

As any good business man would do he had given his first attention to the matter of overhead. Many a promising business has been eaten up by that ravenous creature. But this particular overhead did not have to show a Gargantuan appetite. There had been a full run of logs, but the inventories of the past year showed a distressingly high percentage of Number 3 Common after the saws had done their work. Though labor costs were low, production was low also—and woods costs were high. Warren could discover no reasons.

From the beginning he had been painstakingly considerate of Walter Perrigo; he did not have to be considerate of James, for that young man was as hard to lay hands on as a frightened deer. . . . He came home on the evening of Mrs. Bridge's party in a state of mind, following a conference with the suave Walter.

"Mr. Perrigo," he said, "I have been going over the books of this concern for a period of years. When the mills were owned by your family there was an average profit of from eight to ten thousand dollars a month."

"About that," said Walter.

"Six months after the Consolidated took over, this showing dropped and has been dropping ever since, until there is none left. General conditions have changed little—even the management has been the same. I wish you would tell me frankly to what you attribute it."

"Aftermath of the war," said Walter.

"Production has dropped."

"Men won't work as they used to."

"The percentage of high grade to low grade lumber has decreased."

"We've been cutting on those ridges," Walter said, "and have had a run of bad timber."

"It costs us 20 to 30 per cent more to fell a tree and haul it to the mill."

"That," said Walter, "is James' department. I'd rather you discussed it with him."

"But you buy the camp supplies and make the contracts."

"On James' requisitions," Walter said.

It was baffling. Exasperation ate like rust into the metal of Warren's self-control, but no sign of it was visible to Walter's bland but watchful eye.

"Have you no suggestions?" he asked presently.

"I've been trying to work it out for a year," Walter said. "Personally I believe it is just a temporary condition, and we'll work out of it after a while."

That was the gist of it; nothing tangible—inertia. Simply a lack of results. Warren had studied Walter sharply and found the man knew his business. He was efficient; he was a capable mill man. Indeed, as a manufacturer, Warren recognized him to be far better equipped than himself.

"We're not the only mill to run into it," Walter said. "The Grainger Brothers busted this spring. The banks are carrying Whittaker. Oregon fir is coming around by boat, riding into Eastern markets cheaper than we can lay down our own stuff."

"But we're cutting hardwood," said Warren.

"And spruce. I lay our loss to the spruce. Show me a mill that's made money on spruce for a year or two."

"Would you recommend cutting out the spruce next year?"

"I'd go slow. I'd go slow everywhere. Can't tell what the market'll do."

That was always Walter's counsel—to go slow, to sit tight, to carry on and wait for something to turn up—and it was not Warren's way to wait. He had not been sent there by his superiors to wait, but to act. Results, profits, were demanded of him, and that without delay. He got up and went back to his own office, where he sat reflecting, and was not happy.

While he sat at the dinner table that evening he talked it out. Always he could clear up his thoughts and make them cohere by putting them into words, and Janet, though she did not always understand clearly, was a partisan listener.

"You haven't been here long enough to do anything," she said in his defense.

"I'm beginning to think I can't stay here long enough to do anything—in the conditions that are there."

"Then change the conditions," she said.

"I'd have to clean house, and I don't want that. The company doesn't want that. The goodwill of the place where your mill is located is a mighty good thing to have. But I'm afraid it will come to that. It would make things difficult for us though. We'd be as popular here as a wasps' nest at a strawberry festival."

"It's not so gorgeous here anyhow," said Sarah.

"Yes, but folks are friendly. I gather you don't care much whether they are or not; but believe me, ladies, it would make a heap of difference. Now they want us to enjoy ourselves and be in things. Maybe the things aren't what we want to be in, but they are all we have. Now suppose I were to make a clean sweep, as I'm afraid it will come to—fire Walter and James, get rid of the minor executives and superintendents and discharge half the crew. We'd have the whole town about our ears. Most of them look at their jobs as something they own—vested rights. I'll bet half the people we meet tonight are connected with the mill, either actually or by blood or marriage."

"The quicker," said Janet, "you can do your job, the quicker we can clear out of this place."

"That mill," Warren said, "was a little gold mine. Why in blazes did the Perrigos ever sell it?"

"It wasn't the Perrigos," said Sarah; "it was Perrigo—so Eunice says. Walter did it. Eunice has had a grouch about it ever since."

"And where did James stand?"

"Nobody," said Sarah, "seems to know. James," she said reflectively, "is a queer egg. He's the sort of fish they ought to exhibit in a tank. I can't recite on James: I'm not prepared."

"What do you know about him, sis?"

"He called on me—if you can call it that. It was grand, but it wasn't war. As a caller James is a novelty, and some other poor little rich girl can have my share of him. He's not fluent, but he loves the wild flowers. If you were to shut us in a room

(Continued on Page 71)

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(Continued from Page 69)

together for the evening only one would come out alive, and if it was me, I'd be a raving lunatic."

"He made a hit with you, didn't he?"

"Anyhow he made an impression. He'd do for a statue of the great silent places. But all the same my acute little brain got the impression James had all his buttons. That funny man Knuckles came along——"

"Did he call on you too?"

"No, he was bringing the fish home from pasture, and he found me sitting on a rock, while James impersonated another rock. He chaffed James a bit, as the English say, but didn't get a rise. Imperturbable James! I gathered from Mr. Knuckles' remarks that James was a deep, dank mystery to him also."

"You'll see him tonight," said Janet. "When Mrs. Bridge called up to be sorry about not making it clear you were invited, she said Eunice and James were coming."

"Awk!" said Sarah, and pretended to faint. "Well, I don't suppose he'll make it any worse. What'll they all do—play dominoes or clap in and clap out? . . . I never did care much for the Subway, but if I ever get back, I'm going to ride on it a whole day just for pleasure."

"They want me to sing, Ren," said Janet.

"Fine!"

"But what'll I sing—to a crowd like that?"

"You'll have to play your accompaniment on a melodeon," Sarah said. "Better stick to Gospel Hymns, if you know any, or Home, Sweet Home. If you spring any of that Italian stuff on them they'll probably think you've come down with hysterics."

Janet's eyes snapped. "I said I wouldn't let myself go if I came here, and I shan't. I'm going to keep what I've got. I won't lower my standards."

"Be a little missionary," said Sarah, "and elevate them. They'll love it. You tinker with their musical taste, and I'll show 'em the Charleston."

"For cat's sake, Janet," Warren said, with a wrinkle of apprehension between his eyes, "don't go high-hatting them all over the place!"

"I shan't. But I shan't play down either. I'll just be myself."

"Whoops!" cried Sarah in pretended delight.

"I'm going to dress," Janet announced, and Warren saw she was in a contrary humor, which did not make for his peace of mind.

"What d'ye mean—dress?" asked Sarah.

"I'm going to wear my orchid," said Janet.

"Kind of doggy, isn't it?" Warren asked dubiously.

"And you," said Janet, "are going to wear a dinner jacket."

"I'm not. Nobody'll be wearing them."

"Then they ought to," Janet said.

"'Many an honest heart beats beneath a ragged coat,'" quoted Sarah. "What the well-dressed lady wears in Barchester!"

"I'm going to dress and act exactly as I should do if I were invited out at home," Janet said stubbornly.

Warren shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Tear into it," he said, "but I'm going as is. I'd feel like a fool."

"And I," said Sarah, "shall dazzle society. Maybe they've never seen a lady's knees here, and mine are rather satisfactory. The younger set—that's me."

The family was not precisely in a merry-making humor as they got into the car to start. Warren was apprehensive; Janet quivered with irritation which she took out upon her husband and rather looked forward to taking out on the company; and Sarah frankly said she was going slumming.

"I do hope the butcher will be there," she said with a giggle. "I find him quite charming. 'I raised the critter them steaks come off of,' he told us this morning, but he didn't mention her name. Maybe it was Buttercup."

Warren drove silently, but he could feel perversity exuding from his wife, who sat in the front seat beside him. She was lovely; that he had to admit, even though she had deliberately got herself up as for the jazziest of night clubs. As for Sarah she might have been a chorus girl with expensive tastes—petite, pert, daring. Nor was she unarmed with the lipstick and its complementary weapons.

The home of the Bridge family, before which they presently came to a stop, was a white house standing upon a corner. Two large maples shaded its front, and the side yard sloped away toward the brook which flowed into the river a couple of hundred feet away, after passing under a little iron bridge. Beside the bridge was the public scale, across from it the blacksmithy, and above it the hill lifted steeply in tiptilted pasture and woodland and sugar orchard. The village straggled up the slope, clinging desperately to the road, but behind that narrow ribbon of houses was farm land. Stone fences meandered, young spruces struggled up in mowings, diligently seeking to reclaim as forest what man had cleared with so much labor, and seemingly to so little purpose. If one stood upon the Bridges' broad side porch with back toward the town, he saw nothing but hills and trees and rocks and solitude—and yet the house was almost in the center of the village. The public library occupied the opposite corner.

As for the house itself it was one of those rectangular buildings beloved by our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. The door was embellished with side and fan lights; its windows were sashes of eight panes in the ancient manner. From the rear a wing containing an enormous kitchen extended onward until it gave into a red barn, now transmuted into a garage. The lines were simple, sturdy; the proportions excellent. As architecture it was what our suburbs strive for and sometimes approach.

But those pilasters at the corners actually concealed eight-by-eight spruce timbers set in the framework a hundred and fifty years ago. They were not merely ornamental, not hollow simulations of reality. It was well kept, freshly painted. At the rear and on the side toward the brook were great clumps of lilacs, and behind one of these was a pile of chopped wood. A man named Bridge had erected this house before Washington was President; a man named Bridge stood in the door this evening to welcome the Cross family as it descended from the company's automobile.

He came down the steps and the walk with hand extended, a round, pudgy young man with sandy hair and a coat which drew between the shoulders. New England was in his voice; not so much a matter of dropped letters as of tone and inflection.

"'Light," he said, "and hitch. Glad to meet you, Mr. Cross." He beamed upon the ladies. "Come right in and make b'lieve you've been raised with us. How's things to the mill?" He waited for no reply and his voice lifted a key as if the very occupation of talking excited him, and he spoke so rapidly, and broke his sentences in two with such teeth-showing laughs, that it was difficult to understand him.

"Everybody's here but you, but you got a right to be stylish once Pliny Smith lugged in his cello and there's a couple of fiddles here give me your hat and the ladies upstairs first door to the right." He pronounced this without punctuation.

They heard laughter and talk subside suddenly as they entered, and Mrs. Bridge came through the parlor door to greet them and to lead Janet and Sarah to the room above where wraps were left by the guests. There followed a few minutes of stiffness and formality, an awkward pause as those already in the room took stock of the arrivals. Introductions, then restrained talk while both parties strove to be at their ease. Something more than a dozen youngish people were there, among whom Sarah, with relief, saw Eunice Perrigo—and, with a sensation which was not quite relief, saw her brother James. Henry Bridge found a place beside Janet, while his wife took charge of Warren. Eunice moved over on the sofa to make room between herself and a tall, stooping, rather pallid young man who turned out to be Tom Hewitt, the local man of law. He smiled bashfully and crowded away as far as he could without destroying the piece of furniture.

"What's the matter anyhow?" Henry Bridge demanded tactfully. "Everybody acts as if they were just going to file past for a last look at the remains."

Janet was suddenly uncomfortable, self-conscious, questioning her own good taste and blaming it upon Barchester. She was the only woman there with arms and neck uncovered—the only one, apparently, to whom this gathering was a function. She saw how wrong she had been to dress, but would not admit it to herself: and she was unpleasantly conscious that every woman in the room was trying with might and main not to stare at her. It was worse than she imagined it could be.

"Well," asked Henry genially, "how do you like Barchester—as far as you've got?"

"I—it's rather strange yet," she said icily.

"I s'pose it is different," he said. "Never lived in a city myself. Wouldn't know how to go about it. Wouldn't want to, seems as though."

"No," said Janet, "I should imagine not."

He shot a quick look at her to see if there were a sting in the tail of this, and color rose to his ears. Janet was ashamed, which made her more difficult to deal with than before.

"Now what did I do wrong?" Henry asked himself. He had been cautioned by his wife that the Cross family might feel strange at first and that he must be considerate of them. He had tried his best to be considerate, but apparently with scant success. He suffered from that queer self-consciousness which often overtakes your rustic dweller in his contacts with city folks; not a feeling of inferiority, exactly, for decidedly he does not feel inferior; but an emotion mixed perhaps of a little envy and a bit of resentment because he imagines the city person feels superior.

"Hope you like your house. We call it the most modern in town." This was his next effort.

"It will do very well—while we stay."

"Oh, I got the idea you were here for a long time—a couple of years anyhow." He laughed uneasily. "And anybody that stays here two years never wants to go away again."

"I imagine I shall be an exception," Janet said, and the conversation languished. Presently he excused himself on the pretext that he had to see to something in the kitchen, and disappeared. A fat young woman moved her bulk into the vacant chair and lifted a pair of bright round eyes to Janet's face. Janet strove to appear unconscious of her, rather resented her drawing nearer. But when the stout one spoke it was in so charming and so softly modulated a voice that Janet turned to stare as if she could not believe her ears.

"Mrs. Cross, I hope you won't mind my telling you how lovely your dress is. I adore that shade! But look at me—just look at me—and then imagine me in orchid! . . . Is it true that you sing?"

"A very little," Janet said.

"I'm sure it is more than that. We all love music here, and get to hear so little of it. . . . Tom and I went down to Boston at Christmastime last year to hear Paul Whiteman."

Janet bit her tongue. It was about what one might expect. Paul Whiteman!

"I was amazed," said Mrs. Hewitt, for she was the wife of the pale, thin, drooping young lawyer. "I rather expected to hear something offensively extravagant—you know—something blaring and awfully freakish." This, thought Janet, was a bucolic pose. She waited for more. "But I really think he has accomplished something notable. More than a pioneer usually accomplishes in the arts. I looked to find a crude, cheap Cézanne of music—a sort of cubic mountebank."

"And you found?"

Customers seldom asked for *him*

Perhaps it's Comedones

DAY after day he watched women ask for other salesmen. Somehow people seemed to avoid him. It bothered him, for he knew there must be a cause. Yet he never thought of *comedones*.

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"I don't like to give an opinion on such a matter to an accomplished musician, but it seemed to me he had found something new and big and expressive—a new thing to say and a new method of saying it. . . . I was fascinated." She stopped and laughed a trifle embarrassedly, and then said, with a charming inflection of humor, "And he was so fat. It was cheering to see a fat person accomplishing something."

Janet was interested in spite of herself. The woman might be classed as dowdy, but there was a certain appeal about her, an adipose charm—and intelligence—something that might be mistaken for cultivated intelligence.

"Do you go often to Boston?" Janet asked.

"We can't afford it. We're country lawyers. And there's the baby. I got Mattie to stay with her tonight—Mattie's the little girl next door—but she holds me pretty close. Without help in the house, I can't get away much. Though I guess I don't want to get away any more. No, I'm kind of making a business of that baby."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty months." She was about to become expansive upon the subject of baby when her round eyes became suddenly larger. "Why," she exclaimed, "there's Ab Knuckles! What next? However did anybody get him to a party?" Then, Janet noticed, Mrs. Hewitt's eyes moved across the room to Eunice Perrigo and from her to James, and she gave her head a little shake as if there were something which caused her disquiet. "And it would have to be the one time the Perrigos are here!"

Janet watched the little episode with the keen interest which all women—and all men—feel in watching the conduct of other persons who find themselves in a difficult situation. That there was a situation at all did not seem to occur to Knuckles; he leaned against the doorcasing, tall, angular, not exactly saturnine, but some good-natured blood relation to saturnine. Certainly he was not handsome. He was carelessly dressed; his features were striking in the sense that Abraham Lincoln's homely features were striking, but he dominated the room. It may be he was a small toad in a tiny puddle, but in that company he was a personage.

He had not spoken since he came in, nor did he look as if it were his intention to speak at all. Somehow Janet received the impression that he had come just for the purpose of leaning silently against the wall, and that when he had had enough of that occupation he would go away again without having made himself audible.

She glanced at Eunice, on the sofa beside Sarah. Vivacity had deserted the girl's face, to be replaced with an expression of sullenness, and she eyed Knuckles slantwise. James, after one swift glance at Knuckles, remained imperturbable. James, thought Janet, was a handsome young man—or would be if she could have the handling of his sartorial affairs for a time—but probably dumb. She read his lack of expression as a lack of quick intelligence. There were many opinions of James, and certainly Janet was entitled to the one she selected.

"Good!" Mrs. Hewitt said. "Pliny Smith's getting out his cello. It's about time we were doing something and not sitting like bumps on a log."

"Who is Mr. Smith? A musician?"

"Runs the livery stable," said Mrs. Hewitt.

Livery stable and cello! Janet would have giggled at the incongruity of it if her humor had not been to find something distasteful in all she saw. She wondered if Turkey in the Straw could be played on that instrument.

"Mamma," shouted Henry Bridge, "where'd you put my bull fiddle? Looks like I mislaid it. You didn't pack it away with the best silver, did you? Eh?"

Janet could not know this was a time-honored joke of Henry's, but she didn't think much of it; and she wondered what a bull fiddle was and what she was going to have to suffer now. The incongruity of mislaying a bass viol was not likely to excite her humor this evening.

But presently, the viol discovered in a closet, a string quartet assembled itself—Henry and the livery man; Doctor Lowrie, a man with baggy trousers and mussed hair; and Tom Hewitt, the pale husband of the fat woman at Janet's side.

"Look out!" shouted Henry. "Give us room to swing 'em!"

"The boys love to play," said Mrs. Hewitt. "It's almost a vice with them, as cribbage is with the old men under the barber shop."

"If Tom ever gets that fiddle tuned right," said Henry loudly—he always spoke as if his auditors were a long way off—"we'll get to whizzin'."

"If I got to suffer," said a young man, whom Janet later discovered to be Larry Fox, the dry-goods man, "I'm goin' to do it in a cloud of smoke." He leaned across toward Janet and said in a stage whisper: "It's worse 'n you can imagine it'll be. But you wait. When they get through I'll tell some conundrums and everybody'll have a good time."

"Shut up!" bawled Henry. "Dog-gone, I can't play with my coat on." He took it off and flung it upon a chair. "Ready, fellers? Then, one, two, three—shoot!"

Doc Lowrie lifted his bow in signal. Janet gritted her teeth and half closed her eyes. It might not be so bad if the room kept up its clatter to drown the sounds which must issue from such a string quartet!

But the room ceased to clatter. It was an arrangement from Butterfly. In the beginning Janet did not listen to the music; she watched Henry, whose pudgy body swayed in time to the music, and who, catching her glance, actually grinned at her and winked roguishly. He was having a gorgeous time—and the execrable taste of the proceeding disgusted her. Clowning! Clowning with music!

Then, in spite of herself, she listened. Butterfly! They were actually playing it, not torturing it! Like all people who know a little and unconsciously have come to a pretense that they know more, Janet had little real critical faculty. If the Flonzaleys were playing she knew she was hearing something superb; if some quartet of street musicians under her window had played equally well she would not have known it was superb. More or less patronizingly she would have admitted it to be fair—on the theory it was not remarkable they should play well, but marvelous they should play at all.

They were done. Janet was puzzled, nonplused. It could not be that good music had been produced by those four uncouth, ridiculous men! But it had seemed good. She wondered what ailed her. Then she looked about the room. It showed none of the boredom which yokels should exhibit in the presence of that art—which should be the sole property of God's chosen people, the intellectuals. They applauded as if they had enjoyed it; not with restraint, as would have been becoming, but joyously, and with shouted comments.

"Tom must 'a' greased his bow tonight," said Larry Fox. "He didn't do the usual damage."

"Whale into another one," urged John Watts, the insurance man.

"What'll you have? Just name it. We got 'em all in stock. This orchestry can play anythin' from God Save the King to A Hot Time in the Old Town."

"How's that one by the feller that sounds like a harelipped Canuck tryin' to hiccup?" suggested Larry.

Evidently the quartet understood this description, for it moved gently into a thing which, with some small astonishment, Janet recognized as Tschaikovsky. At the end Henry made a parade of wiping his pink brow. "Gosh, fellers," he said, "that kind of gets up a sweat. . . . Say, sing something, Mrs. Cross. I'm plumb played out with sawin' wood."

She went to the piano without a word, not graciously, and not exactly patronizingly. Warren could read her thoughts. Without prelude, she sang a little group of Russian folk songs; sang them daintily, with sureness, making the most of her minor gift.

Perversely she had chosen that group of songs as most likely to be unsuited to the taste of her audience. . . . Folk songs were quite the thing; just now everybody was going in for folk songs.

When she was done she sat facing the piano for a moment, a little apprehensive. No human being with a spark of the artist in his make-up but dreads to meet a lack of appreciation. She need have had no fears, though the applause was not such as she might have preferred.

"By gosh, that was slick!" shouted Henry. "Welcome to our city."

She made as if to get up from the piano, but Larry Fox's voice protested. "Hey, Cross, ain't you got any control over your wife? Make her stay right there and give us some more."

Knuckles spoke for the first time: "I'd like to hear Rubinstein's Melody in F, seems as though," he said in his slightly nasal, deliberate voice.

"I'm afraid I can't play it," Janet said shortly.

Mrs. Hewitt heaved and billowed in her chair and finally achieved a stance. "I'll make shift to get through the accompaniment for you," she said, "if you'll promise to be kind of patient with me."

"That's the stuff, Mandy," roared Henry. "And jest bear down your heft on the loud parts."

Amanda Hewitt smiled good-naturedly and waddled toward the piano. Janet was appalled; with what dreadful fiasco was she confronted now? But there seemed to be no honorable avenue of retreat, so she surrendered the bench. Mrs. Hewitt ran her fingers over the keys tentatively, brushed back her sleeve and settled her massive bracelet; then she nodded amiably to Janet, who stood biting her lips nervously.

"Never mind if we break down," said Amanda. "Everybody'll know it's my fault."

But they did not break down. Amanda played—and she accompanied, which is a rare art, making Janet aware constantly of her support. It was an accompaniment which accompanied, marching along by her side a safe, dependable, self-effacing companion.

"You—you play very well," Janet said when the last note died away. Again she was astonished, and it must have shown in her eyes.

"Folks," said Amanda comfortably, "are always kind of surprised that a fat woman can do anything."

They moved away from the piano together. Janet glanced about for the man who had asked her to sing. Knuckles stood in the same place against the door, but he was not looking at her; his eyes, half shut, curiously intent and inquiring, rested upon James Perrigo. It seemed as if he had forgotten all about his request; at any rate he offered no thanks. Presently, without a word to anybody, he turned and left the house.

"That was a queer man who asked me to sing," Janet said to Amanda.

"Ab Knuckles. . . . Well, Ab is Ab, and that's all you can say about it. I guess, though, after all, he's about the most natural one of all of us. We're all kind of changed from what the last generation was, and the one before that. So's the world, I suppose. Everything's different, even up here in the hills—everything but Knuckles. He's like his father—like as two peas. He's what we all are at heart, but outside we've kind of got away from it—more's the pity."

"A typical New Englander, I suppose."

Amanda glanced at her quickly and shook her head. "A typical American, I'd put it."

That was the end of the music. The rest of the evening was difficult for Janet; it

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

seemed to consist of refreshments and confusion. No attempt was made at entertainment. People sat about and talked, not quietly. Everyone seemed too healthy to be subdued. They traipsed into the kitchen to help; men found amusement in parading about in Mrs. Bridge's aprons. And there was no liquor. It had not been mentioned; apparently nobody thought of it. No cocktails, no bridge—and everybody enjoying himself! Janet was bored and showed it. Even when they organized some perfectly absurd charades and acted them with childish abandon, Janet was bored. She forgot she had enjoyed hugely no more intellectual charades a couple of months ago in a studio; she forgot that the cross-word-puzzle craze was born at evening parties of the intelligentzia.

She made her way to her husband and whispered, "When can we go home out of this?"

"We'll go as soon as it's decent," he said. Then: "Sarah seems to be having a good time." Sarah was. She was so young that she could still enjoy any admiration, and Eunice had not left her side during the entire evening. They had whispered and giggled, unconscious of the rest; unconscious even of James, who sat the evening through and scarcely took his eyes off Sarah.

"You've knocked James off his balance," Eunice said. "He's been gaping at you all night. Well, you can thank the Lord it isn't Walter. Imagine Walter getting stuck on anybody—or Ab Knuckles!"

"I sort of like Mr. Knuckles' looks," Sarah said. Eunice sniffed.

Janet stood over them. "We're going now," she said. "Come along, Sarah."

"Oh, let her stay, Mrs. Cross," Eunice begged. "I'll see she gets home—James and I. We're terrible safe people, you know."

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "Stay if you want to," she said, with an air which made clear her opinion of anybody who would want to stay.

"Your sister hasn't gone crazy over this party, has she?" Eunice asked when Janet turned away. "Um—if I were a loving sister I'd turn you over to James. But I'm not a loving sister. Anybody in town'll tell you that." She paused and her face darkened. "I think I hate Walter," she said, and there was no mistaking her tone for pretense. "I'm not sure about James."

Sarah lived through an uncomfortable moment. Eunice's intenseness disturbed her. Then her eyes rested upon James' dark, finely chiseled face, and she said to herself that nobody seemed sure about James.

Nobody seemed to know where James fitted into the picture. Nor was she able to answer that question herself, even after she had been driven home by Eunice and her brother. For James did not open his mouth to utter a single word except "Good night."

VII

SQUIRE KNUCKLES sat at the head of the breakfast table, his son at the foot. In a dim light one would have had difficulty in telling which was which. This was not because the squire was younger than his years, nor Abner older. Eli Knuckles' years were visible upon his face, though not so perceptible in his tall spare figure—that body which he had given to his son. Abner was his father as the squire had been at something under thirty; the squire was Abner as Abner would be at something over seventy.

It was an old-time New England breakfast—flapjacks and maple sirup, salt pork with thick white gravy, fried potatoes, coffee, and, to make it complete and satisfactory, two kinds of pie were at hand, berry and apple.

The two men spoke little; a nod had sufficed them for greeting when they met after the night's rest. To the housekeeper they did not speak at all, but this did not hurt her feelings—she was used to it.

"You was to Bridges' last night," the old man said suddenly, not looking up from his plate.

"Dropped in," said Abner.

"What fur?"

"James Perrigo was there."

"Huh! So was his sister." There was a note of accusation in this. Abner nodded. "Harum-scarum," said the old man. Then he lifted his eyes and there was smoldering fire in them. "She's a Perrigo," he said. "Don't forgit it."

"Ain't apt to," said Abner.

"I been watchin' ye," said the squire. "I've seen ye stand on the walk a-lookin' after her. If ye was to do anythin' now when matters is comin' to a head—anythin' to upset 'em—I cal'late I'd curse ye, Abner, and go into my grave cursin' ye."

"Ain't apt to," Abner said again.

"Let dog eat dog," the squire said.

"It goes against the grain to see dog eat kitten."

"She's a Perrigo kitten," the old man said. Then, his voice terrible in its vindictiveness: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." Abner nodded. "It was the way of the Almighty to destroy His enemies root and branch."

"I don't know as I always hold with the Almighty," said Abner.

"Many ways," said the old man, "you been a good boy, Abner. I hain't suffered grief by you. But it seems like ye don't fear God like I taught ye. Folks is slippin' away from their religion. Preachers hain't preachin' it. It's been long since I sat in church with the sweat of fear runnin' down my forehead. No matter how folks seeks to delude themselves, Abner, the's a hell, and a hell of burnin' pitch and brimstone."

"I ain't arguin' against it."

"Perrigo blood robbed me, and Perrigo blood shall repay—wearin' sackcloth and ashes."

"I cal'late to make 'em pay in full," said Abner.

"Savin' and exceptin' none of 'em, but Walter fust of all."

"The main thing is to get our own back, seems as though."

"The main thing hain't dollars and cents—it's justice. And justice means punishment. If they was to walk in this day and make restitution to the last farthing, I wouldn't rest content."

"Seems as though," said Abner.

"I've lived my years in justice," the old man said solemnly. "No man kin point at me and say he didn't git from me his due, nor more than his due, nor less. . . . What's it to us if Walter—or Walter and James—robs this highty-tighty gal? Or wuss. With her paintin' and her gaddin' about and all, she's bound to come to a pass. . . . But I've watched ye starin' at her, Abner."

"I stare some at James and at Walter."

"But not the same. I hain't to be fooled nor deceived. . . . And as for James—I've noted you hold doubts in your mind regardin' James."

"And hold 'em yet," said Abner.

"It hain't needful. He's a Perrigo."

"I hold it is needful. We know what Walter aims to do, if we ain't clear as to the manner of it."

"He's deliverin' himself into our hands," said the squire.

"But if James is for him or against him—if James is aware, or if James is doin' his plannin'—that we don't know. Folks that don't study James miss a lot of education. . . . He's upset by that Cross girl that just come to town."

"What do ye conclude about the man Cross?"

"I conclude Walter's grippin' close to the end of his rope. Cross is citified and all, but he wouldn't have been sent to do this job if he hadn't been qualified. He's movin' deliberate, but he'll git at facts."

"Walter sold that mill—which was built up with money that belongs to me—because no man kin steal a mill. But it ain't so with money." Abner nodded. "And," said the old man, "he's been robbin' the mill and holdin' it back so as, when this comp'ny sees the's no profit to be made by it, Walter kin buy it back for little with what he steals from his brother and sister."

"Or with what he and James steal from the girl."

"No matter."

"It's what I incline to believe. She got the biggest share. The house and farms was left to her alone, and a third of the rest. Walter hated her from the moment she was born, like he hated her mother when she married his father. He was a grown man then, Walter was. His feelin's toward James I ain't fathomed. He wan't but twelve when James was born."

"I recall him as a boy, and he wan't one to be trusted. Slinkin', deceivin', lyin', as many'll remember. I cal'late Walter was as capable of evil at twelve as he is today, lackin' the years and the experience."

"His father trusted him," Abner said.

"Mebby," said Eli; "bein' as they was off the same piece of cloth. Still an' all, he didn't favor him in his will. He favored the girl."

"But made Walter guardian and trustee of the property."

"It was the Almighty, workin' in His mysterious way for their destruction," Eli said harshly.

"Don't seem to me," Abner said, "if I was the Almighty I'd have to resort to so much plannin'. Seems as though I'd step out and do."

"The ways of Providence hain't to be fathomed," Eli said reverently.

The old man finished his breakfast and moved back his chair; his severe, sturdy, splendidly chiseled old face was set in an expression of determination—such determination as is characteristic of men of his day and of older generations which we see in daguerreotypes. The hall beside the hotel was filled with them. A little grim, something thin of lip and stiff of neck. Hard men to sway from a chosen path, stubborn, perhaps, and harsh in their judgments, but strict in their will to give and to receive exact justice. Afraid of their emotions, mystic and yet material, scorning the aesthetic, afraid of the softer way; yet withal of splendid heart, capable of great loves and high friendships. Capable as well of disinheriting a beloved child for cause, or of sending a guilty friend to the gallows. And having done so, of concealing from mortal eyes the gaping, throbbing, gnawing wound.

Knuckles did not lift his eyes from his plate as his father moved to the door, and only glanced up briefly as Eli paused upon the threshold to speak a final word. "I seen you starin' after her," he said.

Knuckles finished his meal imperturbably and arose, going through exactly the same movements as his father. It might have been an imitation carefully rehearsed, but it was unconscious imitation—that sort of imitation which causes a pea vine to produce peas as its ancestors did, instead of branching out for itself to produce apples or corn or tomatoes. He walked to the hall tree and put on his shabby hat and then stood in the door for a moment considering. Knuckles had no place of business, no office, no profession; yet he was busy and prosperous. He thrived upon what other men overlooked—upon little transactions if no large ones came to hand, upon swaps and trades. He would buy a house or a hog; dicker for a bundle of shingles or a hundred acres of timber. He even hired himself out for the day occasionally if nothing better came to hand. A dollar was worth making if a thousand dollars was not to be had, and there was little he could not turn his hand to from doctoring an ailing cow to a job of carpentering. A Jack-of-all-trades, but who was there to say he was master of none?

He was thinking about his father's pronouncement. It was true, he had stared after Eunice Perrigo and he would continue to stare after her if it fell in with his purpose to do so, for he was as stubborn as the squire. He had been staring after Eunice since she was a little girl in short skirts instead of a young woman in shorter skirts studying her, admiring this about her and deprecating that. She was a Perrigo, but, unlike his father, he was capable of perceiving physical beauty even in one of that

(Continued on Page 76)

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Colorfully finished in exquisite blue lacquer and enhanced with a wealth of refinements and appointments it stands out as a motor car value clearly above and beyond comparison.

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Headlamps as well as cowl lamps are executed in the bullet design. The steering wheel is of real Circassian walnut. There are bumpers in front and bumperettes at the rear, and a motometer surmounts the winged radiator cap. 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are also included as standard equipment within the price.

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(Continued from Page 74)

blood. She interested him, and sometimes she stirred his dry rustling humor. What was to come of it? He asked himself that, and was rather of the opinion nothing could come of it, for Eunice had been raised to hate a Knuckles even as he had been raised to hate a Perrigo. One thing was clear—he did not hate her. He saw difficult times ahead of her, and that queer, rudimentary chivalry which one finds in his kind stirred uneasily within him.

If she were not a Perrigo he knew what he would do. He would have her—or know the reason why. Something about her, about her restlessness and recklessness, attracted him. He would have to marry, though there was no hurry about it, but he would be cautious about taking on that responsibility.

One thing he knew, and that was that fear of his father's displeasure, terror of his father's curse, would not hold him back once he had made up his mind.

As to another matter he was perfectly clear; upon that nothing more was to be said, and from his determination no argument should move him: In what was to come—if anything was to come—Eunice should not be damaged if he could avert it. He had been brought up to know that the business of his life was to get back his own with ample interest and penalties from the Perrigos; but he did not hate as his father hated. He disliked and despised Walter, but had no sympathy with his father's root-and-branch belief. If the original wrong had been done to him, and not committed before his birth, he might have felt and acted as Eli did. But the offense was remote, one generation removed. And he had not his father's religion. . . . He walked down the steps, thrusting the Perrigos from his mind, for that day was to be devoted to a transaction. He had made up his mind to swap a tenement he owned next to the post office for a farm with a good mowing and a woodlot situated on the edge of town. Also he fancied a penny might be picked up by renting Amos Pidgeon's sugar orchard for the coming year.

He opened his box in the post office, read his mail and sauntered out again upon the street. There he paused, leaning his shoulder against the building just under the big thermometer which advertised a brand of overalls, and studied the details of the transaction upon which he was about to enter. As he stood with eyes squinting, though, Eunice Perrigo drove up and stopped with a squealing of brakes and a dragging of rear wheels—a vehement, temperamental stop. Knuckles did not glance at her, and she passed within two feet of him with her nose a little in the air. She resented him, but, subconsciously, she resented his obvious and unstudied indifference.

Presently she came out again and got into her runabout. The starter ground, but the motor did not do its duty. She held her foot on the starter button viciously and jiggled the gas and spark levers. Nothing happened. Knuckles looked up.

"No good doin' that," he said, his shoulder still against the building. "Jest run out your batteries."

"Mind your business," Eunice snapped.

Imperturbably, exactly as if she had not spoken, or as if she were some person beside herself, he walked over to the car and lifted the hood.

"Leave that alone!" Eunice said in a flare of rage. "I don't want any help from you."

Knuckles raised his head and his eyes twinkled. "Then make b'lieve it's somebody else," he said, and ducked again into the machinery. In a moment he straightened up with a bit of the mechanism in his hand. "It's your points," he said. "Most always is on these cars. Got some sandpaper?"

"Put that down and leave my car alone!"

But he was scraping the points delicately with the blade of his knife until they shone clean to his taste; after this he replaced the housing and straightened up.

"She'll go now," he said.

"I'd rather have stood here all day!" Eunice said stormily.

"Matter of taste," said Knuckles. "You can still stand here, but the' hain't any need for it."

"If I were a man ——" Eunice said in a state of exasperation.

"Takin' all things into consideration," Knuckles said, "I cal'late it's full as fortunate you ain't."

Trembling with helpless rage Eunice thrust her foot against the starting button much as if it had been Knuckles' face. The motor roared, she jerked into gear and hurtled recklessly across the square. Once again Knuckles stood and stared after her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Harney Peak, South Dakota, With the Mountains of Montana in the Distance

M. de PASZTHORY was being continually hampered in his art by periodical and very severe skin eruptions. "For years," he writes, "I suffered in this way. From time to time I would go through positive agony. Finally I was told by a friend who had had the same trouble to take Fleischmann's Yeast. I started at once, taking several cakes daily in hot water. In a remarkably short time the last swelling broke. I continued this treatment all during the cleansing and healing process and I have never had a recurrence of this skin trouble since."

A. de Paszthory, Pasadena, Calif.

"MY BROTHER-IN-LAW was visiting me. He was eating Fleischmann's Yeast for indigestion, and learning of my troubles made me try it. I had been suffering from indigestion and heartburn so badly that I could not sleep. I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast with every meal and after a while the whole condition seemed to be relieved. I am now entirely well and holding down a position as secretary to the director of one of the big land developments here."

Mildred M. Williams, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Their Greatest Wealth

After years of suffering they found it—perfect health—simply by eating *one remarkable fresh food*

Michael I. Pupin

Inventor of devices that make possible long distance telephony, President, American Society of Electrical Engineers; Professor of Electro-Dynamics in Columbia University, Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor."

"I HAVE LONG KNOWN the therapeutic value of fresh Yeast. I myself have sometimes felt the need of special diet which would counteract the fatigue and strain of my work and have successfully used Yeast for that purpose. My experience justifies my belief that your Yeast is a wise addition to the daily diet under modern living conditions."

M. I. Pupin, New York City.

"ENDLESS headaches and constipation"—"Severe skin eruptions—for years they caused me agony"—"Indigestion so bad I couldn't sleep" . . .

Yet the way they found to banish these ills was simple, easy.

Not a medicine, not a "cure-all," Fleischmann's Yeast is just a remarkable corrective food. In every cake are millions of tiny, living yeast plants. They purify the entire digestive and intestinal tract. They aid digestion. They clear the skin. They literally invigorate the whole body.

MR. CARROLL had not been himself for fifteen years. He writes: "I was troubled with endless headaches and constipation. I tried almost everything recommended to me, but without any permanent relief. Finally I was persuaded to try Fleischmann's Yeast: I took a cake every morning and evening. It rid me of my constipation and I have had very few headaches since."

John E. Carroll, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Taken regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast brings release from constipation. Unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics, yeast actually strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles. It checks putrefaction and prevents the absorption of poisons through the intestinal wall.

Eat three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain, in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place.

Send for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

*For constipation physicians say it is best to drink Fleischmann's Yeast in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed.

This famous food tones up the whole system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Beard Softening *Explained*

"Small-Bubble" lather the secret . . . softens base of every hair. Stubborn whiskers come off easily and quickly

YOU may work up a thick creamy lather . . . you may use a sharp blade. Even so, your whiskers may fail to come off smoothly. What is the reason? Are your whiskers so extremely tough and wiry that lather cannot soften them? Certainly not—if you use the right kind of lather—a lather developed to soak your beard soft at its base, where hair and razor meet.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream gives such lather. The secret of its success is in the smallness of its bubbles. The smaller the bubbles, the more water and less air they contain, as the lather-pictures on the right prove. And science asserts that it is the water in the lather that is the real beard-softener.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

How Colgate lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

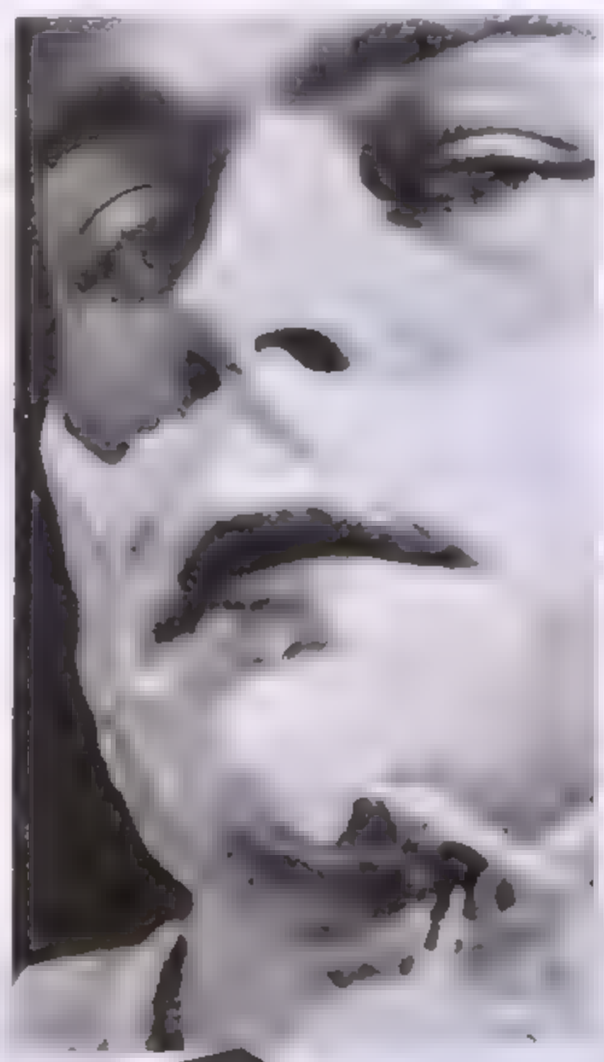
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly *through* the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.



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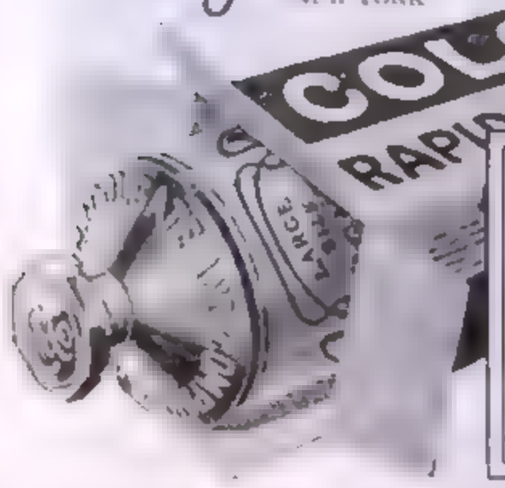
NEW YORK



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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 11)

the nog occupied the spot of honor, and the etiquette consisted strictly of first come, first served.

The snowballs were not fruit of the blizzard. They were round gobs of shaved ice flavored with fruit juices and were dear to the juvenile Quaker. So were penny slabs of ice cream, sold by the pushcart man with his queer war whoop of "Hokey-pokey!"

The cinnamon buns explain themselves, but the extra coating of molasses on the bottom was a Philadelphia idea. Scotch cakes look something like a phonograph record and taste about the same. Flitch is bacon. Scrapple is a breakfast food boiled down from the meat on a pig's skull, chopped fine, stirred in with corn meal and fried in a deep pan. When prepared properly, it looks like strips of weatherproofing material. Fried mush is prepared somewhat along the same lines in all parts of the country, but Philadelphia is the only place to get the real pepper pot. Here is George Boldt's recipe for the dish used as the specialty of the old Bellevue Hotel:

Boil two pounds of honeycomb tripe for seven hours or longer. The more you boil tripe, the better it is. After it is cooked, remove from the fire and allow to cool off in the ice box until wanted. Boil a knuckle of veal slowly until it is thoroughly cooked, which will require about three hours at the least. Remove the veal and into the juice in which the veal was cooked place a sprig of parsley, one whole onion, a heaping cupful of diced raw potatoes and a bouquet of herbs. Also add half a cupful of dough balls about the size of marbles. Let this cook and reduce to the desired quantity. When it is almost cooked add a tablespoonful of white flour and stir it thoroughly. Season well with fresh-ground pepper from a pepper mill and add necessary salt. Remove the herbs and onion. Now chop the veal and tripe into very small pieces and add them to the pot.

Pepper pot is served in all the best hotels now in spite of the fact that it is a poor man's soup. Tripe is cheap and so is veal. The dish is very nutritious, for I have found that veal contains more essence than other meats. This is one dish for which you do not need teeth. But I lay stress on giving the tripe plenty of preliminary cooking. The best way to prepare pepper pot is to give yourself two days for the cooking. Fix the tripe the first day and lay it away overnight.

Pay-yep-per-a-ree-ee Pay-yot!

I call upon the old-timers to jog their memories again for a thought of the old pepper-pot lady who trudged out of Kensington every night and made the night musical with her cry of "Pepper pot, red hot!" You could set your watch by her, for she strolled all over the town with a charcoal stove in one hand and a pail of pepper pot in the other. On her head was another pail containing spoons and soup plates. Her restaurant was on the spot where she met a customer, and more than once I have dined at midnight on the pale, marble steps of an old Philadelphia mansion. She strung her cry of "Pay-yep-per-a-ree-ee pay-yot, ray-yay-yed hay-ay-yot" out for the truly remarkable distance of fifteen seconds, for she was a very, very old lady, and her voice quavered and trembled as she sang her little savory opera. On a still winter's night you could hear her treble advertising for at least a city mile. Try singing her four-word song yourself, and I wager that you cannot stretch it out over six or seven seconds.

The other Philadelphia hucksters were not so strong for melody. Although not a recognized musical critic, I cannot say much for the academic training of the lads who sold "red ripe tomats." They were too loud and terse to suit me, for there wasn't a single doubt that the articles they were selling were red ripe tomats. I think Philly was the only town in which I ever saw a completely equipped butcher shop in a wagon. The butcher sold direct from the cow to the consumer and saved housewives many needless journeys by laying a side of beef right in their laps.

I'll bet there is many a staid, fussy business man in the Manufacturers' Club, Land Title and Stephen Girard buildings who will shiver when I remind him that he once ate in the famous pushcart cafeteria in back of the old United States Mint, where the Widener Building now stands. There were about fifteen pushcarts in a line at Juniper and South Penn Square, and you could eat yourself insensible for about nine cents. Pie, fried oysters, hokey-pokey, cake and coffee cost but one cent a throw, and you washed it down with a breath of the wintry wind which came tearing through the arches of City Hall. The proteins were frozen and the calories were blasted by the frost, but the food was good. Kitchens are laboratories now, and every chef is a chemist. Cleanliness is the shibboleth of the dietitian, but I have never tasted food that did me more good than that sidewalk meal of pepper pot.

By the way, there may be some good housewives who will think that I am broadcasting their private recipes, because after a woman has used a recipe for many years she arrives at that point where she thinks it is her private property. Good recipes, like great discoveries in medicine and science, are the property of the people, and you might as well try to copyright the song of the robin as endeavor to procure a patent on a universal dish like pepper pot. It's everybody's business, like the eclipse of the sun, which we all can look at through our own pieces of smoked glass.

The Rise of the Terrapin

The absence of so-called high-class restaurants in Philadelphia, with their usual overcharges and cover extortion, is due to the fact that there is little or no floating population such as we find in New York, Paris and London. As I said before, the Philadelphian is content to stick by his own hearthstone, and always has been that way. I admire him for it. The drifter always gets the worst of it, and if the New York cabarets and night clubs continue their overcharging I guarantee that the floating population will soon be sunk.

Baltimore, like its sister city of Philly, is fortunate in being near both the fish and the vegetable markets. It's a question whether the Chesapeake terrapin is superior to the Delaware shad as a table delicacy. The diamond-back salt-marsh tortoise was so plentiful in the early days of America that slaves protested against being fed on it every day. When a slave was sold on the block, there was usually an owners' agreement that the new proprietor would force the slave to eat terrapin but once a week. This was the stuff we used to charge four dollars a plate for in the palmy days. It was the highest-priced portion on the Rector menu.

Not only was sea food plentiful but game also was cheap, for it was only a buggy ride to the renowned Susquehanna Flats, where a man could knock over a couple of hundred teal, mallard and canvasback with a broom. Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia were so swamped with game that wild turkeys used to lay eggs in the farmers' beards. I may exaggerate a few ciphers, but it seems to me that I have seen the Susquehanna Flats covered with millions of wild fowl. The drumming of their wings sounded like the rumble of a wagon coming through a covered bridge.

It's not that way any more. The bag hunter fixed their wings like a bad foot doctor fixes your feet. You don't walk any more; neither do they fly. I think the most atrocious case of market Nimroding was when an entire nesting of passenger pigeons was massacred in one of our Middle Western states. They numbered in the hundreds of thousands. The last passenger pigeon in existence died in the Cincinnati Zoo about ten or fifteen years ago.

(Continued on Page 80)

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Flying Cloud

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Newest of the Beautiful Flying Clouds —*The Sport Coupe*

Reo has built a beautiful Sport Coupe—the smartest of the new creations in the exclusive Flying Cloud manner.

In every line and contour of its low-couched appearance, the Flying Cloud Sport Coupe suggests the swift floating travel, the easy handling, which the Reo Flying Cloud has brought to motoring. A rumble seat carries two extra passengers and the rear window of the forward enclosure lowers to permit conversation.

The Sport Coupe brings you unescapable beauty plus unforgettable brilliance of performance—now and years from now. It is Reo's idea of what the truly personal car should be—and it's on the Flying Cloud chassis which, under severest tests, has set a new standard of durability for Reo —America's Longest Lasting Car.

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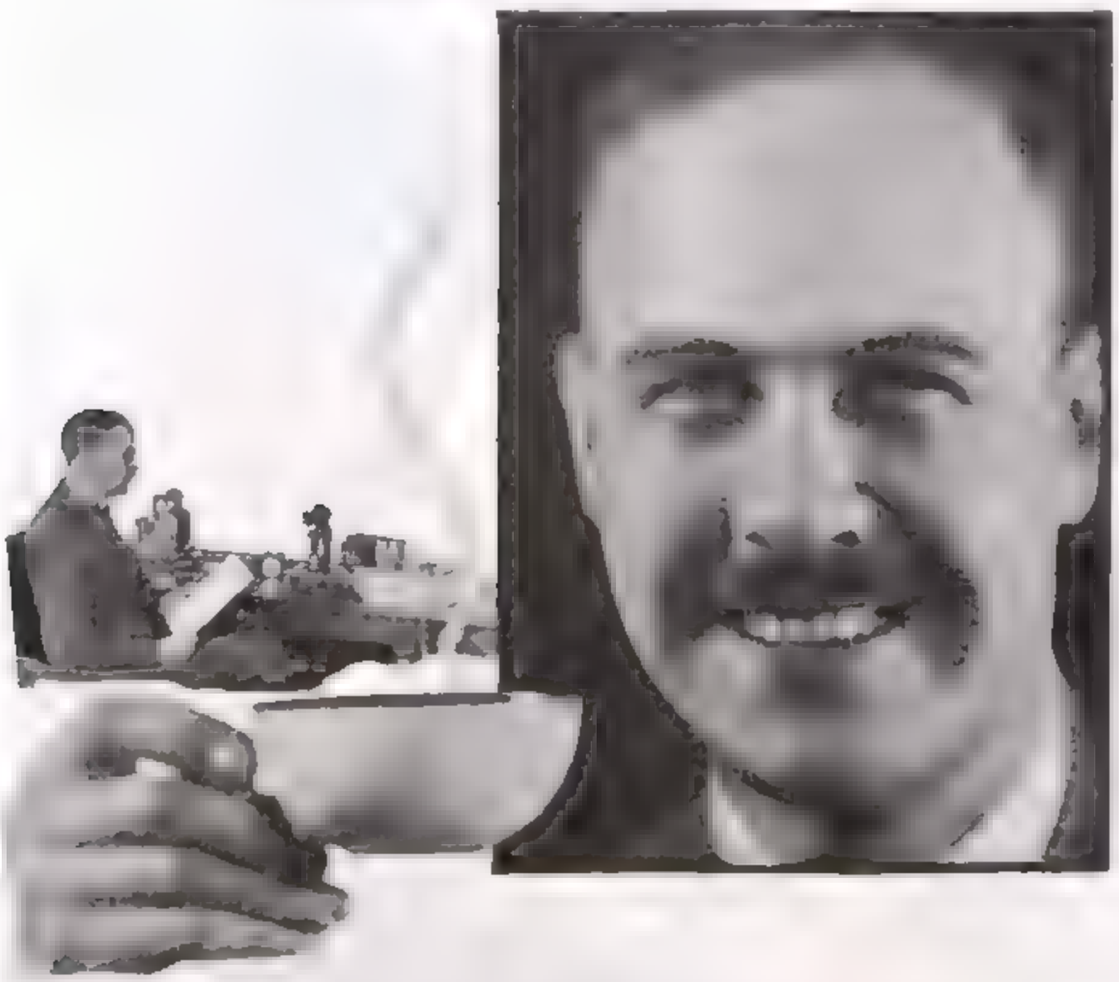

Here's a delightful food-drink from Switzerland . . . . Picks you up instantly. We offer you a 3-day test

Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and listless—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six." A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of loginess—How Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

FIRST—it combines, in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears—your body responds.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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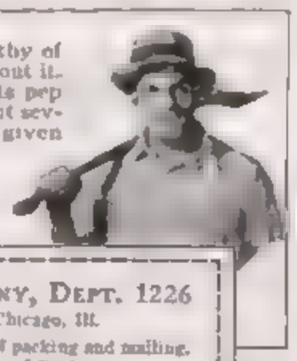
"I am very much pleased with Ovaltine as it sure has put pep into me. I have gained in weight and feel more industrious and energetic."

F. T. Kinker
Richmond, Va.



"Ovaltine is sure worthy of everything you say about it. It is a drink that puts pep into one. I have bought several cans and have given them to my friends."

O. H. Hemken
Tekoa, Wash.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1226
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City State

One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 78)

I will not quibble about five years, for if you have been dead fifteen years you also have been dead ten.

Of course the passenger pigeon was not a real table delicacy. The pigeon intended for the table is not allowed to fly. The young squab is kept cooped up, as flying toughens birds. The first and only flight of a toothsome squab should be a journey *en casserole* from the kitchen to the dining room.

Maryland inherited its love for good food from the Calvert family, originally the Cal-Vertes of Flanders. George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, wheedled the entire grant of Maryland from his friend King Charlie of England. Marylanders were plain, sincere eaters who liked their food and whisky straight. They were right, as giving a dish a fancy name doesn't make it taste better. A terrestrial cake is still a mud pie.

Baltimore vies with Philadelphia in oysters and excels it in crabs. It is the crab-meat center of the United States. It is also noted for the Lexington Market, the finest I have ever seen. You may well wonder why a butcher wears a straw hat in the winter, but the old-time Baltimore meat man went him one better. Saturday morning was the big day in the Lexington Market, and the aristocracy of Baltimore went shopping for its hot groceries with a market basket on its arm. And every Saturday morning the butcher man of Baltimore waited behind his counter in a spotless white apron and a high silk hat!

The town is another home city, and though it had no Delmonico's or Sherry's, it did have an institution which surpassed them both; and that's the Maryland Club, noted for its terrapin à la Maryland and its salads. Now there is no salad that is really difficult to make, as the recipes are usually simple and easy to mix. Yet I have seen hundreds of chefs who could not construct a good salad. The Spaniards have a fine proverb for the procedure of salad making. They say: "To make a perfect salad, there should be five men—a miser for oil, a spendthrift for vinegar, a wise man for salt, a cautious one for pepper and a madcap to stir it up." I agree with all except that the miser should dispense the vinegar and the spendthrift should have charge of the oil. Then you have a salad to please the American diner.

Glorifying the Maryland Crab

The Maryland Club's *pièce de résistance* was terrapin. Here is the recipe for it as I wrote it down in my notebook twenty-six years ago. This was the authentic prescription as I got it from Emil Hederer, who worked for me after having been many years with George Boldt, and whose experience in Southern cooking was large and varied. The Holland House, Waldorf-Astoria and Rector's all employed Hederer's recipe for terrapin à la Maryland.

Plunge four terrapin in boiling water. This is done for the purpose of loosening the skin. Remove the terrapin and rub off the skins with a rough towel. Clip the talons on the flippers. Allow the terrapin to cool and then clean them, which means, of course, removing the bottom and top shells. Cut the terrapin into small pieces. Place this meat in a saucepan and pour in about two quarts of good soup stock and a pint of sherry. Cover the pan and allow to simmer over a slow fire until the stock is fairly well reduced. Season with cayenne pepper and salt. Add a half pint of very rich cream and stir in a small piece of sweet butter about the size of an egg.

The cooking can be judged, as the turtle meat should consume most of the soup stock and the sherry. I should figure that an hour is about sufficient. And that's all there is to the famous dish of terrapin à la Maryland. Terrapin eggs are used as a garniture on this specialty if you can get them. We got the eggs from the slider or female turtle. The eggs are cooked along with the terrapin in the saucepan. Some hotels make an imitation of the slider's eggs by taking the yolk of a hen's egg and rolling it into small balls, but it is a poor substitute at best.

Another wonderful meal is crab-meat *ravigote*, served cold. Before I give the recipe I want to say that it is well to remember that you don't get Maryland terrapin and crab meat in other sections of the world. The chefs of Europe know nothing about cooking these delicacies because they do not bloom on the other side. Our French chefs learned all their terrapin recipes right over here. The blue-bottomed Chesapeake crab, like his Barnegat Bay brother, feeds on sandy bottoms and is an angel, pure and unsullied, when compared with the skimpy sewer crabs of other waters. Though all crabs and other crustaceans are scavengers, the blue-bellied channel crabs are the cleanest feeders of all, and you can feel reasonably safe in eating them. Here are the plans and specifications for crab-meat *ravigote:*

If you are going to feed about five or six people, one pound of crab meat is enough. Soak it in vinegar for several minutes. Then squeeze the vinegar out with your hands. Put a cupful of mayonnaise in a deep bowl and season it with salt, pepper and paprika. Add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of chopped gherkins. Mix thoroughly. Now add the crab meat and mix again. When you purchase this crab meat ask your dealer for empty crab shells. Scrub and cleanse the shells thoroughly. I advise boiling the shells in water to make them absolutely sanitary. Fill the shells with the above mixture. Decorate with a thin coating of mayonnaise and thin strips of red and green peppers or truffles. I might explain that the crab meat is always cooked when you buy it by the pound.

This is not an intricate dish. I advise housewives never to be dismayed by the highfaluting names given to certain foods in restaurants. When you copy them you will find that their preparation is very easy. It has been said that he who achieves simplicity has achieved the highest form of genius. If this be true in art and science then it is also true of all other things, including cookery

Best on the Home Grounds

Chicken in the Maryland manner is very popular all over America, but I wouldn't advise you to eat it outside of Maryland. It is prepared by cutting the chicken into eight pieces. The pieces are dipped in a batter of egg, milk and cracker crumbs. Only a real old Maryland cook can fry the chicken through its fireproof sheathing of cracker crumbs. I have had some terrible pieces of Maryland chicken up in small hotels in Maine and Michigan. But on the other set of gears, I have eaten some very bad Vermont buckwheat cakes down in Florida. Food is like a baseball game—it is played best on the team's home grounds.

This habit of frying things in cracker crumbs defeats the real purpose of cookery, which is to prepare meats in their own essences. The French and German chefs do it only on rare occasions, but the Austrian chef seems to delight in perpetrating this culinary atrocity at all times. We do not require our food disguised like papa playing Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. The best chicken I ever ate in Maryland was not named after that state, but was cooked by one of the best chefs in Baltimore. This is chicken *sous cloche*, which means under the bell. The bell is made of glass. The recipe is not difficult:

Cut the breast from the chicken. Season with cayenne and salt. Place in a small casolette, which is an earthenware utensil like a rarebit dish, but round. The breast of chicken rests on a piece of toast. A nice piece of fresh butter is placed under the toast to prevent it from scorching and also to supply the necessary juices for the cooking. Now place a slice of cooked Virginia ham between the chicken and the toast. Pour over the chicken a small quantity of rich cream. Place a couple of mushrooms and a few slices of truffles on top of the chicken. Lastly put your glass top over all and place on a slow fire. It will require about fifty minutes to cook thoroughly. There is a small vent in the glass bell to prevent it from cracking. Add a little cream now and then while it is cooking.

I guarantee that by this recipe you will have chicken as rare as the fabled Phœnix which renewed its birdlike youth by burning itself on the altar of Heliopolis once

(Continued on Page 82)

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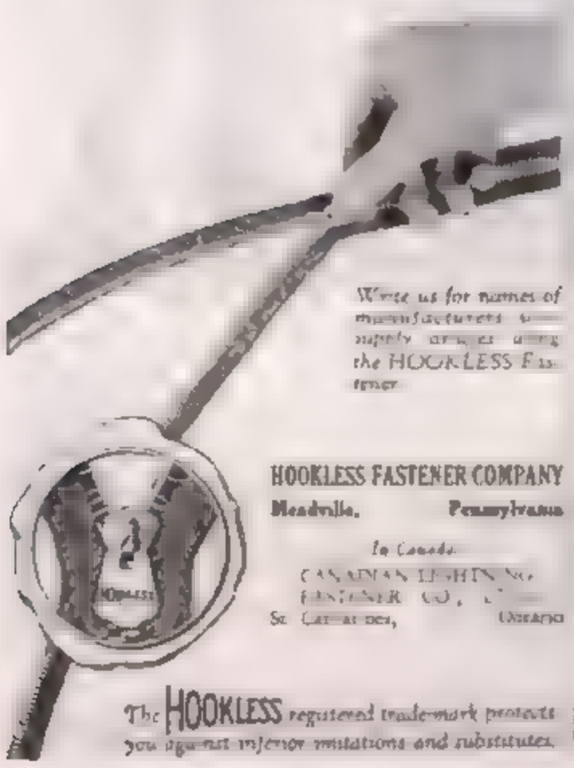

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(Continued from Page 80)

every five hundred years. The only difference is that we have only to wait fifty minutes for our bird.

The reason this style of chicken is good is because it simmers and steams in its own vapors. There was no extra rhinoceros skin of cracker crumbs to stop the juices as they vaporized, condensed and vaporized again until all the essences were absorbed by the meat. Compared with this, meat coated with cracker crumbs tastes like a bullet-proof vest.

They carry out the *sous-cloche* idea in Virginia, except that they substitute paper bags for the glass bells. It might surprise you to know that an old Virginia mammy can cook anything in a paper bag except soup, omelets and scrambled eggs. You give her a paper bag as big as a circus tent, and she will broil an elephant. Anyway a Virginia mammy could always do more with a saucepan than the Great Herrmann could do with a high hat. The bag is greased with butter or lard except when cooking vegetables or when water is added. Great care is always taken that the bag shall never touch hot iron. It is always placed on a wire grid inside the oven which is raised a few inches above the oven floor.

If you haven't tasted pigs in blankets which have been prepared in this manner, then you have never tasted anything yet, as they say in Virginia. Pigs in blankets are not so porcine and squealy as the title sounds. I will give you the recipe for preparation either in bags or in a saucepan:

Purchase the largest of oysters. Drain the liquid and discard any small oysters. Place two oysters together and wrap them in a long thin slice of bacon. Dress all the oysters this way, add a little seasoning of Cayenne pepper and fry them as you would prepare ordinary bacon. Garnish with parsely and serve on toast.

Although this is the simplest of recipes I have never partaken of pigs in blankets north of Mason and Dixon's Line. They taste good enough to make echo shout "Yum-yum!" When a Virginian sits down to this delicacy he never eats less than twelve. He believes that there are a dozen to a set and he wouldn't think of taking less than the entire collection. The same is true of waffles. Put ten waffles in front of a man from Richmond, and he will ask what become of the two others.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Poor man's pudding, Sally Lunn and spoon bread are other quaint recipes from the state of waffles and Presidents or possibly I should give the Presidents the precedent. But this is a cook's story, so the waffles come first. I will give the recipe for spoon bread, because I have had many requests for it. I got the recipe from a very old lady in Charlottesville:

Two cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of boiled rice, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two eggs. Mix the meal, rice, baking powder and butter together with several cupfuls of milk. Break the eggs into it and mix again. The process is the same as making batter bread. Place in baking pan and bake for thirty minutes.

It derives its name from the fact that it is served so soft that it must be dipped out and eaten with a spoon.

Corn meal is the principal ingredient of spoon bread. The Virginia mammy manages to introduce a little corn into about every dish she prepares, but never allows it to become monotonous, for she knows no less than one hundred and fifty methods of preparing corn.

Virginia hams were ripened right on the plantations in the old rickety smokehouses. Mammy knew how to prepare ham for the table after it was smoked. She boiled it slowly, allowing one hour for every two pounds of meat. Then she allowed the ham to cool off in the same water in which it was cooked. After it was cooled, she removed the skin and fat pack from the outside, which process was something like skinning a flat tire from a rusted rim. She sprinkled the ham with brown sugar and bread crumbs, placed it in a pan and poured a quart of apple cider over it after first puncturing the meat with a skewer. As it baked in the oven she would turn it over at short intervals and baste it with more cider. At the same time she studded it with cloves in the same manner that a banderillero ornaments an Andalusian bull with barbs. The odor of the ham would bring the moles out of the ground, and they tell me a mole has no olfactory nerves.

A plantation owner may have also owned his slaves, but he had no lordship over mammy when she was in the kitchen. That was her castle, and if he poked his nose under the kitchen lintel she would grab a hickory stick and run him until his hip pockets dipped sand. Admittance into the kitchen was on business only, and nobody had business there but mammy.

Naturally when a Southern gentleman went to Washington to represent his state in the House or Senate he took his cook along, and Southern cooking predominated in the White House for a good many administrations. Washington was really the hub of the wheel for good food, for it was more cosmopolitan than Baltimore, Richmond and Philadelphia. It was here that mammy turned professional and went to cook for the famous restaurants—Harvey's, Hancock's, the old Arlington and the Shoreham. The Raleigh and Willard Hotel went in more for modern cooking.

The First Cash Register

Hancock's was a tiny place on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue at Thirteenth Street. It was a bar, with a few tables in the rear. This bar was the first cash register in America, for it had brass slots in the wood through which the bartender dropped the different denominations of wet coins. Hancock's specialty was fried chicken, and as his space was limited, all reservations had to be made by telephone at least five hours in advance. He served many of the greatest in the nation, and his bar was always wet. I can still hear the coins dropping through the slots into the boxes below. They sounded like frogs plunking into a swamp.

On the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, west of Thirteenth, was Shoemaker's, whose claim to fame was that it was the birthplace of the gin rickey. As this is only a cook's tour, and not a grand-jury indictment, I will not give you the names of the famous men who were godfathers to the gin rickey, but I will say that national history was made in Shoemaker's. When Munsey erected his new newspaper building it forced Shoemaker to move a few doors east. This he did, followed by all his patrons and a thousand cats that made the place their headquarters during the mousing season. Finally Congress voted Washington dry and then went back to their native states, which was generally conceded to be a sharp piece of engineering by the folk who were forced to stay in Washington.

That was the end of the famous bars in the District of Columbia, and also marked the finish of Gerstenberg's well-known German restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue next to the Washington Post Building. Gerstenberg specialized in Wiener Schnitzels and ponderous Teutonic plastic kitchen surgery. Although he had made a fortune his wife worked in the kitchen at all times.

This is nothing unusual, for the success of Woodmanston Inn around 1900 was due to the fact that Mrs. Regan supervised the work in the kitchen. Regan later built the equally successful Knickerbocker Hotel with his profits from the inn. Even after my father had established the Chicago Rector's and bought a beautiful home on Goethe Street, my mother insisted on washing and ironing all the napkins and table linen herself. The wife of the late Louis Sherry was another helpmate who pulled in double harness until the wagon was on top of the long, wearisome hill.

Visitors to the renowned Villepigue's at Sheepshead Bay, New York, may have noticed a little woman bustling around, directing waiters, seating customers and making everybody welcome. It is Mrs. Jim Villepigue, and she has been doing that for nigh on thirty years.

Of all the places in Washington the real double checker in the king row was Harvey's. It did more business than all the other places in Washington combined. It was frequented by so many senators and representatives that it became known as the Third House. Harvey's specialties were steamed oysters, clams, wild fowl and game. He was on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and sold so many oysters and clams that he had to shuck them in a concrete mixer.

I think he served a peck of steamed oysters for fifty cents. They were steamed in a tremendous boiler in the cellar, and his colored boys handled them with big shovels like stevedores coaling a boat.

There were a dozen men behind the oyster bar. The patrons perched themselves on high stools and looked like a class of dunces. Each diner was served with a regular plate. On top of this plate was another plate heated almost to the fusing point. The bartenders opened the steaming oysters and dropped them into the hot plate, which had been first prepared with a sauce made of butter, catchup, a meat sauce and tabasco. This volcanic combination was enough to win any tournament, but Harvey added pepper and salt in case of a tie. He was taking no chances of a patron suffering from a chill. As the bartenders dropped the oysters in the fragrant, boiling lava, the customers speared them like Captain Ahab going after Moby Dick. You feasted with all five senses in Harvey's, for the odor of the sauce mingled with the rattle of the shells, you kept an eye on your own oysters, they tasted fine and you burned your fingers on the hot plate. Any man perched on one of those dunce stools was wise unto his generation.

All Work And No Gravy

Harvey had other dishes, but they all seemed to have been lost sight of in pursuit of the helpless bivalve. I have talked with many old-timers and all they seem to remember are oysters and clams. The mysterious people who hibernate in the many embassies and legations were to be seen every night banging away at oysters and clams and getting the corrosive sublimate of Harvey sauce all over their chins and waistcoats.

The injustice of this is readily summarized by Bert Hamlon, whose bitter lament is, "The coat and pants do all the work and the vest gets all the gravy."

A peck of oysters seems like a lot, but you must remember they were measured with their shells on. A man like Diamond Jim Brady could eat a bushel of them. I saw him do it, and though he went immediately to the doctor, it was not for pills or advice. He went there to get a bottle of appetite tonic.

The Gridiron dinners of Washington may have been brighter for the questions and answers of smart conversation, but Harvey's is the only lamp which is still lighted in the many windows of the past. A man who went to Harvey's checked his education at the door with his hat and coat. He was there to combat the oyster, winner take all. And he didn't cease the slaughter until his vest was stained with the red of tabasco, his elbows were dripping with butter and his napkin fluttered in the breeze like the shell-crocheted flag of Fort Palmetto.

Harvey has gone long since to his eternal home above, and if I am unable to join him there, at least I shall have the consolation of knowing that my journey will end in a place where the plates are always hot and the oysters are steaming.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

SEEING MORE THAN THE MICROSCOPE

Electrons, which are very important in radio, are too small for any microscope to make visible. Yet our eyes can watch their paths —study their habits.

In the laboratories where Radiotrons are studied there are instruments which make all these things possible—and more. Knowing how many electrons leap across from the filament to the plate of a vacuum tube is in its way as abstruse a study as the measurement of distant stars by astronomists. Yet this abstruse research has a definite application in the RCA Radiotron in your radio set. That is why the laboratories back of RCA spend millions in scientific research that is far too much like "pure science" for an ordinary manufacturer.

Radiotrons are improved and new ones are developed, to make radio better. Because this research shows in *results*, Radiotron users keep five great factories busy!

Watch your tubes, always, for the RCA mark. You will find it on Radiotrons for *every purpose*.

clear up the tone

Do you get a blast when you turn the volume up a bit? Do you get sweet, clear tone at low volume, but noise when it's louder? The trouble's probably right in one tube —the tube in the last audio stage. The Radiotron laboratories discovered that no ordinary tube can let big volume through clearly. Change one tube to an RCA power Radiotron. *Then* turn up the volume . . . . and it comes through *clear!*

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Truly Colonial must be *built* Colonial

As in all beautiful homes the exterior of the Colonial house is designed with the entrance as the center of interest. Here is a detail of the entrance to the house shown above, which is the home of Mr. W. Irving Kimball, in Wynnewood, Pa., Wallace & Warner, architects; The Gillingham Company, dealers. This entrance contains Curtis standard frame C-1265; the stoop is built of Curtis standard moldings and porch columns C-1397.

In whatever Colonial "period" you build, you will need authentic woodwork designs to give the true character to your house

WITH such entrances and windows, moldings and cabinetwork as you see here, it is easy to build a home truly Colonial both inside and out. For these Curtis designs faithfully follow the best of pre-Revolutionary work.

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Curtis Woodwork for all types of houses — Colonial, English, Modern American or Spanish and Italian—is all manufactured in advance of your order. Every article is of materials and workmanship as you find in only the finest furniture.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select, from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog, the proper designs and woods to suit the architectural style of your house and the sizes that can be used in your plans. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too, or write us for helpful information and practical suggestions.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

Inside the Colonial house the stairway is the most prominent architectural feature, as is this Curtis stair in the home of Mr. Louis Stevens, architect, Brentwood, Pittsburgh, Pa. This stair is built of Curtis standard stair parts, including the ornamental brackets on the stringer.

Curtis kitchen dressers are made in units to fit varying wall spaces. Here interchangeable parts from four different designs are combined to make this attractive grouping in the home of Louis Stevens, architect, Brentwood, Pittsburgh, Pa. Keystone Lumber Co., dealers.

Windows with small panes and blinds are almost universally used on genuine Colonial houses. If the house is of brick, the twelve-light window (C-1024) is appropriate; if of wood, the sixteen-light design should be used. The blinds here are C-1165. Chas. S. Ristine, owner, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania; Wallace & Warner, architects and builders; The Gillingham Co., dealers.

To light and ventilate the attic Colonial homes employ such windows as this Curtis half-circle design C-1245. It is just one of those little details that add so much in interest and beauty.

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FRONT CLERK AND REAR ROOM

(Continued from Page 15)

the impression she gave them that they had somehow got into a zoo.

We recognized our duty and went to it by writing her down as a candidate for the Grand Degree of the Rear Room. The room clerk went up to see her, full of tears and apologies. He told her he had made a dreadful mistake in assigning her to her suite that looked down through flaming bignonia vines upon the colorful tropical gardens and out upon the dimpling Gulf Stream. That suite, he said, had been promised weeks before to Colonel and Mrs. Apple Blossom, of Tuxedo Park.

The hotel was crowded, but the regretful room clerk had seized a room for the lady at the opposite side of the house. To an accompaniment of her ravings and his tears, she was moved to a solemn back room with windows that gave an exclusive close-up of what went on in the garage. After a night of listening to the stabling of the cars of the guests who came in at all hours, she paid her respects to the front desk in terms that have gone down in the house's history.

But she stayed. She stayed until the third day, and when she finally departed, with the bill still owing for her new quarters, we were indebted to electricians who had spent a whole day in her room, trying to make her phone work, and to plumbers who had been as leisurely in ripping up her floor to get at some mysterious trouble in the pipes. Those three days were rough on the other guests and roughest of all on the staff, whose business it was courteously but firmly to engineer the inquisition. There is a grand and honorable rule governing things in the front office, which never under any circumstances may be broken. It's this: Do what you have to do, but do it with a smile.

That Grand Degree of the Rear Room may have originated with a fine house I used to be with in Miami. At the back were four bedchambers, two on each side of the hall, which were attractive enough as to furnishings and outlook, but which had under their floors a hidden mystery rivaling anything that Spain boasted in the sweet old torture days. A bungling architect had settled the four rooms snugly above the kitchen range. No one who hadn't spent a night in one of those rooms at a time of year when the kitchen fires were never allowed to die down could appreciate the full and genial warmth of the Florida winter.

A Sponge on a Hot Stove

Back in the days of which I'm speaking, an undesirable guest was shifted out of his calm quarters overlooking Biscayne Bay and the coconut palms and into one of these rooms. If he survived the night, his morning roar at the front desk was answered by moving him once more—to one of the rooms just across the hall. The trouble-making guest who declared he had been forced to spend a night in the blank-blankest furnace in the world discovered his error. The kitchen range was impartial in the fervor of its bestowals, and a night in the new room proved to the guest that it was in every diabolical particular the equal of the one he had recently quitted.

There were still two moves possible to the undesirable one, but so far as I know none ever remained for the four steps of the full initiation. After the second degree, if not after the first, the fated one emptied the vials of his wrath and moved to an outgoing train or another hotel.

This perfervid visitation may sound heartless, but it wouldn't if you had been roughed by the sort of citizens for whom alone it was prescribed. Once the treatment was given to a pompous old sponge who had got in under false pretenses and whose specialty, we soon learned, was touching guests he got acquainted with for their money and guests he couldn't get acquainted with for their small jewelry. Commodore B, of New York, who saw the fellow tear out of the house and who knew by shrewd deduction rather than by any betrayal on our part how the exit had been brought about, said to me: "I'm much obliged to you for stewing that prize lobster in his own juice. You saved me from an unpleasant duty. I was about to invite him for a little cruise on my yacht so I could feed him to the barracudas."

Not to pass too many bouquets to the polite young men of the front desk, I'll say that their perfection is the result of years of development, and that in past seasons they bungled in a way they'd hate to be reminded of. Nowadays the head of his party comes down in the middle of the morning, is handed his mail at the desk with courtesy and dispatch and saunters in to breakfast with the family; but time was in one great Palm Beach hotel when the manner of dispensing the morning mail couldn't have been classified as a misdemeanor—it was a crime.

The Unkindest Cut

Going there as assistant manager, I began my first day by watching a spectacle you wouldn't have believed possible among lords of American finance. I witnessed twenty or thirty well-known men, representing a combined capital of at least one hundred million dollars, waiting in a huddle before the desk while a lone mail clerk leisurely wedged their letters and papers into the pigeonholes of the key rack.

It was a dumb huddle, because some of those big men had learned by experience and the others by observation that the mail clerk wouldn't bother to stop and pass out anybody's letters until the whole mass of mail had been dissolved into the slots. They were men accustomed back home to snapping out their brisk commands that were instantly obeyed by a flock of secretaries or a whole army of men; but here, where none had authority because he was in a herd composed solely of his own kind, they all waited helplessly and sullenly while a mail clerk who would have been glad to be polite if the bad system had permitted it carried on the torturing segregation.

I knocked out that nuisance in two days. I had the bellman deposit each guest's newspapers outside his door. Then, by removing the back of the rack, I made it possible for mail clerks to shoot letters into the pigeonholes from both sides, and thereafter a batch of mail was distributed in about one-sixth of the former time. The stick pin I'm wearing was given me by a big Wall Street man who wanted to show how he felt at being relieved of the necessity of crowding into a human herd at the desk to connect with the important letters his office was sending down.

A similar mail-distribution disgrace existed at another of the big hotels when I moved over there. The mail clerk in this house had become so irritated by the repeated requests and angry stares of big men who weren't accustomed to waiting for what they wanted that he had devised a green draw curtain to screen the rack while he was distributing, and just by way of rubbing salt into the guests' wounds, he had decorated his green curtain with the motto: "Don't worry; it shortens your life." When that motto had been burned and the system revolutionized, I received a few letters myself—letters from guests who were almost shockingly grateful at being exempted from further humiliation.

Looking back on those two episodes, it seems almost incredible that such outrages could have occurred in hotels where guests pay for—and where there is today an honest effort to give them—the last word in service. This service involves servants—as many servants as there are guests—who are presumed to know their stuff down to the ground. A real bellman is a lightning calculator of simple things who is moving to supply the guest's want by the time the guest is conscious that he has one. A real chambermaid is one who can put a suite in order and maintain it in order with an almost fairylike degree of invisibility. A real waitress is one who, in an Irish way of speaking, makes a guest feel at home by giving him service and attention such as he wouldn't get if he were.

The dining room is the place, naturally, where service reaches its climax. The head waiter is a diplomat who knows nearly everything it is possible to know about good form, human nature and inactive stomachs. He has eliminated the ability to forget a face or a name. He bosses his big crew because they know he knows his business, and often he comes near to bossing the diners because he knows them better than they know themselves. The harmony of a great dining room is due mainly to the adroitness with which the diverse human elements have been composed and disposed within it. The guests see that the servants have been fitted in. What they don't see, as a rule, is that they have been fitted in too.

A few of the big places on the lower east coast stick to colored waiters, but in more of them the serving is in the capable hands of white girls. These waitresses are professionals. They are recruited chiefly in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. They travel South at the employing hotel's expense at the beginning of December and return North, with their way partly paid, at the ending of March. They then fill in in the cities until June, when they go to the mountain and shore resort places for the summer. They drop back to the cities in September to fill in until called for the Florida season a month before Christmas.

They don't strive to get back to the same house year after year, preferring to try new places and to stand behind the chairs of other personages—to see more of the world. They are paid about twenty-five dollars a month, together with board, lodging and laundry, and their tips range from one hundred to five hundred dollars for the season. Their money isn't their only pay. They reap a certain satisfaction that comes from serving knowing and appreciative people and from being part of the great big American show. They are lively, intelligent young women, and when they're off duty, the always-June stuff means as much to them as to anybody else with brains enough to think about the big freeze up North.

Where the Waistline Goes

The dining rooms of the resort hotels probably have a good deal to do with the vanishing American waistline. The guests are served too much and eat too much, and won't stand for any curtailment of the food. Those who have been born and reared in an atmosphere of abundance would perhaps be satisfied with a comparatively simple list of dishes, but those who have won their way to riches demand a menu a mile long.

The steward has no easy task, even with French, German, Italian and American chefs to aid him, to delight diners through a season of American-plan dining. Yet even when his palate wearies, the average guest appears to omit very few courses between the soup and the cigarettes. In Florida more than anywhere else, exercise enables him to take heavy punishment at table and get away with it. A high percentage of both the men and the women golf and swim like good fellows. At Palm Beach they ride the bicycle as vigorously as in those almost forgotten days when it was a novelty. They start dancing during or after their dinner and often keep it up far into the night. Most of our sour experiences are with ladies and gentlemen who waddle out of the dining room to take their constitutionals in the rolling chairs.

A noted New York doctor once said to me, "I'd send more of my rich patients

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"Runs in the Family"

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"How's the rheumatiz today, Joe?"
"Pretty bad—but got to expect it—runs in the family."
"Mine, too. Father had it before me."

POOR old souls! They think that bent backs and knotted hands are inevitable at their age. But they could have prevented the misery of what they call "rheumatism".

For centuries all sorts of pains and aches have been charged to rheumatism. Authorities now agree that the term "rheumatism" should be discarded and that "rheumatic diseases" should be separated into two main divisions. In the first and more important division is placed Acute Rheumatic Fever. In the second Chronic Arthritis.

Acute Rheumatic Fever is an infectious disease caused by a germ which can be passed from person to person as the germs of other diseases are transferred. Most attacks come between the ages of five and fifteen. From then on the likelihood gradually lessens.

The danger from acute rheumatic fever is that the germs may attack the heart. A noted physician reports that not less than 40% of the persons who suffer from rheumatic fever develop chronic heart disease. Eight out of ten cases of heart disease in childhood are the result of rheumatic infection.

The germ of acute rheumatic fever probably enters the body through the mouth or nose and may pass through diseased tonsils, infected sinuses or teeth direct into the blood, and so to the heart.

Children often have rheumatic infection which passes unrecognized by the parents. St. Vitus' Dance is one indication. So-called "growing pains" are another—it does not hurt to grow. Frequent attacks of tonsilitis may be a source of rheumatic infection. Protect your children. Have their throats, noses and mouths examined twice a year so that any possible condition which threatens acute rheumatic fever may be corrected.

While acute rheumatic fever is caused only by a germ, chronic arthritis, which means "inflammation of a joint", may come from one of many causes. An injury to a joint, faulty posture, improper diet, the poisons from infectious diseases, germs from diseased tonsils, teeth, gall bladder, appendix or intestines—these are some of the causes.

Unless effective measures are taken to check the disease, chronic arthritis may progress to a state in which the victim is totally crippled and painfully deformed.

At the first signs of arthritis—stiff neck, lumbago, stiffness or creaking of the joints—have an expert search for the source of the trouble.

Rheumatic fever is the greatest known menace to the health of the heart, and heart disease causes more deaths every year in the United States than any other disease.

In a study lasting more than a year and covering 571,000 workers of both sexes and all ages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company learned that of all the diseases causing loss of time from work "rheumatic diseases" head the list.

A survey conducted in England showed that among 91,000 working people of all ages and of both sexes, no less than one-sixth of the total "sick absences" during a year was due to "rheumatic diseases". And this was exclusive of loss of time due to heart disease developing from rheumatic fever that had occurred during the childhood or youth of these workers.

Send for our booklet "Rheumatic Diseases". It will be mailed free and may be the means of saving you and your family much unnecessary suffering.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

South in winter if they had the strength of character to make eating an art. The trouble is, they make it a sport."

There appears to be something forever going on in the assembly rooms of the hotel—concerts by noted artists, costume dances, bridge parties and what not—but as a matter of fact, the hotel itself does less to amuse and entertain the guest than is done by hotels in other resort sections. The outdoors carries its own complement of fun. Then, at Palm Beach in particular, so many wealthy and fashionable people maintain regular winter homes that the center of the social activities is outside rather than inside the hotels.

Our exclusive ones take their enjoyment very much as ordinary mortals do. The very rich are very human after all.

On the final day of last season I was discussing this matter of entertainment with a middle-aged aristocrat from upper Long Island whose railroads came to him from his grandfather. He has spent many seasons with us and I wanted to find out the sort of thing he liked best. He had been pleased, he said, with a certain coloratura who had sung on two evenings with a new violinist—from Russia, of course—and with a little string quartet that had played near his table at luncheon time.

But the one big kick he had got out of the whole season, he told me, was from something quite different—from something you might not have expected to register on a man like him at all. It was a thing we permitted to happen after dinner had been served on the second Saturday night before the close of the season. The guests were already drifting northward rapidly, the service force would be cut down the following day, and that was the final meal at which the three hundred colored waiters in the dining room would be serving together. Our aristocrat said he got his big smash of the winter when, after the guests had lighted cigarettes over their demi-tasses, the colored head waiter—a really famous fellow he is, too—mounted a serving table and led his chorus of three hundred black men in singing God Be With You Till We Meet Again.

Leave it to Us

Entertainment isn't the big item we supply our household, and, if you understand me, neither are the food and the lodging. What the folks are really paying for, as I've already said in another way, is the technical skill of men in the hotel business who know how to select guests so that when all are assembled there is a complete whole. There's no more of luck or chance in this than there is in the way an academy member picks and chooses his paints to make a picture. It's an art. The individuals who compose our household picture couldn't explain it, perhaps, but their happiness comes from their being aware of its harmony, brilliance and meaning. Our guests, whose trip South is as much an event as a vacation, pay generously and cheerfully for the atmosphere in which, while they are with us, they live and move and have their being. More than anything else, they are buying protection.

This protection means a great deal more than merely keeping out persons who would streak the picture. It means guarding the guest, while he enjoys himself mainly in ways of his own devising, from care, from worry and from the common irksome limitations that make this a sober world for most of the mortals who are muddling through it. It is the conferring of a freedom which to people of means is probably cheap at whatever price they have to pay for it.

In the main, this consists, on our side of the counter, in having the invisible but efficient machinery for supplying the guest with whatever he wants when he wants it. His peace of mind may be an intangible thing, but there's nothing intangible about the methods by which we create and maintain it. Long ago the uncle who broke me into the business—a born resort-hotel man he was, who knew human nature next to William Shakspere—gave me the phrase with which I've been able to bring instant assurance to a multitude of troubled guests and under which I've hidden ways and means that would fill volumes. These are the words which, when spoken with a smile, work the magic: "Man dear, leave it to us."

Your reputation as a manager is likely to be commensurate with the meaning you can put into those words. Uncle used to say a real hotel manager is one to whom God has given the ability always to be in the right place at the right time. But, of course, being in the right place wouldn't mean much unless a man knew how to go smoothly and silently into action when he found himself present and looking the emergency in the face.

I spent the first half of my life in learning how, and I'm satisfied to be spending the second half in teaching what I learned to the younger men behind the desk. Nothing gives me a finer thrill than watching the light of understanding come into the eyes of that invaluable assistant, the front clerk, as he stands watching over the shoulder of the room clerk while the latter is occupying himself with the immediate details of contact with the inquiring or worried guest.

Means to an End

"Man dear, leave it to us." And there follows a whispered conference behind the desk which will set in motion a single cogwheel or all the five hundred cogwheels that constitute the service organization.

Nothing is impossible in a great resort hotel—nothing that is proper and right. I could cite you examples which might even make you balk at our ethics, but which, I believe, might still win from you the royal doughnut on the score of service.

Mr. and Mrs. B used to come to us regularly in the days when Palm Beach was the sole objective of fashion and Miami and Miami Beach were barely beginning to try to be something. Mr. B was an easy going business man—at times too easy-going; he would occasionally let himself loose with liquor and then there was the devil to pay. His wife's people had been in the Blue Book since the first edition. She was more than a poised woman; she had the manner and finesse a queen ought to have.

One evening Mrs. B came into my office and closed the door. I could read something almost desperate behind her controlled face. For two days Mr. B's valet had been carrying meals up to the suite and had been telling the steward his master had gout. I wondered whether our guest had taken a sudden bad turn.

"Mr. B has been drinking piggishly," the lady said, with the bluntness of a person whose course had been thoughtfully determined, "and I can stand him no longer. I've never left his side before when he was like this, but I feel my strength going. Without a respite and sleep, I shan't be able to see him through. I would like a quiet room in another part of the house until tomorrow afternoon, and I wish no one—particularly my husband—to know my whereabouts. The hotel appears crowded and I dislike to trouble you, but I hope you can manage to find me a room."

That's the way with really fine people. They never neglect to be considerate, to be polite. When they want any little thing, they tell you they're sorry to trouble you and they mean it. They pay doubly for what they get, with courtesy and with coin. The house was crowded and we had been turning away even some of the regulars; but I assured the lady I had a room exactly to fit her requirements, that no one should know about it, and that it would be ready by the time her maid could fetch her bag.

About midnight Mr. B, after knocking his protesting valet silly, fumbled down the main staircase and tacked up to the desk. He was wild-eyed and wild-minded. You never saw anything neater than the way the house officer and the head bellman, who were on the outside of the desk, got that

(Continued on Page 88)

THE WORLD'S TREASURED THINGS ARE ITS HAND-BUILT THINGS

SINCE its earliest days, the Pierce-Arrow motor car has been notable for the care exercised in every detail of its construction.

And because craftsmen, devoted to an almost unnecessary ideal of perfection, hand-build the Pierce-Arrow of today just as they have hand-built it for 26 years, the precision of Pierce-Arrow workmanship continues to be the most respected and most envied attainment in motordom.

Long ago we learned that nothing less than these patient, skillful, painstaking methods could produce the admirable ensemble of chassis and body which is entitled to bear the name Pierce-Arrow. Perhaps it is true that we build better than a motor car need be. But in the pleasure, comfort, economy, safety, prestige and satisfaction which every Pierce-Arrow owner enjoys, we find all the justification that we require.

Whether they cost very much or very little, "the world's treasured things are its hand-built things." This is always true.

It will interest every investor in a motor car to know that Pierce-Arrow prices are lower today than at any time in the company's career. The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

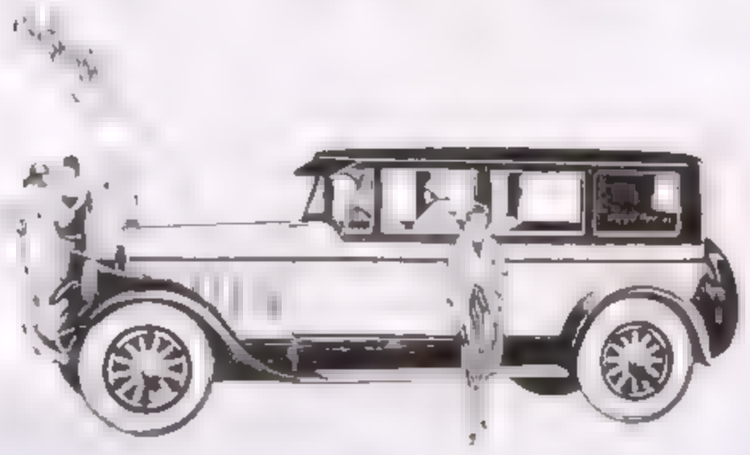
SERIES 36 — SERIES 80

The new 100-horsepower, dual-valve, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of 138-inch wheelbase—in fifteen body styles and any color option—enclosed cars $3875 and up at Buffalo, government tax extra.

The 70-horsepower, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow of 130-inch wheelbase—in twelve body styles and 26 charming color options—$2895 and up at Buffalo, government tax extra.

Houdaille double-acting shock absorbers are engineered into both chassis to give unsurpassed riding comfort—the B. K. Booster Unit operates the SERIES 36 *four-wheel brakes with a delightful new ease*

PIERCE ARROW



(Continued from Page 86)

big boy into my office before the guests who were lounging in the chairs or strolling about knew that a riot was trying to happen. They saw almost nothing, and what they heard was like distant artillery at practice.

Behind battened hatches, he was telling me he had wakened out of a nap to find his wife gone; that he was a terribly sick man and that he couldn't and wouldn't live without her. Would I be good enough to produce her immediately? I don't believe my guest with cheeks like a pair of world-beating tomatoes suspected me of having knowledge of his wife's disappearance; it was simply that he was in the habit of having his needs met by intimating to me what his needs were.

The situation was a critical one. The man was thoroughly in liquor. He had a right to be that way if he chose, because all this was before prohibition and when Florida was under a package law. What he had no right to do, and what he was extremely likely to do unless pacified quickly, was to upset the peace and dignity of the hotel. The easy way out—the obvious way for a clerk unskilled in a system such as ours—would have been to send at once for the refugee wife and let her draw the dynamite before her husband exploded. But it was my duty to think also of the peace and dignity of that gentle lady who was recuperating in a retreat up under the eaves.

I sparred for time and an idea. What Mr. B wanted was action, and presently he burst out with this: "You're going to take me on a hunt for her right now, first through the house and then through the town, if necessary. We'll begin by going down to the clubroom and getting a drink out of a special old bottle I've got in my locker. That'll fortify us to take any hurdle we meet on the way."

"Bully!" I cried, although taking a drink happens to be numbered among the things I never do. "My assistant here will show you a short way to the clubroom down the rear stairs and I'll join you in a jiffy."

Paradise Regained

When Mr. B had departed, with my assistant offering him a steadying shoulder, I snatched the house phone and got the barkeeper in the clubroom. "Joe," I said to him, "you once told me that though you represent all that's respectable in your profession, you understand what hard-boiled barkeeps do to the liquor of sailors who are to be shanghaied onto ships. Mr. B and I will be with you in a moment, and when you serve him something out of his special bottle, I trust you to smile in a way that assures me he is going into a deep sleep that will last until about tomorrow afternoon."

I could hear Joe chuckle, not because he would derive any pleasure from what he had been ordered to do, but because he realized that in some mysterious way he had suddenly become necessary to the always honorable purposes of the service organization.

Fortunately there were no other guests in the clubroom when the four of us drew together at Mr. B's locker. Our big boy drooped to the floor almost as soon as he had swallowed his medicine. He journeyed up to bed in a baggage elevator. My further attentions were necessary the following morning in quieting an excited valet who was trying to reach the house physician for the purpose of having his master waked up.

When Mr. B did come to life and struggle up from the pillows it was almost dinnertime and a queenly woman was reading beside his bed. He was remorseful and repentant, with no very clear idea of what had gone on in the past day or two. He only knew that the wife who he had dreamed had deserted him was beside him with a comforting word, and that was enough to dwarf a splitting headache into a matter of no consequence.

There are no lengths to which we won't go to meet the reasonable request of a guest; but on the other hand, there are occasionally requests which, because they are at variance with the system by which we accomplish all our results, don't budge us an inch. Such a request was one made by Mrs. T, whose admission to the hotel could not have been gained on her rather too dazzling reputation as a stage dancer, but against whom we couldn't well set up the bars after she had become the second wife of a man whose first wife had been one of the regular adornments of our season.

Eggs Picked to Order

Our rarefied atmosphere is said to bring out the true characteristics of persons who breathe it, and in the case of new Mrs. T it developed claws. She showed herself a fussy little cat. That fact, however, had nothing to do with our politely declining to move into her suite one of the cheval glasses she had seen in a certain parlor. Her demand was that I reverse the housekeeper, who had told her the glass could not be moved because that would destroy the symmetry of the suite to which it belonged. The housekeeper was right and it would have been an injustice to overrule her.

I contrived an upstairs call on Mrs. T in order to impress her with the fact that she already had two full-length mirrors in her rooms. The late stage star went into a tantrum and I retired to let her storm. She said she would get even with me at any cost. She did. She went over to an antique dealer in town and he visited an old home on the ocean that was being dismantled and bought her an even taller cheval glass than ours.

She personally directed the operation of bringing it into the hotel and setting it up in her boudoir. She had her maid sheathe her in her newest Paris gown, and when she strutted in front of her cheval reflector a flaw in the glass was disclosed that made this prize beauty look like a contortionist doing his stuff. The lady shrieked and slammed a Chippendale chair through her mirror with so much vigor that the guests in the next suite phoned down to the desk to ask whether the racket meant a riot or a fire.

In our view, eggs are fresh or not fresh according solely to the palate of the guest who eats them. The steward would have made his affidavit that the eggs in his ice box were absolutely contemporaneous, but that did not prevent old Mr. H, whose monument was one of the Wall Street banks, from coming to me and saying with positive emotion: "I don't know why I'm so abominably treated. All I want for my breakfast is two soft-boiled fresh eggs; yet in spite of all I can do or say they bring me only eggs that are not fresh."

"Leave it to me, Mr. H," I answered him. "I'll regard it as a privilege to get you just what you want. Every afternoon when I'm exercising on my bicycle I pass the cottage of a widow who has the finest flock of white Leghorn layers I've ever seen. I'll stop and get six brand-new eggs from her each day, and even with the hazards of transportation by bicycle, I should get home with at least two in condition for your breakfast."

I kept that promise daily for six weeks, and the satisfaction manifested by our elderly guest was my more than sufficient reward.

It took a society leader from Boston to teach me just how gracious a gracious lady may sometimes be. For some incredible reason there was a door leading from her bathroom into the hall, and, equally incredible, when a husky sweeper mistook his broom closet and pulled at the bathroom door it came open to admit him to the immediate presence of a society leader enjoying her bath. The sweeper's consternation, pulsating through the service channels, was registered at the desk in about three minutes.

By and by the blue-blooded Bostonian, marvelously gowned for dinner, as she always was, entered the lobby, and the young men at the desk prayed that she would pass on into the dining room. When she headed in their direction they stood their ground heroically, but the blood froze in their veins. She glanced from room clerk to front clerk and back again, smiled sweetly and said: "My mother taught me to take my bath regularly, but she affixed one rigid requirement—that I should always take it in private. If you'll be good enough to have someone nail up that public entrance to my bathroom I'll be grateful."

Very few crotchety persons really intend to be unreasonable, just as very few unlovely persons actually set out to be mean. In resort hotels the wise method is to humor the idiosyncrasies of the cuckoo member, and perhaps you'll be glad eventually when you learn how he came to be that way.

We had with us at Miami Beach the other season a guest too old to be a young idiot and too young to be an old fool, who was constantly trying the temper of everybody from bellhop to room clerk by demanding the oddest things at the oddest times. Mr. G, as I gathered it, was the misfit son of an old family strong for generations in politics and in financial circles. When his family wanted him to go to a certain college he went to its rival. It was a tradition among his people that the eldest son should go into law, but he, the eldest of his generation, shied off into a quite different line. When it was time for him, as his father's eventual successor, to tackle the intricacies of politics, he went sailing off across the seven seas, and for years thereafter came home only occasionally from far places of the earth that nobody ever heard of except the author of the tourists' guide.

A Testy Tester

Our service specialists began to perspire under the exactions of a guest who liked to finish his gallop at sunrise, who had a way of calling for the barber about midnight, and who occasionally ordered oatmeal with his dinner. When I heard murmuring I cautioned my cogwheels that this man was good for us, that he was a real test of the scope and fineness of our machinery. Perhaps I carried the thing a little too far, for I detected something of a glitter in the eyes of the front clerk and the cashier when they came hastily to my table in the dining room one Sunday morning.

"Excuse this intrusion," Front apologized; "but our little tester has asked us to be good enough to have three thousand dollars in cash ready for him in an hour, and Checks here hasn't any such amount in his drawer on this peaceful Sabbath and hasn't the faintest idea of how to get it."

I waved my eggs back to the kitchen. The system was really on trial now; my men were testing me. "Then I'll step out and get it for you," I answered with a smile that hadn't any roots in my heart.

I went first to two or three small restaurants that kept open all night and drained them of the last dollar they would let me have. Then I tackled the milk stations and such of the bakeries as were open to deliver bread. After visiting the other hotels, I went after the bail money that was up in the police station, and wound up with a call on an undertaker who advertised that he never closed.

Before that desperate hour's work was over I secretly shared the feeling of my employes regarding that gentleman. At ten o'clock he sauntered up to the desk and took the three-thousand-dollar bale of greenbacks the still unbelieving cashier handed him. The following morning's newspapers broadcast the thanks of a little congregation that was trying to build a new church edifice for three thousand dollars from some donor who had preserved his anonymity by sending in his contribution in cash.

Nobody behind the desk announced his deductions, but we softened a little toward exacting Mr. G.

It was the girl who served him his food who gave us the key to his conduct. The waitress discovered that he was a chronic but silent sufferer from dyspepsia. I went to see a man who had the finest and healthiest Jersey cow you ever saw. Thereafter that cow's chief business was to serve Mr. G's table. Nothing was said to the guest who was deriving this special service, but the attention was not wasted.

Fresh Milk on the Water

After a few days Mr. G indulged in the first complimentary words he had ever spoken at the desk. He told the front clerk he was glad we had changed dairies; that our new milk was so good a man could actually digest it and that he was going to make it his diet almost exclusively. In another week I fancied I saw color coming into cheeks that had been like the ancient parchments Mr. G was said to have made a collection of.

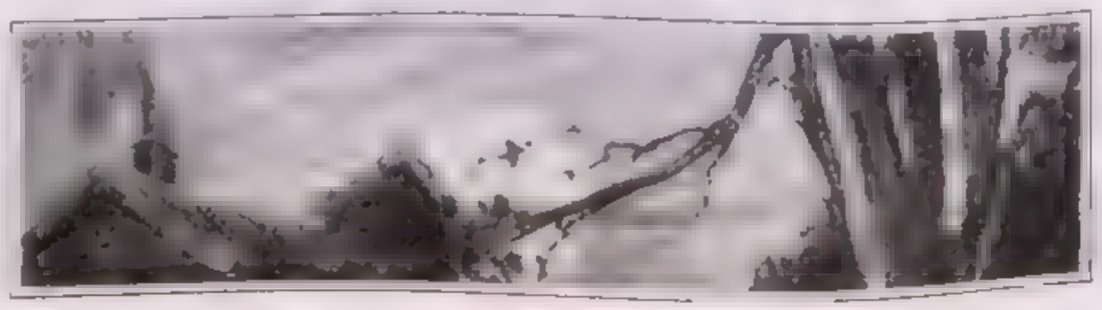
Then the climax. The front clerk's grinning face appeared in my door. "Mr. G says he's sailing for California via the Canal on the excursion steamer Columbia that puts into Miami harbor next Tuesday. He would like to know whether we can't arrange to have some of our nice milk served to him at each of his meals during the twenty-one days he'll be voyaging around to San Francisco. What, please, shall I say to him?"

The old system was being subjected to a pressure that made it look as though something would have to crash. Before I could temporize, I saw a look creeping into the clerk's eyes that meant he thought he had nailed me. "Say to Mr. G, please," I answered briskly, "that we shall be happy to oblige him."

We did. I spent about fifty dollars on telegrams before I was able to reverse a great ship's rules and force it to carry livestock when it had intended to carry only persons. No passenger knew it, but when the Columbia sailed out of Miami for San Francisco she carried a little stable snugly disguised on her after deck, and inside that little stable was that prize Jersey cow. Her owner had sworn he would never be separated from her, and so, indeed, he was not. He went along to do the milking and to see personally that as often as a certain passenger came to table or sent a cabin steward for food there was a pitcher of liquid gold awaiting him. The letter Mr. G wrote me from San Francisco was, I believe, about as appreciative as anything that could come from the pen of a human being.

The faces and fashions of the guests change, but the fundamentals of serving guests do not change. Old Eggers was right—square old innkeeping Eggers, who lured me to Florida long ago and inducted me into the mysteries of the royal palm degree of our ancient and honorable trade.

"Remember, Samuel, everything that happens after they check in must build up toward the moment when they're going to be checking out," he used to school me; "and you've got to have them smiling when they come to say good-by."



Even if you are willing to put up with rough riding

can you afford to let it kill your car?

MAYBE you are hard-boiled as a car-owner and don't mind the knocks, the tension and the risks of driving over grouchy roads. But that is a poor excuse for forgetting that the bouncing, twisting, throwing, bumping and wrenching over all kinds of road surfaces not only wears out the body and nerves of your passengers, but also racks and strains and finally kills off the car itself.

If not for reasons of personal ease, comfort and safety, then for reasons of sound economy, you should give your *car* an easier ride.

From that angle alone, probably no investment you could make would go so far as "Stabilation" in maintaining the original "tightness"; in keeping down the wear that gradually and inevitably kills chassis, motor and body. No other one investment could more surely retard depreciation of your car as a whole—prolong its life way beyond "normal"—and insure a higher resale value at any time during its entire life.

Consider Stabilators more than paid for by the lower maintenance and ultimate car costs—then the totally new luxury of "relaxed motoring" has cost you nothing.

Just what that luxury of Relaxed Motoring means—and means to you—can most easily be demonstrated on your own car. Let your local Distributor or Dealer Stabilate your car. Then drive it over any road you wish; test your Stabilators in any way you want—if you are not completely satisfied with their performance, they will be taken off and the full purchase price will be returned to you without an argument.

Write for literature and the name of the Stabilator Dealer nearest you.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Relax with

WATSON STABILATORS

Rotary sleeve principle—proportionate control with the necessary instant action—no lag—not a pump

Such pre-eminent cars as the following are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring:

Cadillac
Chrysler 80
Chrysler 70
Duesenberg
Du Pont
Franklin
Hudson
Isotta Fraschini
Jordan Great Line 8
Locomobile Jr. Eight
McFarlan T. V. 6
McFarlan Light 8
Nash Advanced Six
Packard Eight
Packard Six
Peerless 8-69
Peerless 6-90
Stearns-Knight
Studebaker "President"
Stutz Vertical Eight
Willys-Knight Great Six

THIS great new tread is a typical expression of Goodyear's policy of "building the greatest possible value into the product."
It complements perfectly the celebrated Goodyear cord fabric SUPERTWIST, now used in all Goodyear Tires.
The superiority of SUPERTWIST is in its greater elasticity.
Under road-shock it stretches and recovers without breaking, like a rubber band
This flexibility is inherent in the very structure of the SUPERTWIST cords themselves, and is not dependent upon latex, gum or filler of any kind
The All-Weather balloon tread and the SUPERTWIST balloon carcass represent the greatest tire combination yet offered to the public.
This double feature tire is backed up by the service of Goodyear Dealers, pledged "to provide facilities so that users will get all the inherit Goodyear value out"
GOODYEAR

A new-type tread for Goodyear balloons insuring greater traction, smoother running, longer wear

Deep-cut in the tough surface of the new Goodyear balloon tire is the latest, finest version of the world-famed All-Weather Tread.

Look it over carefully: it is far more than a new and interesting pattern; it is the response of Science to urgent balloon tire needs.

It gives you, first of all, All-Weather *traction* and *road security*. It gives you *quiet* and *smooth running*. It gives you *long, slow, even wear*.

Its original design, flatter profile and broader road contact eliminate the wavy spots or "pot holes" until now characteristic of wear in many balloon tires.

For users this new-type Goodyear tread is the most economical design so far developed, at any given mileage showing less wear and less obliteration of the non-skid pattern than previous types.

The diamond-shaped blocks in the tread's center, and the two heavy circumferential ribs, afford smooth, safe, steady travel under all conditions.

For the first time, you are now able to buy a balloon tire with a tread as clearly superior as the Goodyear SUPERTWIST carcass has proved itself to be.

It has the rugged long-life and sure-footedness that are a true Goodyear tradition and have made *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*

Goodyear Means Good Wear

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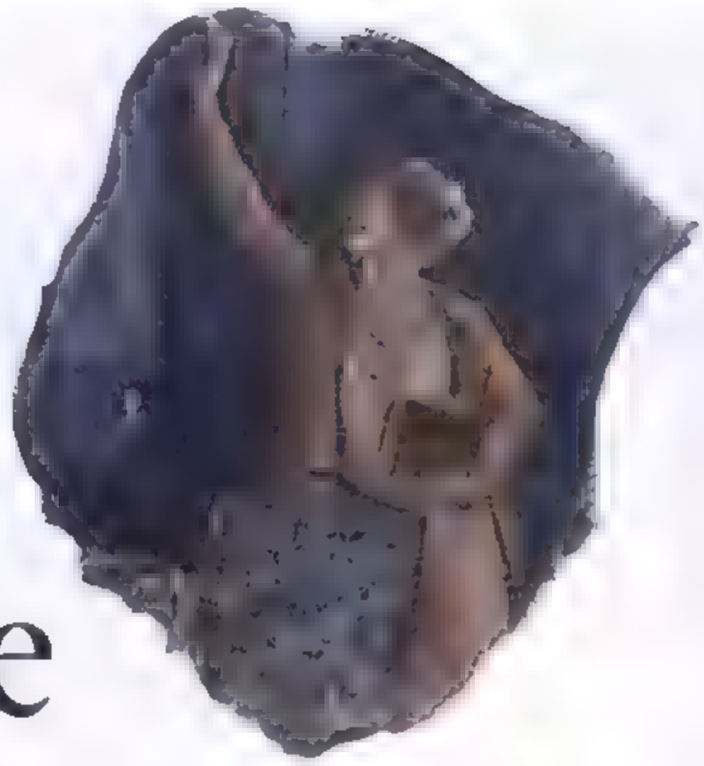
Superturist BALLOONS



Don't grope in the dark

WHY grope past furniture to reach the lighting fixture? Put a switch at every door—step inside—and snap on the light! And put plenty of convenience outlets in each room for your lamps and appliances.

Good wiring is easy to secure. It's not costly. It is easy to plan—either for a new house or an old one. Just order a G-E Wiring System and adapt it to your own ideas of lighting and comfort. Then the questions of quality and economy are automatically taken care of. The materials built into the walls will be General Electric throughout—and lifetime quality is the best economy known.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PARENT TO A STAR

(Continued from Page 13)

surprised by the unexpected profoundness of her remark that she sat quite upright in a chair staring across the room as though she could see her spoken words in letters on the wall. Yes, that was it. She was a woman and not a part of the publicity department of Zenith. Her whole mission in life was not to advertise her daughter. She had done nothing else for seven years now, and she was tired of it. She was tired of being a background. She was particularly sick of being a mother in public—when she wanted to be a woman in private. Why, she might as well go to the Zenith studio and be made up with white hair, dry, rosy cheeks, in black watered silk with a large coral brooch on her bosom. At once!

Until the present her course had been dictated by plain common sense; in a way she had made Elaine; but now Elaine was made and there was no need for her, Katie Storey, to continue in an inferior position. She had, of course, her share of the money her daughter had made—that is, she was quite independent—and suddenly she decided really to enjoy that happy condition. Before it was too late. She might, she thought, after Elaine had rearranged her household, go to Europe—Katie had never been to Europe—and take one of the small apartments she had heard of in Paris. She'd have some modest but pretty rooms on a boulevard not at all like the boulevards of Hollywood and a modest black town car, a French chauffeur with a black mustache. In the winter she would go south to such a place as ——

In prospect, none of this excited her; she reviewed it with a pale if any actual pleasure. It was the thing to do, and that was all there was to that. Perhaps she wouldn't do the thing to do. At any rate she didn't want to go back to Detroit, the city where her darling, her woman of fourteen, had so bravely become a wage earner. She might go to Florida—to Miami—for the next season; a place she believed, where an attractive widow might not lack for appreciation. But the thought of the campaign that involved rather appalled her—the unknown people she'd have to come to know, the late hours, the perilous food and drink. She didn't believe she was made for that. She doubted the single-mindedness of her desire for gayety. No, not Miami; and this brought her squarely before the overwhelming fact of her existence: She ought to marry.

With this admitted, she again surveyed herself in a cheval glass. Katie Storey could see no reason against marriage there. Yes, she should marry. But whom? It was easy to arrive at the first conclusion, but difficult to discover the second. Would it be a man in Los Angeles or would she have to go in search of him? Did she know him now? Was he, perhaps, a part of Elaine's world; one of Elaine's men? That, she was certain, wouldn't complicate it much—Elaine had never brought a desirable, a solid, man to the house who hadn't at once shown the most lively signs of wishing to leave her. That was one of Katie's hardest problems. Who was there, then?

She could think of no one but Carl Glenning, the general manager of the Zenith Western studio, and a widower. The things in his favor were obvious—he was well to do if not actually rich, personable looking, on the whole; he knew interesting people and he took interesting trips. The thing against him was even more obvious, three-quarters of his time, a good half of his occupation, was with young and beautiful girls. She searched her memory to find what indications of interest Mr. Glenning had shown her. Last Christmas he had kissed her under the mistletoe, once while Elaine had been in the room and again when she had been momentarily called away. When it was possible, he sat closely beside her and held her hand; more than once—again with Elaine absent—he had called her Katie.

That was all and, she was obliged to admit, it wasn't much; but then she had never before considered marrying him. That changed a great deal. The truth was it changed everything. Men were really very sweet. They were at best just overgrown darling boys. Unsuspicious. Look how Elaine, who was no better than a simpleton, hung it on them. And Carl Glenning was coming to dinner Friday night with a Mr. Benn. A small dinner of only four, fortunately. Well, she wouldn't bother Mr. Benn. Elaine could have her Mr. Benn with his water power or whatever it was. She wished Elaine luck with him; and, in a complete reversal of her advice to Elaine about the white and silver dress, she decided that on Friday night her daughter would wear the geranium velvet with the *soutache* braid—the dress Elaine had bought in San Francisco without her assistance. On the other hand, she would wear the black with the points that met severely on her shoulders; she'd take the silver-gilt flower off; wear black stockings and slippers. They were not smart, she knew, but then she knew something about men—where black stockings were concerned—too.

On Friday night she'd drop her stereotyped public attitude toward Elaine as well. There was no reason why it should be kept up at such a small and private dinner. She would be herself, Katie Storey. She was in bed, but so absorbed in planning that there was no possibility of sleep. She was filled with the enthusiasm, the glow of youth. Why, she didn't seem at all old. What had happened—the years which had gone—appeared to be just nothing. Or rather they had worked to her advantage. But she ought to compose herself; she did need more rest now than at twenty. She thought a little about love, that quality Elaine probably would miss. In love you had to forget yourself, you really had to be an actress. A great deal of it was tiresome beyond words. Katie thought of her husband. Howard Storey. Poor Howard ——

Late Friday, when she had practically finished dressing for dinner, Elaine's maid came to her door. "Miss Storey would like to see you," she said. Katie Storey found Elaine in both the geranium dress and the beginning of an ill temper. "Why you told me to wear this I can't think," she complained. "The skirt hangs like a wash on the line. You were sarcastic enough about it when it arrived."

The elder woman explained that what she had said bore only on her own opinion. "A man would like it. He is different."

Elaine wasn't wholly convinced. "That's all right, as far as it goes. But it's no around-the-world cruise. Specially with you dressed like a society funeral."

Mrs. Storey was slightly impatient. "You complain about me at my best, and then when I get myself up like a background you still complain. Why, I even took the flowers off the shoulder."

"You didn't absolutely ruin it either," Elaine commented. "I think I'll take this rag off, since it's not a bull ring, and wear the blue meteor."

The maid asked, "What stockings, Miss Storey?"

Miss Storey supposed the silver. "But they'll come off on my legs. The metal always does. . . . You're like something out of the ark, with black stockings," she said to her mother. "Why, I wouldn't know even where to go buy them."

The maid appeared with the blue meteor dress. "It looks serious and that's a fact," Elaine commented. "That blue just eats up the light. You could have a whole bank of Cooper-Hewitts and it would still be dark." She sat down disconsolately. "I haven't got a thing fit to wear that's young enough and ——" She turned to Katie Storey: "You could wear anything I have, at your age, and it would be all right. I ought to be gay, light, with ribbons and skirts that flared like flowers. But everyone is against me." She said in a muffled voice that her young shoulders could not much longer support their burden. "With that lawyer about the income tax and a lousy doctor charging me thirty dollars a visit and others only ten; if that much. And what they eat in the kitchen, God knows! I wish I was just an ordinary woman, without my gift. My art was just thrust on me. It's too—too much."

"Be a brave girl," Mrs. Storey patted her shoulder. "Think of your public. How they wait for you. Stand in line all over the world. And good heavens, get the dresses you want. If you want, give me every one you have. Some can be taken in and some will make sofa pillows ——"

Elaine quickly raised a flushed face. "You can and they will! Take them in. Sofa pillows. That's swell out of you. Off my mother. My own mother. But honest, there are times when I think I'm the mother. With the way you go on. Not to speak of the bathing suit you came down to the pool in last Sunday morning. I expected to see the water turned right into a hot sulphur bath. I did for a fact. I looked for the pool to go up in steam. And then you mention sofa pillows."

"Darling," Katie Storey put in, "are you going to wear the blue or the velvet? I expect you ought to decide. You'll have to be dressed sometime soon."

Elaine only replied by advising her mother against the white facial effect she was then employing. "It don't look quite like Pola Negri. Somehow it don't. I liked that liquid rouge you had better. It gave you a real pretty middle-aged color. It's too late to change now. I'll have to wear this socialist flag. I only hope it won't put Mr. Benn's eyes out." That was not probable, Katie added, when they remembered the kind of light Elaine usually had. She returned to her room for a handkerchief, a dab of perfume on the lobe of each ear.

She was completely satisfied with her own appearance. She had a feeling that it was exactly what Glenning would prefer, a man at bottom serious. But then practically all men were serious in the things which touched them closely; a truth Elaine couldn't absorb. Every man wanted the exclusive rights in a super-picture for his own pleasure and reward. A fundamentally respectable picture too. Later Carl Glenning corroborated this:

"That," he went on at the dinner table, entirely to her, "is why I admire you so much. The girls in pictures, even your daughter, are too much in the public eye. They get too much flattery from too many different sources. They belong to the public; impersonally of course, Mrs. Storey—Katie—and I wouldn't want that for myself. You see, I deal with them. I know them. And they are a little sharp. Not only about their art, dear as it is to them—and to us. They want their electric signs on Broadway to be specified to the inch. Oh, no, not at dinner! Not about the house."

Somehow, under the tablecloth, his hand caught hers. She made no effort to release herself; her hand remained in his, but she failed to return the pressures, the warmth, of his grasp. The truth was that Katie Storey was covertly gazing at Mr. Benn. Mr. Benjamin Benn, it had developed, was one of the best-looking men she had seen for years. In no particular was he like her description of Elaine's business men. He had come originally from Arizona; in his youth he had ridden the open range; and at a few years over fifty he was still slender and obviously hard. At more than fifty his eyes, between narrowed eyelids, had all the humorous brilliancy of youth; his face had never lost the bronze darkness of early burning suns. More than that, he had kept unspoiled a simple boyishness which did nothing to obscure his innate shrewdness, the fact that he was, that he would always be, a very successful man.

"You," Glenning continued his low monologue, "exactly suit me." She did, then, give his fingers a slight, half absent-minded pressure. "You have everything, Katie. I like a woman with experience. A woman who knows you and knows how to make allowances. But not that she'd have to make many for me. I'm not a child myself. I've seen something of life. Just the same as you. And I hope I have been able to profit by it. The stars are not the only ones, Katie, who put some money together. It's not how much you get, but what you do with it. On the other hand, I don't have to tell you I'm not close, because you know me. You know I'm not. I was just speaking of capital and prospects. Safety was what I meant. It's a fine thing for a delicate woman to be safe, to realize she's all right. Not due for a boarding house when she's along in years. It is not the same for someone else in the family to have it. No matter how close she is, how much she loves you. It must be your own."

"Of course," Katie Storey murmured; "of course, dear Mr. Glenning." Mr. Benn's face was so darkly handsome that it actually might have been cast in bronze.

He turned to her. "What a happy home you have, Mrs. Storey. Your daughter has been telling me a little about your ideal life together. It's rather discouraging to a single man. I can't see where you would need him. How you could want him."

Katie smiled sweetly at her daughter. "We are happy, Mr. Benn; but is a home really a home without a man? I don't know. I can't decide. After all, there are problems that are very hard for mere women to meet; I wonder if women really want problems. If they are able to meet them. What do you think, Mr. Benn? Men know the world so much better than women. Their experience. Their superior judgment!"

Engaged in saying this, she was conscious of the difficulties of the problem immediately before her. When Elaine had led Mr. Benn out upon the terrace what would she say to Carl Glenning? What he'd say to her was quite evident. That was, she could see the direction it would take—the exact course she had hoped and planned for. Now she wasn't so certain it was desirable. In spite of what she had just been saying, she wasn't so aware of a need for support, any desirable support, as she had been. Mr. Glenning was very nice, very possible, of course, but she wasn't quite certain of her feeling about him. She didn't want to commit herself. At the same time she didn't want to let him go definitely. Well, she would have to temporize. It might not be easy. She reflected that Elaine's way of dragging attractive men out on the terrace was rather ridiculous. Mr. Benn might not enjoy the terrace.

"Elaine darling," she said, "don't you think it would be nice—the evening is so beautiful—to have the coffee and liqueurs on the terrace?"

Elaine gave her a quick and glittering look. "I'd love it," she replied, "but men simply hate to eat or drink in gloomy places. They are so suspicious. I suppose it's because they want to see the labels on the bottles. Though that wouldn't get them much now." She turned to Mr. Benn. "You will have to wait till dinner is all over before you see the garden. If you do want to see it?"

Mr. Benn reassured her. "I didn't see many flowers, or lovely girls, when I was young, and I must make up for it. A garden is a grand place."

Elaine said that her garden gave her more happiness than anything else in life. "A rose, Mr. Benn." He agreed with her that a rose was a rose. She went on: "I work in it a great deal, planting and watering and weeding. You never get to know

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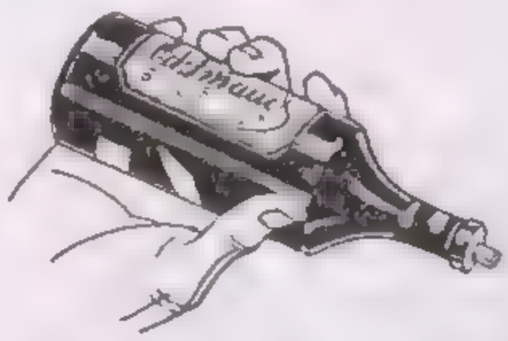

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flowers if you don't tend them. You come to learn their little shy secrets."

Carl Glenning gazed solemnly over his cigar. He said, "I had no idea, Elaine, you worked in the garden. That is a fine thing to do; and the most valuable publicity. We ought to arrange to have a story from you about it; a story with real facts and suggestions for flower growers, with pictures."

It was so heartless of him, Elaine protested, to turn everything into business. She rose. "Come, Mr. Benn, you must take me away from him. We, I hope, can enjoy just fragrance and poetry."

When they had gone Glenning thoughtfully deposited a long cigar ash in an ash tray. "They all fall for it," he said with a sigh. "Tell me, does Elaine know a daisy from a bougainvillea vine?"

Her mother said, "Just." She was thoroughly annoyed.

"It needn't concern us," he went on more comfortably. He didn't attempt to recapture her hand, move his chair nearer her, and she saw that it was going to be serious. "You remember my house at Santa Monica; it's on the sea, and I've neglected it ever since—well, for two years, and I expect it's in pretty bad shape. Now what I want to do is fix it up again. Make it Spanish inside as well as out. And I wondered if you would help me. You have such wonderful taste. I'd like you to like it. The truth is that if you didn't like it what good would it ——"

"Why, of course," she interrupted him impetuously. "Any woman loves to plan a beautiful house. In a way I might be your consulting decorator. Only I am afraid I would be very expensive."

Carl Glenning interrupted her to declare hotly that he hoped she'd be as expensive as possible. "You'll find that I can handle it." Katie Storey speculated about what Elaine was saying to Mr. Benn on the terrace. What was Mr. Benn saying to Elaine? He was obviously an extraordinarily sincere man, even less suspecting than most. A man who more or less easily could be taken advantage of. By a woman, that was; Katie couldn't imagine a man getting the better of him.

Elaine would make him her prettiest speeches and Mr. Benn would believe them. What a terrible little liar she was, Elaine's mother thought. But she was helpless, she couldn't warn the handsome, the trustful Mr. Benn.

"This is Friday," Carl Glenning was saying. "We'll drive out to Santa Monica, to the house, Sunday morning. Yes, and have lunch at the Silver Beach Club."

She smiled into his eyes, and the effect of this was so immediate that she had to leave her chair, put it between them. "You must be good," she told him, "or I'll be afraid of you on Sunday. You see, I am not—just a star. I am a woman, Mr. Glenning, and to be a woman means a very great deal to me. It can be noble."

She was, he asserted, the noblest woman in the world. Being what she was had made being a woman so noble. He wouldn't frighten her for all the stars and all the contracts, all the pictures in existence.

"Katie," he declared, "I respect you."

That, she thought, was always convenient. Elaine and Mr. Benn had been away for more than an hour; it was plain that a moon was arriving, and it occurred to Katie Storey—Elaine would never come in now while she was about—that she had a headache.

"Carl," she said, "I have a little headache. Over my eyes. I'd like to be quiet and think of all you have said. Do you mind? Will you forgive me?"

He was instantly distressed beyond words. She gave him her hand. "Until Sunday then." He disagreed with this to the extent of declaring that he'd telephone in the morning to discover how she was.

"Katie," he asked, "will you kiss me?"

She softened the negative by her best smile. "It might mean so much," she explained. "And I am not sure ——" Katie Storey left the room at once, and upstairs, she took off the black dress so violently that it could never be worn again. She reduced the weblike black stockings to a series of rents.

There was still a light in her room—it was past midnight—when she heard her daughter's footsteps on the stairs and Elaine entered. "I want to say here and now," Elaine began, "that if I get any more dirty cracks like that about the garden out of Glenning I'll tear his contract up. The idea of him. And to me! Elaine Storey. I guess you both thought I was too dim in the head to get it. But you'd be surprised. You really would. A man like Mr. Benn understands me. He understands my soul. You do nothing but make fun of the swami, but Mr. Benn says there is great light in the East. He even wanted Mr. Djerpul's address."

Mrs. Storey was too weary, too spent for diplomacy. "He was just kidding you," she explained. "No real man will go near those black fakers. And remember, too, that it was Mr. Glenning spoke about the flower beds. I didn't mention them. I'd be ashamed to. But then anybody looking at you ought to know you never pulled up a weed. You're bad enough, but then the men are worse. Men make me sick to death. There is nothing they won't believe." In her bed she turned away from Elaine.

"You ought to know," her daughter agreed. "And get your beauty sleep. Nothing lasts forever. I don't think I'll ever get to sleep again. I don't feel I need to. That moon. The perfume of the roses."

If she made a sound, Katie Storey thought, it would be to scream. She could see Mr. Benn in the moonlight, she could smell the roses, she could hear his gravely musical Arizona voice.

Never in her memory, she told herself the next day, had Elaine been so pleasant, so impulsively charming and thoughtful. It was unnatural. She didn't like it. What made this seizure on the part of her daughter so difficult to meet was the fact that it had no reflection in her. Katie Storey was in a state of thorough annoyance. She was even abrupt when Carl Glenning telephoned to ask about the headache. It wasn't gone, she replied; but—well, perhaps, it wasn't worse. No, it was no better and no worse. He fervently hoped it would be gone by tomorrow, Sunday, for their excursion to Santa Monica and his house, and she just managed to agree with him. Men who telephoned in the morning were a nuisance.

Elaine, who heard this pronouncement, did not support it. "Dearest, any true attention is delightful, I think. I wouldn't mind being telephoned to this minute." Mrs. Storey surveyed her daughter gloomily. By Mr. Benn, she added silently to her daughter's admission. Her irritation was notably increased by the realization that she too would have welcomed the sound of Mr. Benn's voice. Any woman would.

And here he was caught in Elaine's shallow deceits. He was so frank. He took, or rather mistook, everything for the best. She was seated in a small, upstairs sitting room, Elaine was in the room beyond, when Katie Storey heard a maid announce Mr. Djerpul.

"I'm not ready," Elaine said. "Tell him I'll be down in fifteen minutes."

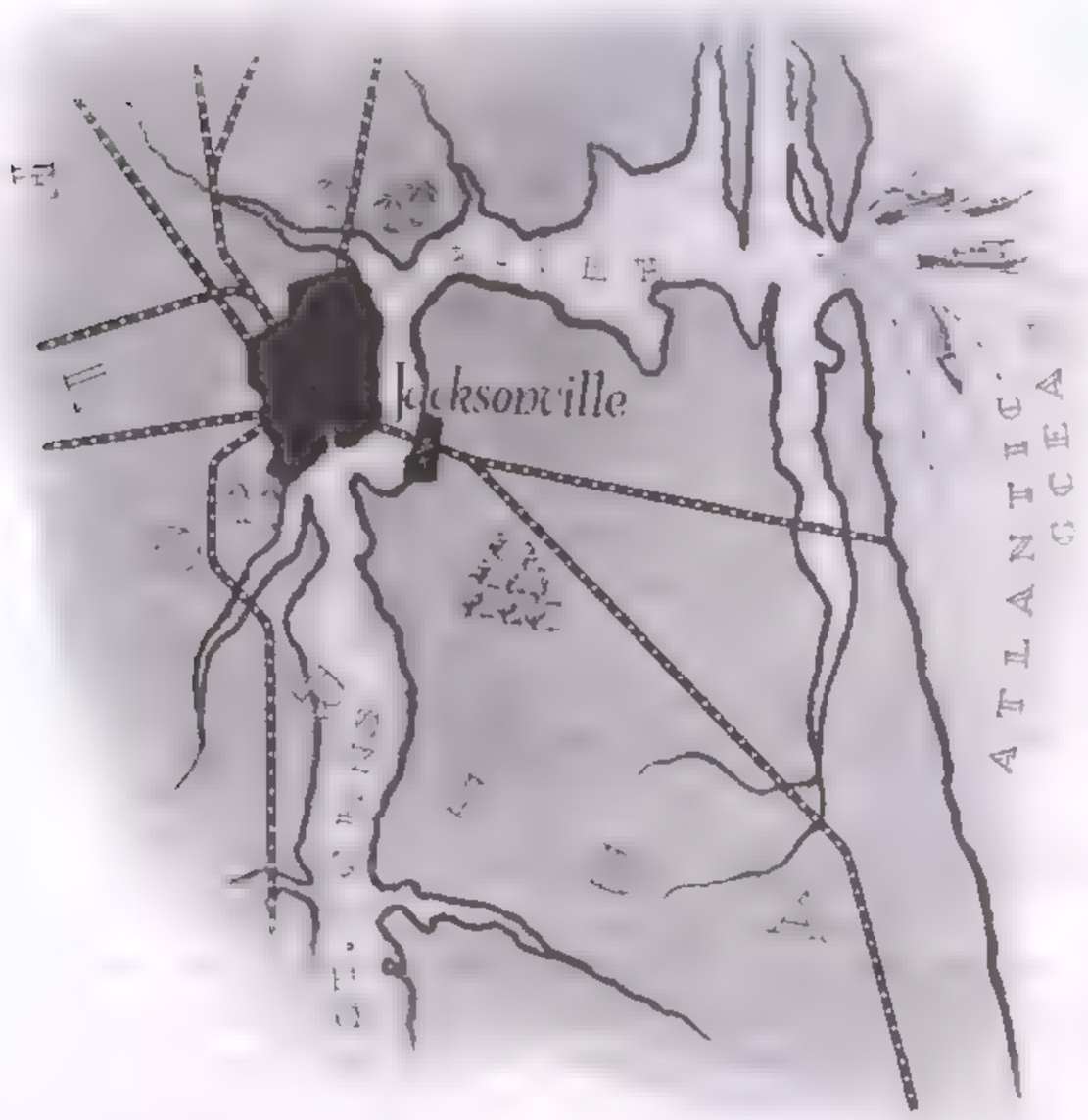
Mrs. Storey rose softly and proceeded to the inner door. "Elaine dear, do you suppose I could see Mr. Djerpul for just a little? I can at least keep him occupied until you come."

Elaine was surprised and delighted. "I am so glad, dearest, you are interested. I hoped you would come under his power of good. Keep him long as you like."

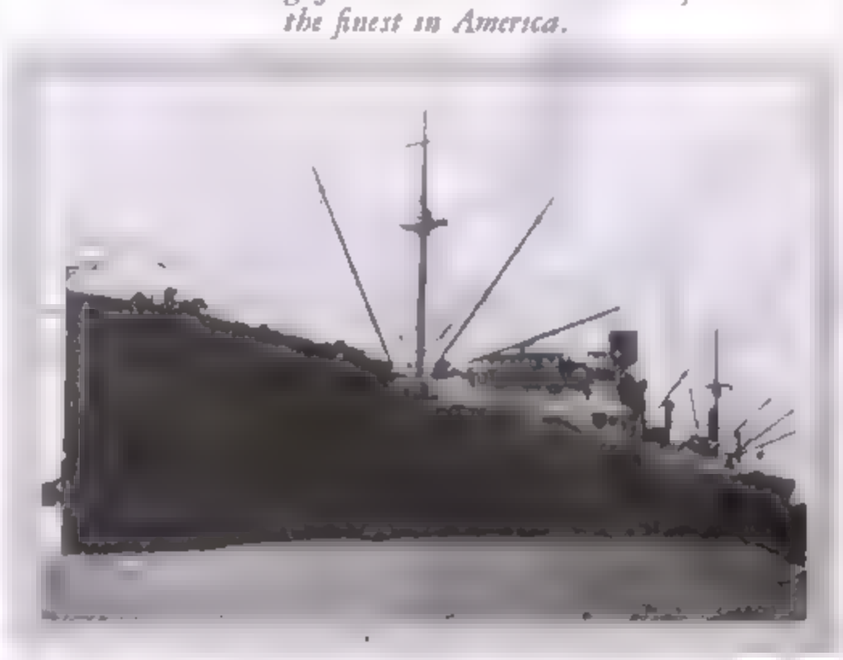
When Katie entered the room where Mr. Djerpul was waiting, he rose gracefully. He was, she was obliged to admit, in everything but color, an ingratiating young man. The spotless white turban bound about his brow made even the darkness of his skin almost attractive.

(Continued on Page 96)

28 *steamship and railway lines are building the business center of the new Southeast*



The Federal Government has spent more than $10,000,000 in making Jacksonville's harbor one of the finest in America.



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(Continued from Page 94)

"Mr. Djerpul," she began, "I asked my daughter to wait a few minutes. I wanted to see you first. To consult with you." He thanked her.

"I don't know if what I want is possible, Mr. Djerpul, do you see into the future?"

"No, missis," he replied tranquilly.

"Can you see what might come?" she insisted.

"No, missis."

"Oh," she ended desperately, "will you? Please wait before you answer. I know that while you are holy you have a living to make. You get pretty well paid too. But I am willing to give you a hundred dollars not for an hour, but just for these few moments. Wait! It's not for myself. I don't care to know about my future. It's my daughter I'm worried over. My darling child. Mr. Djerpul, I have the intuition of a mother, and I feel that there is a danger hanging dark upon Elaine. I want you to feel it, too, and warn her. She will listen to you. Help me, Mr. Djerpul!" She leaned forward with a crisp yellow treasury note for a hundred dollars conspicuous in her hand.

"Mrs. Storey," he replied, "I am sorry for you. The feelings of a mother are very sacred. But they must give way before destiny. I cannot affect or turn back destiny. What is written. I cannot change events. I can only, perhaps, teach you how to meet them."

"Mr. Djerpul," she persisted, "it is such a little thing. It will bring such good to us all. And you are a man of God, of good. Elaine must keep on with her present work. She mustn't be distracted by other forces. By men. By a man," she admitted. "Elaine must continue to shine untroubled for at least another year." Katie Storey rose and approached him, the money outheld.

Mr. Djerpul, the swami, shook his head in a slow negative. "Woman," he said, "put away your money. I do not see less than others, but more. Withdraw yourself from corporeal things. Slay ambition before it slays you. There is a bitterness in your heart. Sink into nothingness." For that last advice she was not obliged. Indeed, it held in a single short sentence all that she intended not to do. Sink into nothingness! He was an idiot. She folded the note into the palm of her hand and, since nothing else occurred to her, silently left the room. Katie Storey shut herself into her room, finding that her headache was an actuality. It was better the following morning, but she was too listless for the excursion to Santa Monica, the Silver Beach Club. The maid who telephoned Mr. Glenning for her said that he sounded half disappointed and half mad.

That couldn't be helped, Katie told herself. Mr. Glenning's disappointment must overcome the madness, or the madness consume, destroy, all the rest. She didn't care which did happen. This attitude of mind, she recognized, was foolish; worse, it was downright dangerous. But she couldn't help that either. She felt dangerous. Katie Storey wanted everything to be dangerous. Mr. Benn was a very dangerous man. God knew he had destroyed her peace of mind, wrecked her comfortable plans, perhaps. Almost, that was.

She asked Elaine, "When is that nice Mr. Benn coming to dinner again? I thought he was so charming with you."

Soon, her daughter assured her. "I wouldn't wonder if it would be this week. I don't suppose we'd have any trouble getting Mr. Glenning?" She put this in the form of an arch question. "Mr. Benn thinks you are ravishing, mamma," Elaine added with an unaccustomed, her late unnatural, generosity. Katie Storey studied her with a secret curiosity.

She was thinking about this again in the drawing-room—it was late afternoon—when Mr. Benn was unexpectedly shown in.

She rose with a bright face, extended hands. "It's so nice to see you!" she exclaimed in a warm voice. "I am afraid I have been thinking about you."

That, he told her, delighted him. "It makes me happier than I can say. Dear Mrs. Storey!" He had kept her hands; and suddenly, amazingly, he drew her close to him. He kissed her.

Her voice took the form of a low cry. "Oh, Mr. Benn, how could you do that? It was cruel of you. What made you think you could? What did I do?"

Still in his arms she saw, beyond them, Elaine standing in the doorway. "Mr. Benn," she protested, with a rigid dignity, "must I ask you again? Release me."

"Isn't he perfect!" Elaine exclaimed, advancing, her face animated. "I'm so glad you like him that much. Mamma—mamma darling, we're married!"

Mr. Benn once more impetuously took Katie Storey into his arms. "Mother," he repeated. She twisted herself sharply out of his grasp.

"And darling," Elaine added, "that heavenly Mr. Djerpul helped me. He gave me courage for it. I must leave you both for the teeniest minute."

Mrs. Storey sat with her gaze on the Chinese rug beneath her slippers, then she slowly raised her eyes and fixed them on Mr. Benn. "How much," she asked deliberately, did you give that Djerpul?"

For an instant he was surprised, frowning; and then the frown was dissolved in a flash of humor. "A thousand," he confessed. Katie hoped that Mr. Glenning had not seen more than the others, but less.

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

(Continued from Page 23)

she wore a smart, well-fitting habit. Indeed, they were both in riding clothes, explaining they had just come from Central Park, having dismounted to walk two blocks to our house. They explained rather apologetically that they had come to see, not to buy. "And don't be fooled," he warned, "for she lives in her riding clothes." As it was so early in the day, very few of our models had arrived. I showed them some of the newest dresses as they hung limply on their hangers.

"Have you, by any chance, a Rose Room here?" There was something most familiar in her appearance, and now I felt sure I had seen her before. She had doubtless been to the London house, or perhaps to the house in Paris. I took them both upstairs to the American Rose Room, which was beautifully furnished in the French style of Louis XIV. Lady Duff-Gordon at that time began advocating the use of flowers as trimming, and had just brought back to fashion the ornamentation of handmade flowers in silk. They were most effective and amazingly true to Nature, especially when bunched together in quaint, old-fashioned bouquets. A box had arrived from the studio downtown the night before, in which were ten bouquets, each to be sold for twenty-five dollars.

The Language of Flowers

My equestrian's eyes lighted with pleasure as he picked up these artistically wrought bits of beauty. Then, asking me for ten blank cards, he took a pen from his pocket and wrote "With my compliments" upon each of them. These he signed, and while they lay before him drying, he made out a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. This, with the cards and a blank check upon which he listed the names and addresses of ten ladies to whom he wished the bouquets delivered, he gave me. After all, I am but a woman, and if my downward glance betrayed curiosity—well, what of it? The check was signed "Reginald Vanderbilt."

It was then that I recognized his companion as the famous horsewoman, Belle Beach. In all the wealthy and aristocratic sporting centers of the world she was as well-known as her equally famous mother before her—Mrs. Emily Beach. Belle Beach showed the Vanderbilt horses, riding them regularly at the New York and Newport horse shows. A few years before, when she rode in England for Alfred Vanderbilt, she caused something of a sensation when a nervous horse, impersonating a Western bronco, unsuccessfully tried to throw her. Among the best of our horsewomen—women who had ridden to hounds all their lives—she stood, or rather sat, apart. Her seat in the saddle was said to be perfect; she seemed molded to her mount. And she had those firm, thin legs—perfect legs for a boot. Although she was small, her strength and absolute fearlessness in handling the most difficult horses caused such comment that King Edward VII, at the Olympia Horse Show in London, asked to meet her. She told me of being presented to him in a corner of the paddock, where His Majesty had been looking at several new horses.

In the lapel of her trig black riding coat it was her custom always to wear a white camellia. She considered it lucky. After curtsying, she naturally hesitated to speak first.

"Your Majesty," she said bashfully, "I am an American. I don't know quite what to say to a king."

"Just be your natural self, as you are now," he laughingly replied; "and there is always the language of flowers." He indicated the flower in her lapel. "May I have it?" Smiling, Miss Beach unpinned the flower and gave it to him.

"If my hand shakes," she told him, "it is because I am not used to giving a flower to anyone so great."

"Nor I," he said, immediately taking and giving her the red carnation from his own buttonhole, "to such a great horsewoman."

I later met her mother, Mrs. Beach, a little faded old lady, who sat quietly in her dog-cart, driving with peaceful caution through country lanes on Long Island. It was difficult to realize that much of her livelihood had been gained years before through subduing countless dangerous horses, and that she had once come out in a daring riding costume of dark cloth tights, shocking the most flagrant cyclists then wheeling about in bloomers.

Tricks in All Trades

Belle Beach and I grew to be good friends and, as a result, she often stopped on her way from the park, introducing many of her fashionable and wealthy clients whom she brought with her. Once, as she stood at the far end of a room, a customer, thinking her a model, turned to me and said, "My dear, is Lady Duff-Gordon making habits too? And what a sweet little model!"

I remember Earl Lonsdale, the most colorful figure of English racing circles, once asking Lady Duff-Gordon if she thought she could improve on riding habits. She laughed and shook her head.

"If I did, your hunts would resemble a strange, luxurious circus. I could never resist contrasting colors, and I'm sure you would never approve of a boot set off by a lacy frill!"

There is an old saying that there are tricks in all trades. In the dressmaking business it happens that the client herself often makes an occasional trick necessary. I remember an editor once saying to me with a suspicious look in his eye, "Ah, Miss Elsie, if you could only tell the truth, the real truth, of the inside workings of a dressmaking establishment!" His tone implied much, and when I questioned him further, I found he believed all great dressmakers were tricksters of one sort or another. They must be, he argued, or they would not be

(Continued on Page 89)

Entire Contents
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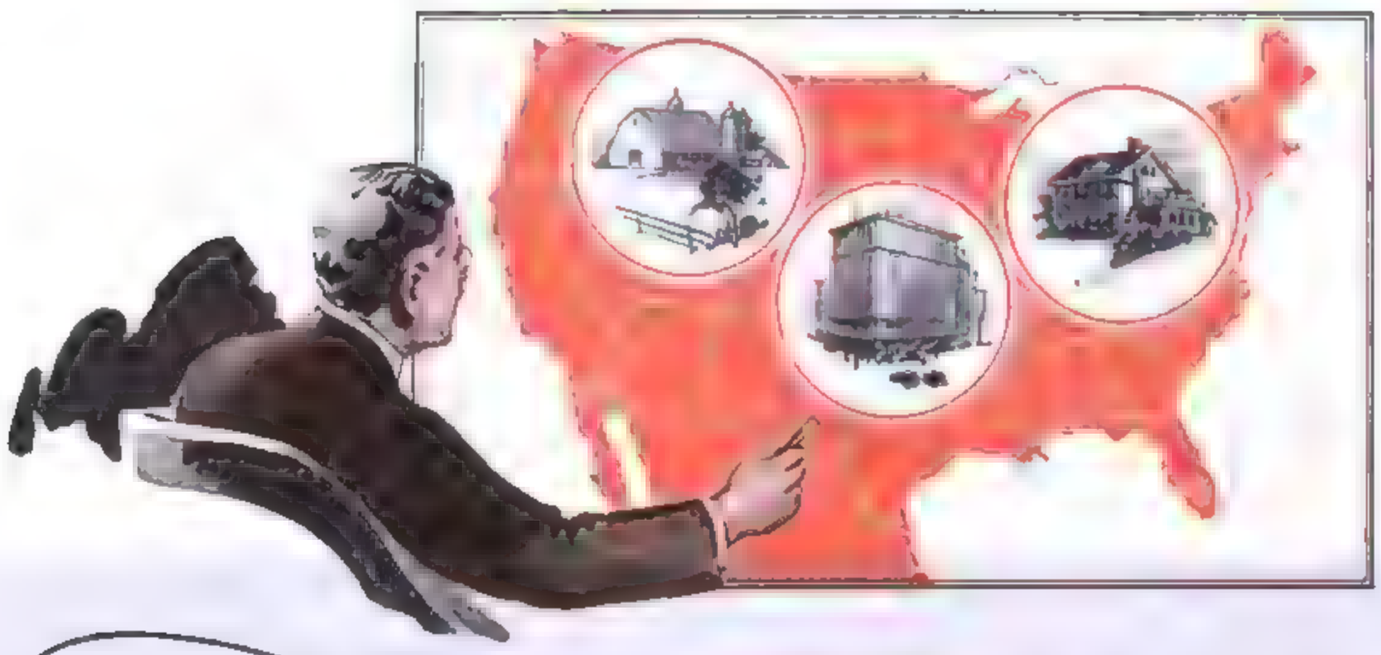

THERE are more than twenty-five million families in the United States, buying through wholesale or retail outlets, or direct by mail. At one time or another paper, in some form, influences the purchases of the great majority of these families. Think how essential it is to select "the right paper for the purpose".

How are you going to reach your partially developed or undeveloped markets?

BOTH salesmen and publication advertising should be backed up [frequently preceded] with printed matter—catalogues, booklets, mail pieces, and letters. Printed matter alone occasionally does the job.

In any campaign of this nature, copy, designing, printing and method of distribution are the prime considerations—but *paper* has a very direct bearing on all four.

It is almost needless to say that unless something approximating the "right paper for the purpose" is selected, the entire campaign will be handicapped—there are many known cases where it has been rendered practically useless.

To cite specific instances, a Cover Paper may please the eye, but print, fold and wear so poorly that the entire job falls short of all expectations; or it may run the cost up to where the job cannot justify its existence; or it may prove entirely out of harmony with all that has been done on the planning and designing of the piece; or it may be of so poor a quality that, far from accomplishing any desired result, it will create adverse impressions.

With variations, this applies to all business papers. Standardized papers, produced in volume to insure lowest cost, are the only safe solution—and this is the bed-rock upon which the Eagle-A policy has been built.

Eagle-A Standardized Papers meet the executive on a common ground. They fulfill his needs, recognized after many years of experience and investigation—they do not burden him with unwarranted overhead or undue specialty selling costs. They provide him with the "right paper for the purpose"—at the right price.

For example, American Embossed Covers are used for instruction books by several large automobile manufacturers, because of their resistance to handling. Though this Cover has something of the look and feel of leather, is pleasing to the eye and hand, prints and folds well, it is, due to Eagle-A Standardization, low enough in cost to be used for very large editions.

Volume production and a range of standardized primary grades allow the American Writing Paper Company to recommend impartially. For business stationery and the many other uses of bond papers, we shall be glad to send you the Specification Chart, the "Correct Use of Bond Papers", and a Sample Portfolio: and if you will briefly outline your use of direct mail material [catalogues, booklets, mail pieces, etc.] we will make recommendations and forward samples of Eagle-A Book and Cover Papers, to show how you can improve the appearance of your printed matter, or save money—in most cases, accomplish both.

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Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
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MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

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Bond Papers
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Ledger Papers
Brunswick Linen Ledger, Account Linen Ledger, Extension Ledger, Gloria Ledger

Cover Papers
American Handcraft, American Embossed, Berkshire, Paradox Moss Finish, Herculean, Arven, Am. Standard, Riverdale

Book Papers
American Handcraft, American Vellum, Berkshire Text, American Tinted Folder, American Super Calendered, American Eggshell, American English Finish

Offset Papers
Beebe, Chester, Dickinson

Bristols · Mimeograph Papers · Manifold Paper

Write us for Standardized Paper Portfolio

"Don't bother it's only a bruise"

thus began her flirtation with

The Gray Specter of Infection

© B. & B., 1927

You must bother . . .

when accident strikes . . . however tiny the cut or wound . . . . . You must bother . . . if you would feel secure against that grim marauder of health . . . Infection.

• • •

On the point of a pin or the edge of wafer-thin metal countless malignant germs may lurk—"mites of malice"—yet mighty enough to cripple or maim.

Who shall say that any wound, however slight, may be safely neglected . . . when *septic poisoning* and *tetanus* (lockjaw) have been known to writhe their way into the system through a pin prick?

When sensible safety costs so little, it is folly to be careless. Sterilize the wound with an iodine swab or a mercurochrome swab. Cover with sterile gauze and a sterile gauze bandage. Fasten with adhesive plaster. That is the First Aid your doctor would have you use on a skin-break of any kind.

These Bauer & Black Sterile First Aid products may be had at small cost in 45,000 drug stores . . . in individual packages, in kits and in cabinets . . . for the home, the office, the factory and for travel. Keep them always at hand, instantly ready for the accident emergency. It is better to be *ready* than *regretful*. . . . .

For Boy Scouts, the official Boy Scout First Aid Kit prepared by Bauer & Black to the specifications of Scout headquarters, may be had at all drug stores at 80c.

4 simple things to do for cuts or bruises

1. Sterilize the wound with a Bauer & Black Iodine or Mercurochrome Swab . . . . . 2. When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze . . . . 3. Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . . 4. Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

BAUER & BLACK

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

(Continued from Page 96)

able to charge and receive huge prices for some garments in which, according to him, it was obvious the materials alone could be worth no more than thirty or forty dollars. And yet I can recall no actual mysteries connected with the making of expensive clothes during the twenty-odd years of my experience.

Women of imagination and originality—professional women—are seldom smartly dressed when left alone to choose for themselves. The varied careers they follow do not often permit them to concentrate upon so important a matter as woman and her relation to fashion.

We who spend the best years of our lives studying the subject of dress and the changing intricacies of fashion, who must also be endowed with a peculiar and intangible sense of vision, are after all the master minds of our particular subject.

Overzealous Salesmanship

A noted novelist once came to me, saying that she wished her dress thus and so, the colors this way, the line that way. When she finished, I looked at her and smiled, and in a few words interpreted her long explanation. She took my hand, and as she left said, "You know exactly what I want—only more so. What a fool I've been to try to tell you your business! I've never felt so perfectly squashed before in my whole life!"

Many a time since she has recalled that first visit, laughing at what she rightly called her stupidity. These women invariably follow their little weakness for gypsy-like, glittery effects, or else they choose melancholy color combinations, especially when they are sallow-skinned. I am well aware that an authoress does not have to be dressed at all to write a best seller.

Well, then, how many actresses in this country today are truly smart? Only two or three come to my mind's eye at the moment. How many opera singers? Here is a species who adore adorning themselves inappropriately, usually adding one thing to another, with a strange total lacking only the traditional kitchen stove. This seems to be a habit which often accompanies a beautiful voice, and it is, indeed, very strange. With the exception of two, I can think of no opera singers who would be a sartorial joy to the eye if left without being advised by experts in a dressmaking establishment.

I don't know the definition of "tricks" as given in the dictionary. But with us it meant mostly atmosphere, or *mise en scène*, for lack of a better word. Surely Lady Duff-Gordon never employed any method to sell a gown which was not correct. Disliking flattery herself, and eagle-eyed in discerning this quality in others, she emphasized the necessity of being sincere with a customer.

It was better to make no sale than to insist falsely to some weak-minded woman that she appeared perfect in a costume that did not become her.

I remember a saleswoman we employed in New York whose desire to excel in salesmanship once overcame her sense of integrity. She permitted—nay, abetted—a short, stout and florid young society woman to buy a stiffly brocaded, brick-red evening gown. The result, after several fittings, was a picture no artist could paint. It was a complete failure, although the poor customer did not know enough to realize it. It chanced that Her Ladyship passed the fitting-room door one morning when this creation was nearing the last stages of completion. She flew upstairs to me, in the Rose Room, in great agitation and described to me what she had just seen.

"Elsie, what saleswoman served that unfortunate girl?" I looked through my order book and told her the name. "Send her to me here, at once." When the saleswoman arrived, Lady Duff-Gordon looked at her sarcastically from the tips of her well-shod feet to her charmingly arranged hair. She was one of the highest salaried employes and she should have known her business better.

"And you could do such a thing! Every girl in this house has had orders never to sell a brocaded dress to a fat woman. Why, if this girl goes to the opera in that dress, she will be the laughingstock of the audience! No one will listen to the opera. Why did you sell it to her? Are you trying to wreck my good name? Can you imagine her friends asking her where she bought that preposterous garment? 'Why, it was made in the Duff-Gordon house.' 'So? She has gone mad; she has lost her sense of proportion, has this great artist! She must have lost her head—all for the sale of one dress!'"

The incident did not end here. By some peculiar chance of fate, that dress was never delivered to the fat little customer who ordered it. Indeed, it disappeared—was lost in delivery! Her Ladyship seemed more pleased than surprised when told of it.

We were driving along Riverside Drive one afternoon, then eastward to the park, where great tall buildings stood outlined against the afternoon sky, when Lady Duff-Gordon pointed out to me one of these stone silhouettes, often repeating, "Oh, how these wonderful buildings thrill me! They just fill me with inspirations." She could hardly wait for the chauffeur to take us back to the house. Then she dashed inside, going to her own study. There I found her, long after twilight, in the half darkness, busily sketching various combinations of the ideas, which, in their peculiar effect, were not unlike many of the buildings we had seen that afternoon. I could quite follow how her mind worked after seeing them.

The revival of the use of rich brocaded materials for dresses came about in an amusing manner. One day I found Her Ladyship in the studio downtown, silently thinking, her chin in her hand. Suddenly rising, she said to me: "Elsie, I have it! I know what I want! I would like to find a girl I can drape brocades on, a girl so thin that one could count every bone in her body! In fact, what I want is the thinnest girl in all the world."

A Change of Mind

The thinnest girl! I shall never forget her, as she proved to be legion. After an advertisement—written, then so carefully rewritten, headed "urgent"—had been placed in a morning paper, we were besieged by girls of every type. Short, thin girls; girls of medium height, as emaciated as skeletons; long, lanky, thin girls, who might have impersonated Jack's bean stalk in an English Christmas pantomime. Dark ones, blond ones and red-headed ones; long-haired ones, short-haired ones—they came but to have Lady Duff-Gordon shake her head. It became evident that the most important assets had been forgotten in wording our advertisement. Her Ladyship insisted upon beauty as well as thinness, and grace above all things; and, of course, she must have a sense of the artistic.

Just when it seemed that such a girl did not exist—indeed, had never and would never exist—Arjmonde appeared. Not that she knew her name was Arjmonde, this tall, dark, thin, graceful and exotic appearing young woman. Indeed, she seemed unaware of her graces. She was in type a slender, swaying reed, so thin, I often feared, as I later watched her pace the long rooms in the divinely draped brocaded gowns, she would bend, then break and dissolve into a graceful, luxurious heap upon the floor! Until coming to us, she had loathed being thin, nor had her mind been centered on things artistic, as we soon found out. She was preoccupied with a diet—a diet rigidly followed in the hope of gaining weight. Lady Duff-Gordon came to her point quickly.

"You are Arjmonde," she announced with enthusiasm to this wide-eyed girl, who looked and listened in amazement. "You are the beautiful Indian Princess Arjmonde come to life again, after having been laid to rest in the Taj Mahal, that most beautiful tomb in all the world."

It seemed that Arjmonde, who came of simple American parentage, had answered our advertisement more out of fun than anything else, being curious to know what anyone would want of the thinnest girl in the world. It was not long before she found out. Lady Duff-Gordon immediately took her to the studio downtown, where she spent hours every day draping yards and yards of priceless brocades, this way and that, about the matchlike form of Arjmonde.

Previous to this, brocades had not come greatly into fashion, until Her Ladyship's announcement to various manufacturers that she was about to develop a new type of fashion, then the looms began weaving softer, more clinging brocades. This style of the draped-brocade evening dress was quickly taken up by all our clients who were slender and chic. Unfortunately, many stout women wished to order these dresses also; but Lady Duff-Gordon often proved, by her adamant refusals to foster this idea in a billowy bosom, that she was something of a Spartan as well as a creator.

A Messenger's Side Line

As one season followed another, I noticed our establishment took on an atmosphere entirely different from that of the London and Paris houses. We were becoming amazingly American, taut and nervous, rushing wildly, sewing madly, day in and day out. The feeling of excitement in the air and the pace we had set ourselves were something we had not been conscious of abroad. Perhaps it was the marvelous vitality one feels in the air of this country.

A fearfully annoying and almost daily occurrence was the manner in which our dresses were copied. Do as we might, we could not stop the appearance of cheap imitations in the small wholesale shops on the side streets west of Fifth Avenue.

Although our first showings of new gowns were affairs to be attended by invitation only, just as in London and Paris, someone would get in who did not belong. With maddening precision, a week or so after these exhibitions, Lady Duff-Gordon's newest ideas appeared—maltreated, it is true—in the show cases of many of the coat-and-suit manufacturers, selling by the dozen and often developed in more appalling color combinations than even the spectrum boasts.

Knowing how sensitive Her Ladyship was to imitation of any kind, I at first tried to buy up many of these copies, which were often quite terrible. But, of course, one would have had to own the touch of a Midas to succeed in doing this.

I was always watching the people who came to our private showings. Most of them I knew by sight. Often they were former customers from our foreign houses, visiting New York. They seldom brought their invitations with them as admittance cards. It was unnecessary. But one afternoon as a great, handsome woman brushed past me into the salon, suave, yet a bit officious, I followed her. When she was seated in one of the front-row chairs—the manikins displayed the new gowns on the beautiful blue-draped stage—I spoke to her in a quiet voice.

"You forgot to give me your card," I said. She eyed me indignantly for a moment, then dived into a deep hand bag. As she pulled out its contents, I noticed several drawing pencils and folded sheets of paper. She gave me the card, and there was nothing further to be said. Nor was there anything I could do. I tried to watch her at various moments during the showing, but she sat at such an angle in the large crowd that I could not tell whether she made swift drawings of the models or not. I had an intense desire to follow her as she left the house, but as her limousine drove up and she was swallowed into it, I knew it would be useless to try.

Two weeks later I chanced upon her strolling down Fifth Avenue. She was difficult to follow, because she constantly stopped before the windows of the more exclusive shops and began sketching designs and silhouettes. I say began, for inevitably she was invited by someone from inside, who rushed out excitedly, to discontinue her thieving and pass on. This she would do in a casual manner, as though callous to such treatment, shrugging her shoulders as she went. After some time she turned down a side street, I still following, and when she finally entered a large wholesale house I was close on her heels.

Inside, she disappeared, and I forgot her in my amazement. I found myself in a room which was a farcical replica of one of our drawing-rooms, and on all sides, hanging over long metal poles against the wall, were many of our newest models, cheaply copied. An eager-eyed clerk came forward to wait upon me. In answer to my questions regarding price, he at first said the dresses were to be bought in dozen lots only. But when I looked disappointed, he sympathetically asked if I wanted the dress to wear myself.

I replied that I did, and he softened. Before I left I had purchased three imitations of our most exclusive models for less than one hundred dollars.

I decided to show them to Her Ladyship immediately, feeling perhaps some irate client of importance would see a copy of an expensive gown she had just bought, and thinking it exclusive, discover it in a shop window at a cheap price. She listened in silence as I told of my experience, and as she examined the cheap materials and the manner in which they were put together, I expected a storm to break. To my surprise she turned to me with an expression of amusement.

"Elsie dear," she said, "these people must be quite remarkable. They've copied my color combinations perfectly. I would like to meet them."

We were never able to find out how strangers came to our private exhibitions until a friend recognized the sister of another important New York dressmaker surreptitiously copying our models. Casually she asked her if Lady Duff-Gordon had sent her an invitation, and the woman, counting it a huge joke on us, explained that one of our errand girls had picked up a stray invitation from a desk in the house. We later learned that this girl made quite a bit extra selling these cards to outsiders.

Gowns in Embryo

Not long after these experiences, my employer was asked to give a public fashion show at the Plaza Hotel. I shall never forget her coming out upon the stage in the Gold Ballroom, as perfectly groomed and as fine an example of what an ultra-smart woman should be as it is possible to imagine. She looked her audience over slowly, carefully, for several moments. Suddenly, after what seemed an interminable silence, we listened in consternation at her words.

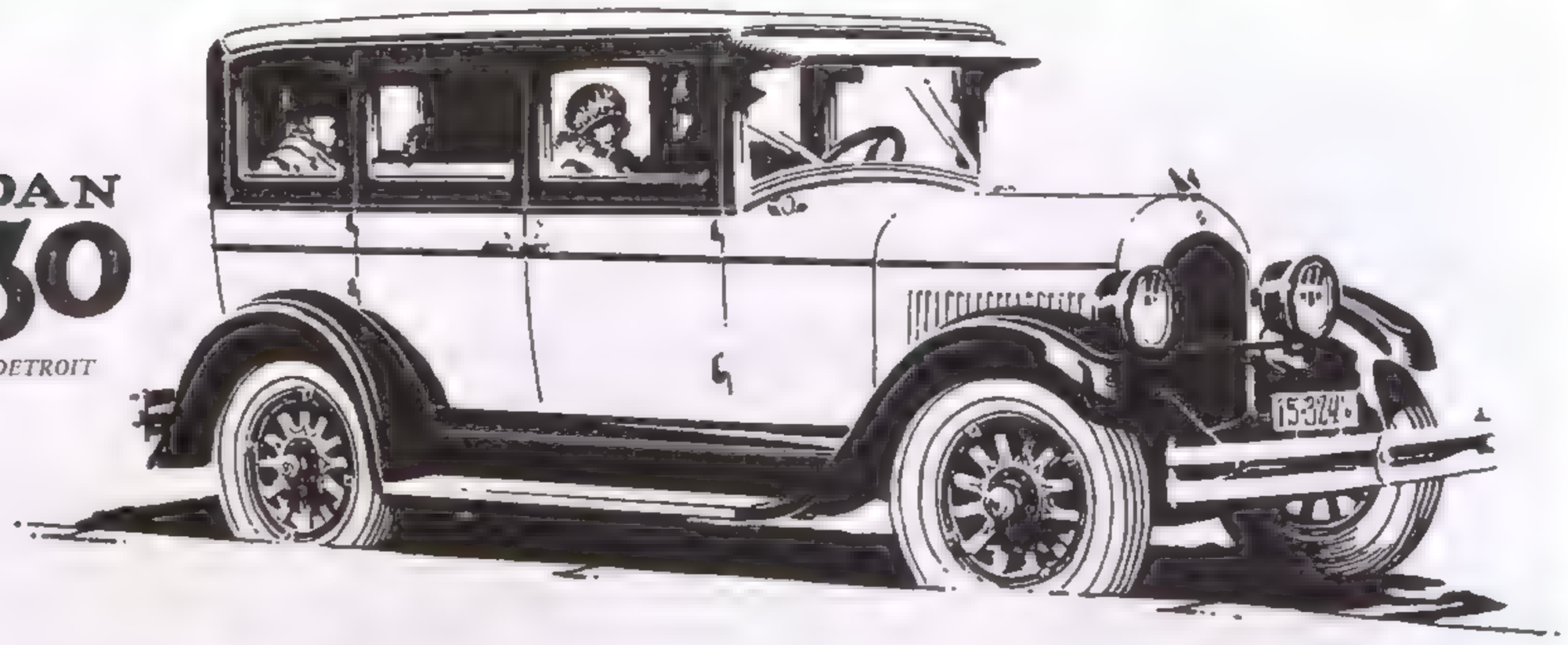
"Many people are beginning to think I am only a rubber stamp," she began. "But I will show you I am a real person, not a trade name." Calling to Dolores, who waited in the wings of the stage with other models, she proceeded to give a clever demonstration of her unique ability. Several assistants at the same time brought bolts of silks, satins, laces and other materials to Lady Duff-Gordon, who, with a pair of scissors and a paper of pins, began to create first a costume on the beautiful Dolores, before the very eyes of her audience. This she followed with many exquisite creations on the other girls. Although these dresses were only pinned together, each was auctioned off as it was completed, the lowest price paid being one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

It was not to be wondered at that so many thought of Her Ladyship as a rubber stamp, in as much as she was something of a recluse, as great artists ofttimes are. Hundreds of her creations were seen each season, but their creator seldom, if ever. And even

(Continued on Page 102)

"50" CHRY

SEDAN
$830
F. O. B. DETROIT



Amazing Contrast Between CHRYSLER "50" *And All Other Fours*

ANYONE with a sense of motor-car values, knowing the price of the Chrysler "50"—the coupe and roadster $750, the coach $780, the sedan $830, the landau sedan $885—will instantly realize that it is unfair to the other four-cylinder cars of large production to try to judge them on the same basis as the "50".

For just a mental comparison as to family roominess and full size, interior appointments and luxurious mohair plush upholstery, beauty and smartness of line and appearance *alone* places the Chrysler "50" in the class of the larger cars, and makes its selection simply inevitable.

For Chrysler's unique plan of Standardized Quality produces the "50" on the conviction that the family that pays a moderate price for its car is entitled to just as much beauty, quality, comfort, economy, long life and good value as those purchasing cars of higher price.

The amazing superiority of the Chrysler "50"—with its speed of 50 miles and more per hour, its economy of 25 miles to the gallon and its big car roominess and comfort—over all other fours is immediately evident in a direct comparison of values.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan

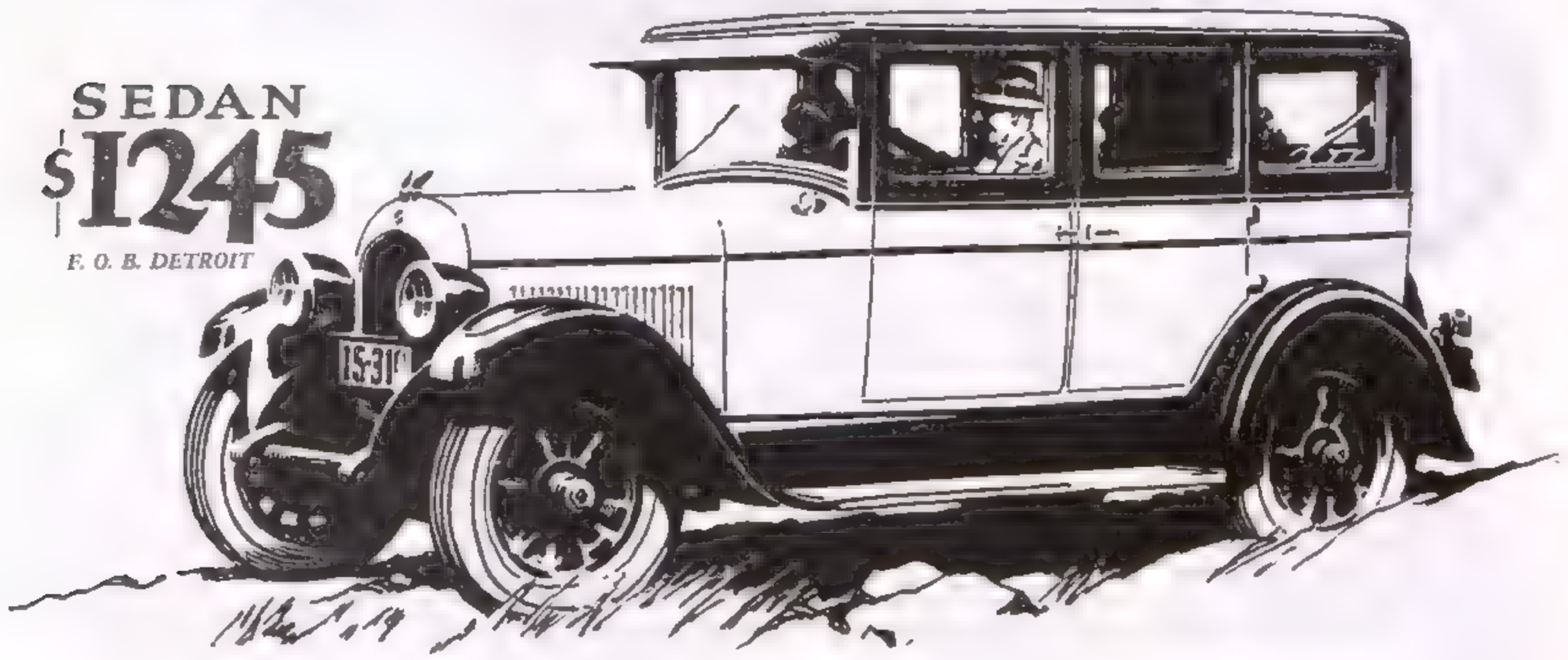
Coupe, $750; Roadster, (*Rumble Seat extra*), $750; Coach, $780; Sedan, $830; Landau Sedan, $885

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

SLER "60"

In the CHRYSLER "60"- *Features, Performance and Value Unique Among Low Priced Sixes*

SEDAN
$1245
F. O. B. DETROIT



FEATURES, performance and value no other low-priced six can offer—plus many other Chrysler advantages now claimed as "new" by other makers—are the foundation of Chrysler "60's" supreme quality.

You will find the "60" head and shoulders above its price division in these elements of in-built quality and outstanding value—finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers, front and rear.

Try the "60" on the road. You will realize beyond doubt what a great advantage Chrysler features give in performance—in flashing pick-up, in agility and roadability, in marked smoothness at speeds of 60 miles and more per hour.

Built under the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, the Chrysler "60" is a typical Chrysler—with all the length of life and dependability, the smartness of design, coloring and appointment, that have made Chrysler world-famous.

See for yourself—your own judgment will then convince you Chrysler "60" stands alone in its field—*beyond comparison in new features and in every element that determines real motor-car value.*

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

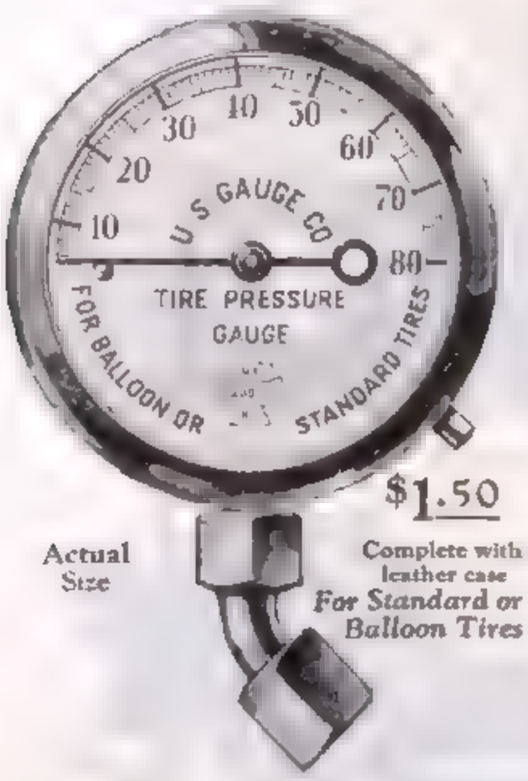
MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Chrysler "60" Prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster *(with Rumble Seat)*, $1175; Coupe *(with Rumble Seat)*, $1245; Sedan, $1245.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System

The Original Tire Gauge

Built on the Bourdon Spring Principle!



Actual Size

$1.50

Complete with leather case
For Standard or Balloon Tires

SUCCESSFULLY meeting the world-wide demand for a gauge of perfect precision, the U. S. TIRE GAUGE is *guaranteed accurate within one pound!*

This dependable accuracy is due to the Bourdon Spring principle (adopted by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for indicating pressure gauges) on which the U. S. TIRE GAUGE is constructed.

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Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

(Continued from Page 99)

lucrative offers of a publicity nature which poured in constantly were never considered seriously, because she preferred to work uninterruptedly and unheralded.

Her ideas, as they became concrete fashions, sometimes brought about weird results. A ballroom, filled with dancers, would suddenly appear to be different; parties of young people took on the look of a private Duff-Gordon exhibition. There was, for instance, the chiffon-handkerchief dress, created especially for the graceful dancer, Irene Castle. Squares of finest chiffon in various sizes, some joined together, others hanging separately, all arranged to make an effect never before seen in an evening dress. There were the gold or silver lace caps—those little bits of artistic nothing in the hand, but dreams of loveliness when adjusted properly on the head—also created for Mrs. Castle and popularly known as the Castle Cap.

A Thoughtful Wife

I shall never forget the first night of Miss Elisabeth Marbury's production of the musical comedy, Watch Your Step, in which Mrs. Castle was featured with the late Vernon Castle. She made her entrance in a costume created by us—a costume which literally caused the audience to hold its breath. Of a Nattier blue sleeveless brocade coat, fitted to the waist as tightly as a glove, then falling over the hips into full folds, edged at the hem with a narrow banding of gray fox fur, it partly concealed a gown with long chiffon sleeves whose great width at the wrist, also edged with fur, was a direct replica of the *moyen-âge* period. The bodice, which showed at the front, was high and tight, encircling the waist snugly in many soft hues of silk. It was truly exquisite. The morning after, society women, old and young, of all sizes and shapes, came—many women whom we had never seen before—begging us to make them Watch-Your-Step dresses. Hundreds of copies were made in various colors, yet none equaled in perfect color combination the one first selected for Irene Castle.

The appearance of fashionable neighborhoods changed of a season, as well as the ballrooms. It sometimes seemed to me they were peopled by women of all ages in smart tailored suits, unusual because of unique skirts. Lady Duff-Gordon had deliberately copied and improved upon the Englishman's peg-top trousers, complete, with buckle at the back and deep masculine pockets in front.

In the summertime at many country garden parties on Long Island and in Westchester, one might have observed the revival of picture dresses, now made in flowered muslins and soft dimities, such as were copied from the old masters years before and shown by me in our London store. Worn with these were the drooping leghorn hats, accompanied by high-sticked parasols adorned with garlands of Watteauesque taffeta rosebuds. Dresses of this type, with their charming accessories, looked especially well on the actress, Miss Billie Burke. She used to come to the house, where, seated on the floor like a child, she discussed with enthusiasm all ideas Lady Duff-Gordon had in mind for the costumes of a new production in which she was starred.

Few men realize the worth of a beautiful gown. I can distinctly remember, on one occasion, a very pretty client who could never resist lovely things no matter how expensive they might be. She asked me to send her bill to her husband's office with the prices considerably lowered from the real price she paid for them. She arranged to make up the deficiency in her own way from her private pocket money. I have often heard of women asking dressmakers to add fictitious amounts to their bills and, upon payment by their husbands, having the difference returned them by the dressmaker.

But such a dishonorable transaction would never be considered in an establishment of repute.

Our house was one of the first of its kind in this country to offer women a personal perfume—that is to say, a perfume blended for one woman only that was hers and expressive of her individual personality. The tremendous craze for perfumes had just begun; and in the Rose Room, where we sold many of these new odors made privately for us by famous French perfumers, it became the rage to discuss one's personality in relation to perfume, as it was natural in the salons downstairs to discuss self-expression through correct dressing. Today the sale of perfumes in dressmaking houses has grown to such extensive proportions that it balances very nicely the enormous overhead expenses. Most successful dressmakers have perfumes made specially for their houses by some discerning expert.

A week or so after the announcement in the press of the engagement of the former Mrs. Galt to the late President Wilson, we received a note from her secretary. Mrs. Galt was coming to New York to select her trousseau and wished to see Lady Duff-Gordon. I replied immediately, making an appointment for her.

Fooling Photographers

The day Mrs. Galt arrived was fair, and we were all in excellent spirits and curious to see our new customer. She came accompanied by two ladies, friends from Washington. Although no longer in the early flush of youth, she appeared amazingly young and, I thought, quite beautiful. No photographs I have seen of her do her justice. Hers is a face of vivid and changing expressions which cannot be caught by a camera. She selected two of our most conventional models, one in black velvet, the other in a soft duchesse satin of white. It did not take long for her to make her choice, and she was soon ready to leave.

As she was about to go through the door leading to the outer glass entrance which opened upon the flight of brownstone steps, she noticed a great crowd gathered on the street. News photographers, having learned in some way that she had come to our house, waited to snap her as she left. For a moment she seemed greatly disturbed. It was evident to me that she disliked this type of publicity. Suddenly a thought came to me. I asked her to wait, and ran quickly upstairs, where I found a thick blue motoring veil.

"Mrs. Galt," I said, "wrap this around your face and head as thickly as possible. They'll never bother you if they can't see your face."

Gratefully, she turned to me, but I could no longer see the expression of her eyes, for I had already swathed her about like some woman of the East. She ran down the steps to her waiting car, and the crowd, disappointed, quickly melted away.

A Woman and Her Dressmaker

Many volumes have been written on the art of dress. The subject "clothes," as nearly every woman delights in knowing, is an endless, ever-changing one which will always be discussed along with other important subjects of the day. The idiosyncrasies of fashion, reflecting events as they do, are sometimes ludicrous, but always interesting in retrospect. Each era has a way of developing a fashion, making this or that type its very own. But even as the years slip by and styles turn about, careening now toward the tiny waist, now toward the natural one, to the short skirt or the long, two fundamentals are steadfast—line and color. I doubt if the former can be taught, as a sense of line is like card sense or a natural ear for music—either one has it or hasn't. It is a gift with which all famous dressmakers have been born. Of course, a knowledge of color may be acquired to a certain extent.

In the early days of my experience as a model, even the most elaborately trimmed dress was smart only because of the perfection of line and beautiful through the creator's knowledge of color.

It is always amusing to watch women buy their clothes. I have never tired of it. Some become shy and meek, quite mouselike, when selecting beautiful garments. Others endeavor to give the impression of being bored. And then there is always the woman who will never admit being satisfied with anything the dressmaker has made for her. The customers we delighted in were women of impulsive, almost childlike enthusiasm.

There is a saying that one never knows people until one has lived with them. Perhaps this is so, but I believe it must mainly apply to men. I feel certain the dressmaker should be exempt from any such trial. A customer's attitude toward her dressmaker will quickly disclose each admirable or unpleasant quality of character. If there is a sure way of knowing any woman, it is through designing and making her clothes.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Miss Elsie and Miss Strakosch.

Falling Mill Run Near Fairmont, West Virginia

When the maker of a car or truck can say "Powered by Lycoming", it means that he has given you the utmost in motor value.

POWERED BY LYCOMING

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LYCOMING MOTORS

FOR NINETEEN YEARS BUILDERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

Add the new Balkite Combination

to your radio set now

with your "A" battery it supplies all radio power automatically from the light socket

Now you can operate your radio set from the light socket. Merely by adding the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit. Once connected to your "A" battery and set and plugged into the light socket, *it supplies automatic power to both circuits.* You need not even turn it off and on, for it is controlled by the filament switch already on your set and is entirely automatic in operation. Its smooth even power will give you a constant quality of reception that can be secured in no other way.

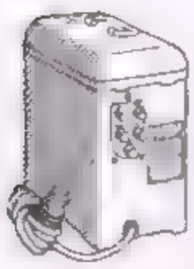
Balkite Combination can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. Like all Balkite Radio Power Units it has no tubes, nothing to replace or renew, is a permanent piece of equipment, and is built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories. It is noiseless in operation. It will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring up to 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—any set of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes.

Add Balkite Combination now and know the pleasure of owning a receiver always ready to operate at full power not only this season but for years to come. Price $59.50. [In Canada $83.] Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Ill.*

The greatest series of concerts in radio

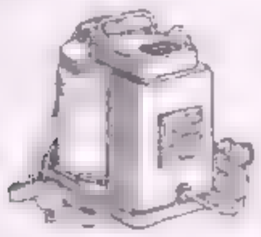
WALTER DAMROSCH
and the
NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Every other Saturday night a symphony concert. On alternate Saturdays one of Mr. Damrosch's popular pianorecitals. Over WEAF and associated stations. Balkite Hour, 9 p. m., Eastern (8 p. m. Central) Time.



Three New Balkite "B"s
Including Balkite "B"-X for sets of 8 tubes or less

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. Three new models. Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X (illustrated) for sets of 8 tubes or less; capacity 30 milliamperes at 135 volts—$42 Balkite "B"-Y for any radio set; capacity 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$69. (In Canada: "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)



The New Balkite Trickle and High-Rate Charger

MODEL J. Has two rates. A low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger. Noiseless. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 ampere. Price $19.50. (West of Rockies $20. In Canada $27.50.)

Balkite Trickle Charger $10

MODEL K. For those who require a charger of limited capacity only. Over 350,000 in use. Charging rate .5 ampere. Price $10. (West of Rockies $10.50. In Canada $15.)

All Balkite Units operate from 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle A.C. The Balkite Charger is also made in a 25-40 cycle model.

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

THE BALKITE LINE OF ELECTROLYTIC DEVICES IS PROTECTED BY RMA EDGAR W. [illegible] U.S. REISSUE PATENT NO. 16435 DATED OCT. [illegible] 1926

SELLING THRIFT

(Continued from Page 27)

of applications received was 4,631,993. The maximum policy was $10,000, and so many men applied for the maximum that the average of all policies written was $8697. There were some duplications in the number of applications; but the Government's total liability on account of wartime life insurance reached $40,000,000,000. Altogether a remarkable record. That the extra war hazard which the Government assumed was a very real thing is shown by the fact that this wartime life insurance has, so far, cost the Government, in round figures, $1,000,000,000 over and above the premiums received—a loss charged off to costs of war.

While war lasted there was no question about collecting the insurance premiums because an applicant for insurance assigned a portion of his monthly pay sufficient to cover the premium. For a man of average age the cost of carrying $10,000 of life insurance came to $6.60 a month. But war presently ended. The men were discharged from military service and more than 75 per cent of them immediately allowed their insurance to lapse, never paying a premium after they drew their last pay check. Still others lapsed a little later.

The wartime insurance was what is called term insurance, the policies running just from year to year as the premiums were paid. But in order that the men might save the benefits of this scheme and carry those benefits over into civil life, the Act of Congress provided that any wartime term policy might, at the end of the war, be converted into a regular life-insurance policy, without further physical examination, at no expense to the insured and at practically no trouble. The regular life policies were offered in several forms, such as ordinary life, twenty-payment life, twenty-year endowment, and so on, the same as the most popular forms of policy written by the mutual life-insurance companies. This government life insurance, in short, is the staple, standardized article that millions of people buy from life-insurance companies, only it is backed by the United States Government, and it is cheaper, for the premium contains no loading.

The latest available figures show that out of something like 4,500,000 wartime term insurance policies, 462,107 had been converted into regular life insurance. Congress has extended to July 2, 1927, the time during which term insurance may be converted into regular life insurance. Allowing for deaths during and after the war, there must be about 3,000,000 persons in the United States who can take a gift from the Government; in other words, who can get a staple article that almost everybody will finally want, at less than the market price.

War Insurance Still Convertible

Anyone who held a wartime term-insurance policy, who is still in good health—the certificate of any reputable physician anywhere being accepted on that point—and who will pay up two back monthly premiums can convert his wartime policy into a regular life policy. This offer has been open ever since the war and will continue to next July. The United States Veterans Bureau, with offices in sixty-three cities, will attend to it for him; or if he is not near a branch office, he can write to the head office of the bureau at Washington.

Several reasons are given for this wholesale abandonment of government life insurance. The insurance was an incident of war, and when the men were discharged most of them wanted to chuck everything connected with war. Many of the men were months finding a place in civil employment, and during the interval they had no money to pay insurance premiums. Many of them were young, unmarried and not interested in insurance.

But these, you will notice, are temporary reasons, applying only to the two or three years immediately following the war. The first natural impulse to chuck everything connected with war must have long since worn off. In the past four years there have been jobs for everybody. And the men are no longer so young. If the average age at enlistment was twenty-four years, it must now be around thirty-three years—getting on toward middle life, when most men have married and assumed responsibility for a family.

This conversion offer has stood open all the while. But with more than 3,000,000 prospects in hand and already on its books, the Government wrote only 75,000 life-insurance policies, for $405,000,000, in the ten months from January 1 to November 1, 1926, while life-insurance companies were writing new policies at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a month. Pretty nearly everybody has been buying life insurance, but the Government's offer of insurance below the going price has been neglected by something like four-fifths of those who might have taken advantage of it.

If There Were No Salesmen

The chief reason for that is simple enough. There has been nobody to sell government life insurance. When wartime insurance was offered, every officer in the Army and Navy was turned into an insurance agent, with instruction to urge the men to apply for policies. Result, more than 4,500,000 applications, embracing 87 per cent of all enlisted persons; and most of them, as noted before, applied for the maximum policy. But when war was over, the Government, with no loading in its premiums, could bring no selling pressure to bear.

The War Risk Insurance Bureau, and the Veterans Bureau, since the former was merged in it, did the best they could with the means at their command. They addressed circulars to the men. They asked the American Legion and other societies to help. The Legion and other societies have helped where they could. Government officers in charge of the work testify that the life-insurance companies have been sympathetic and helpful. But all that doesn't, by a long shot, amount to a selling campaign. Really, this prime article, at less than the market price, has gone so largely without takers because there was nobody to sell it, nothing to hit the prospect in the eye, no persuasive finger pointing to the dotted line. You know how it works. There are a lot of things you would like to do, a lot of things you think you will do sometime. Mostly, it is only when somebody or something catches you by the coat lapel and says "Do it now" that the thing gets done.

Probably there never was a time when things sold themselves. As the tribe advanced to that stage of culture where any individual member of it possessed a piece of personal property that he could do without—say, an extra rabbit's foot or a couple of spare arrowheads—he went around trying to inflame other members of the tribe with immediate desire for rabbits' feet or arrowheads until he found a purchaser. I imagine it happened that way with paleolithic man because it happened that way with me. My first financial transaction involved the purchase of a shotgun.

Some older boys possessed cast-off shotguns, but I had resigned myself to the parental dictum that at twelve I was too young to handle a firearm. Then the back page of my boys' magazine bore an advertisement of a single-barrel, breech-loading shotgun, very suitable for youths of tender age. There was a convincing picture of the implement, as long as the page, and a description in detail of its merits. It made a changed being of me. Instead of looking for birds' nests or trusting dogs to whose tails cans might be attached, I ravaged the neighborhood for odd jobs at sawing firewood, raking front yards, picking berries and other gainful occupations. With the quenchless pertinacity of Demosthenes pleading for his country's honor, I argued the subject of shotguns with my parents. The dimes, quarters and half dollars accumulated. Paternal opposition slowly wore away under my attack, as stone wears under dropping water. Finally my father said I could buy the gun—possibly with a secret hope that I would blow my head off and give the family some peace.

There came the thrilling day when I went to the post office and bought a money order for the price of the gun, twelve brass shells and a little machine to load them with; and the more marvelous day, blissful as a foretaste of paradise, when the long, slim wooden box came by express. I didn't kill myself or my brother or sister. I didn't, in fact, kill anything worth mentioning, being an extraordinarily poor shot, as it turned out. But the achievement of the shotgun was a high and shining peak in my young life, however depressed my parents may have been about it. That achievement never would have happened if the weapon had not been sold to me. I would still have wanted a shotgun, but only in a general, undetermined, baffled way. My desire would have been a sort of mist, dispersed through the atmosphere of my mind. It was the picture and text on the back page of the magazine that crystallized it into a consuming passion and brought results.

Probably that is the way things not immediately necessary to sustain life have always been sold. The seller stirred somebody up to want the article and thus to go out and hustle for the price of it. The buyer's hustling resulted in the production of more goods to be sold. Nowadays, with a vast production of goods not immediately necessary to sustain life and a vast clamor to sell them, a prime article, offered at a bargain, but without an energetic seller, easily gets overlooked.

I have heard thoughtful people deplore this persistency in selling things. They say it sets people on to desiring articles they can get along without. But setting people on to desiring things they can get along without is the whole story of civilization. People got on quite contentedly with a fire in the middle of the floor and the smoke escaping any way it could until some crafty person built a fireplace with a chimney and set everybody else to wanting one. People once existed without saving up anything except the scalp of an enemy, and those who deplore the energy that nowadays goes into the selling of what they call luxuries should remember that no other luxury is more energetically sold today than thrift is.

The First Savings Society

It seems to have been sold from the start, and that start is surprisingly close to our own time. It is only 110 years ago that systematic saving became sufficiently important to attract the attention of government in England and the United States, and acts authorizing the incorporation of savings banks were passed. A half century earlier a small institution that might be considered a savings bank had been set up in Germany, said to be the first in Europe. Diligent research discovers that in the last year of the eighteenth century an English clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Smith, got his poorer parishioners to set aside small sums in what he called a Frugality Bank. Eleven years later the Rev. Henry Duncan, of the village of Ruthwell, in the poor district of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, organized a Savings and Friendly Society.

One historian of the subject calls the Rev. Mr. Duncan the father of savings banks as we know them, and his humble institution the beginning of a vast swarm of progeny. A picture shows that it was housed in a small one-story dwelling, presumably the parsonage. The pastor had observed that his followers, very poor, as they were, often had little odds and ends of money in their houses, and that these little odds and ends had a way of leaking out to no particular purpose. He looked upon his Savings and Friendly Society not at all as a financial venture, but only as a means of combating poverty. After trying it out at home, he became an ardent propagandist of the savings-bank idea, always as a means of combating poverty. Due in part, no doubt, to his advocacy, similar concerns came into being here and there.

It is significant that a dour Scotch society for the suppression of begging started the first savings bank in Edinburgh. This is said to have been the first one to use the now-familiar pass book. Within seven years of Parson Duncan's venture there were seventy-eight like institutions in the United Kingdom, and the subject had attracted so much notice that Parliament passed an act for the incorporation of savings banks.

Aggressive Banks

Meanwhile Conde Raquet organized a Savings Fund Society in Philadelphia, probably the first savings bank in America. And a year before Parliament legislated on the subject, the Massachusetts Legislature authorized incorporation of the Provident Institute for Savings in the Town of Boston. Two years later, in 1818, Governor DeWitt Clinton recommended a law for the incorporation of savings banks in New York State as a means of reducing pauperism.

We know from extant records that the Rev. Henry Duncan was a salesman of thrift. Going among his parishioners, he used all his influence and eloquence to drum up trade for his bank. Of course, his motive was pure philanthropy. There was no profit in it for him personally. He felt only that he had here a means of ameliorating poverty. But he sold the idea. Presumably most, or all, of the early institutions got started that way.

The first incorporated savings banks in the Eastern part of the United States were mutual, as they and their successors are today. There is no capital stock; there are no dividends. The banks are owned, lock, stock and barrel, by the depositors, to whom all profits go, either as interest on their deposits or as accumulated surplus that belongs to them.

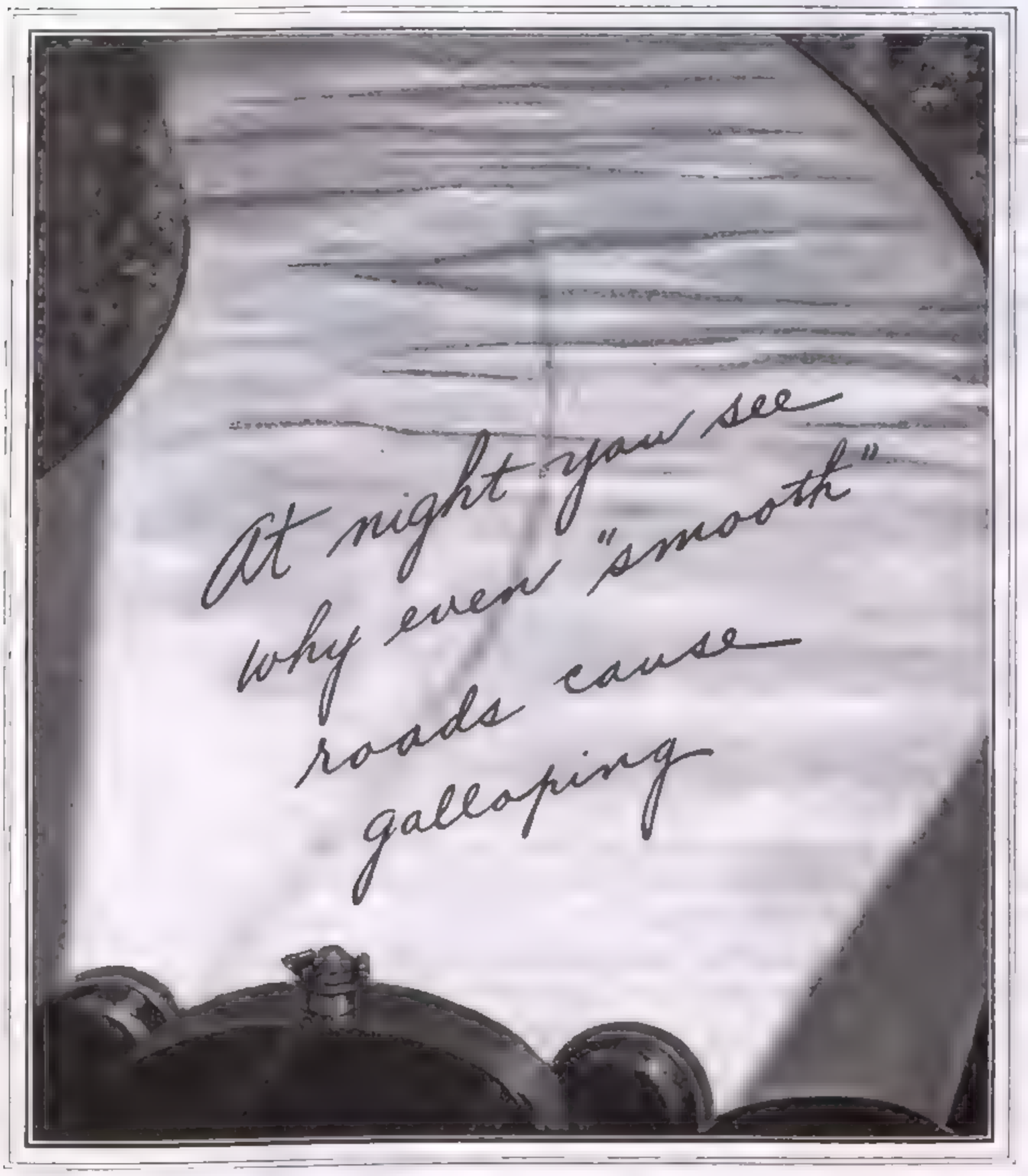
Nevertheless, these banks nowadays are busy selling thrift. They advertise, they employ salesmen, they search for new accounts, which is part of the duty they owe to society. A good thing that wraps itself up in speckless self-approval and sits off in a corner waiting for somebody to come and find it, isn't so very much of a good thing, really. If a savings habit is good for the individual and good for society, savings institutions ought to be out on the street getting as many people as possible into that habit.

Big mutual savings banks in New York, for example, employ lecturers to talk on thrift whenever and wherever a suitable audience can be gathered—in a factory, in a lodge room, in a church. One lecture may be on savings banks, another on life insurance, another on home buying, and so on. At the bank, anybody, whether a depositor or not, can get advice free of charge on any problem of a financial nature that may be troubling or interesting him, in English if he is familiar with that tongue, or in any of the commoner foreign tongues; particularly advice, enriched by wide experience, on the management of his personal budget.

"That's the most important thing in the United States," a savings-bank officer remarked to me the other day. "Not the things that are debated at Washington and in the newspapers, but the management of individual incomes. It is more important than any other question. Naturally, a big

(Continued on Page 109)

great advance *Riding Comfort*



From seventy to ninety per cent of your driving is on roads like this—full of irregularities so small you don't notice them in the daytime. These are the cause of "galloping," the only great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions

No service troubles with Hasslers

The new Hasslers are water-tight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car. No readjustment is ever necessary.

Water-tight. Absolutely sealed against destructive mud, grit, slush. Noiseless under all conditions

A shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car will keep the new Hasslers always in perfect working condition

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of the new Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there.

age nuisance. None of the annoyance of running to service stations for readjustments. The new Hasslers will give you uninterrupted service for the life of your car.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Installation Station near you. If you cannot find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied. Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

The NEW HASSLERS

NO MORE GALLOPING

Genuine "STAINLESS" *makes these valves outlast five of ordinary steel!*

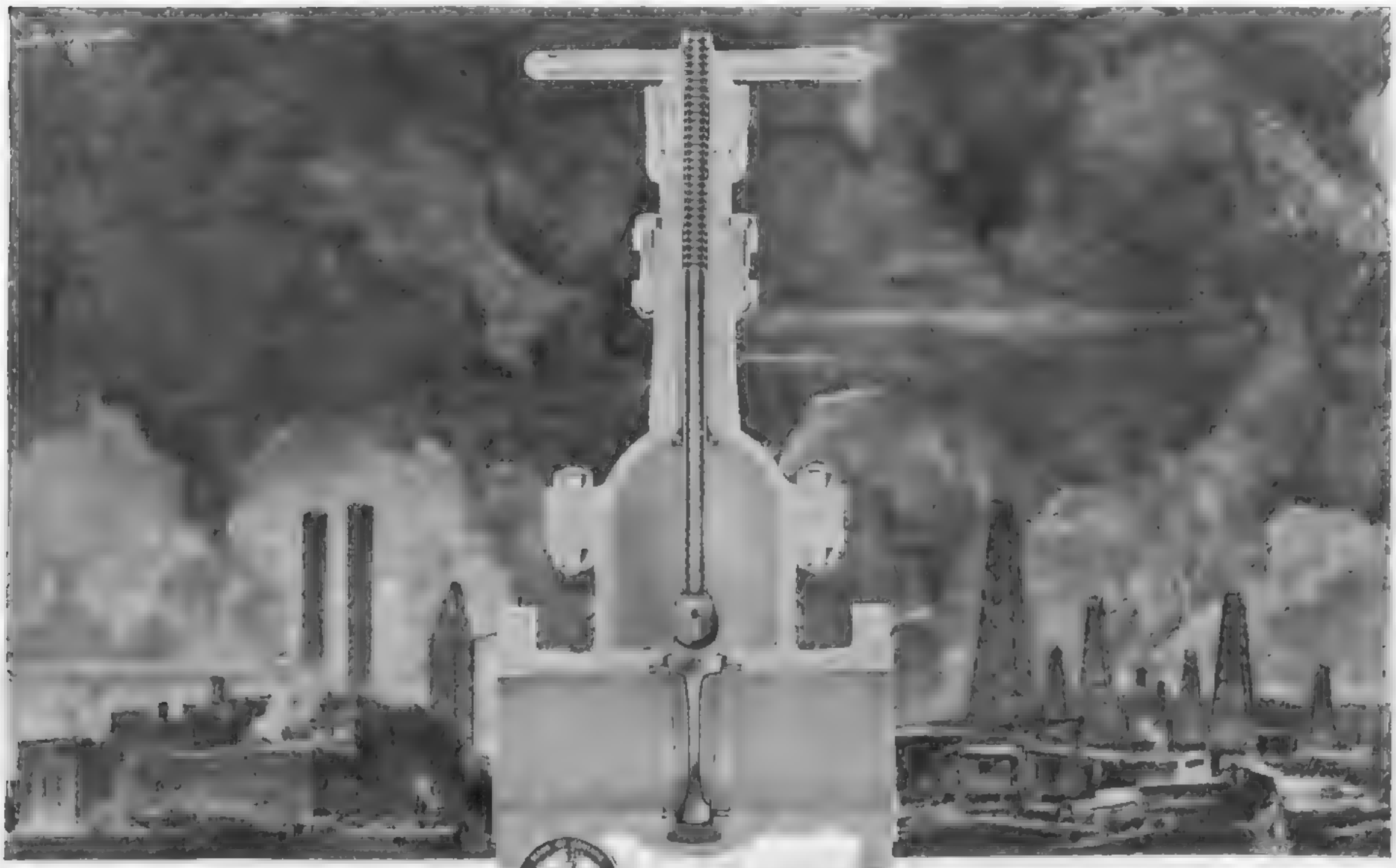
IN THE PIPE LINES in the oil fields—in the refineries—and huge power plants—where high temperatures and high pressures literally wear away the surface of ordinary steel—where operating conditions are most severe—there you will find genuine Stainless Steel giving Chapman Valves an outstanding recognition for long life and leak proof service.

The quality of extreme hardness (Brinell 300), of almost perfect resistance against the corrosive and erosive action of hot gases, under extreme pressures and high temperatures, is so remarkably developed in genuine Stainless Steel that now all Chapman Valves for high temperature use are equipped with stems, seats, wedges, etc., of this far more serviceable metal.

Chapman Stainless Steel Valves are backed by an unconditional five-year guarantee covering material, workmanship, and design. Write us for full information.

CHAPMAN VALVE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.

This type of Chapman Valve is made with Stem, Packing Collar, Wedge, Seat, and Liner of *Genuine* Stainless Steel, insuring a long life of the very best service. Upkeep cost is reduced to a minimum, for this type valve will outlast at least five ordinary steel valves.



THE VITAL PARTS OF STAINLESS CHAPMAN VALVES ARE MADE OF

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the
AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

The third *in the New*

This now completes for you the riding ease which automobile manufacturers have spent millions of dollars to put into your car

ONLY one great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions.

"Galloping!"

That constant bobbing and jiggling of your car on the very smoothest of pavements.

You want to cushion the big bumps, of course. But there is another and even more important side to the problem of complete riding comfort.

What causes "galloping"

It is the tiny rises and depressions in concrete and asphalt. It is the little stones and ridges sticking out of the macadam. No road, however good, is free from them.

Most of them are so small you don't notice them in the daytime. But you always notice them when you drive at night. It takes deep shadows and the bright lights of your car to bring them out.

These are today's chief source of riding discomfort—the cause of "galloping."

The third great advance

After balloon tires, after the longer, more resilient springs which balloon tires have made possible—now comes this third great advance in an era in which cars are built to go more smoothly than ever before, an era which has seen an entirely new degree of riding comfort.

The new Hasslers!

As effective in the elimination of "galloping" as in cushioning the larger but less frequent shocks caused by the big bumps.

So delicately responsive that no inequality of the road is too small to bring them into immediate play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car always in complete readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

Specially designed for the job

And most important, the new Hasslers do these things and yet permit your car to retain all the springiness that has been built into it.

For the softer springs have been put into today's cars for your comfort. To tie them down in any way, to rob them of the resiliency which automobile manufacturers have so carefully planned, would be to destroy their very reason for being.

Any device which is to control them must be specifically designed for the job it is to do. It must be adjusted with scientific accuracy. The harmony between spring and control must be mathematically exact.

It must be adjusted not only for the type of spring, but specifically for the particular spring it is to control.

A task requiring such precision must be done at the factory, under the direct supervision of expert engineers.

A special type for your car

The new Hasslers therefore come specially designed and ready-adjusted for the car you drive. A Buick set for a Buick. A Nash set for a Nash. A Hudson set for a Hudson. And so on.

Installation is quick, easy. Each set is plainly marked. There can be no error. The new Hasslers are right when they are put on and never need readjustment.

No more "galloping"

To rid your car of "gallop," the last great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions, why not install a set of the new Hasslers now?

Learn how much they add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

Those in the rear seats, of course, will notice the difference most, just as they are the principal sufferers from present "galloping." When you take them riding for pleasure make the pleasure a real one.

The new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in motoring comfort.

Low cost

Low price is made possible by large production in an enormous factory which for fourteen years has produced spring control devices exclusively.

And the first cost is the last. No belt break-

(Continued from Page 105)

savings bank that does its best to get in touch with its depositors accumulates a good deal of experience. The first thing for anybody to do about his income is to lay out a program, a budget—not for the week or month, but a long-time one. That will involve a savings program. The longer he sticks to it, the easier it gets. I haven't much faith in just casual haphazard saving. It's like shooting at just anything that happens to be in the atmosphere. To develop marksmanship you must have a mark to shoot at.

"This, of course, is a mutual institution, with no profits, no dividends, owned by the depositors. But bigness gives us the advantage of large-scale production. Paying depositors the same rate of interest, and laying aside the same proportion of reserve, we can perform a good many services that savings banks didn't think of some years ago. Inducing a man to form a savings-bank habit is a tip-top social service, in my opinion."

In fact, energetically selling itself to the public is a comparatively new thing for mutual savings banks. Thirty years or so ago some, or perhaps all, of such banks would accept new accounts only on two specified days in the week, and on those days the new depositor might have to stand in line some time before he could get his money over the counter. Conscious of their profitless, unselfish character, the banks rather waited for new business to come to them than went out after it, and in consequence were not so useful to society as they are now.

June thirtieth last the mutual savings banks held in round numbers $7,500,000,000 of deposits. That is more deposits, by $250,000,000, than all the banks in the United States, of every sort and description, including mutual savings banks, held on June 30, 1900—when, as many of us can remember, we thought we were some pumpkins in the banking line. This, of course, brings in a new motive. The first salesmen of savings were pure philanthropists. Getting people of small means to save up their shillings and deposit them somewhere out of immediate reach was regarded simply as a means of combating poverty. But as the heap of shillings increased, astute persons perceived that savings might be a means of profit to them also.

So around about twenty years ago banks that were owned by stockholders—national banks, state banks, loan and trust companies—began going after savings deposits. Of course, some institutions of that sort had done it earlier. But it was not more than twenty years ago that a savings department began to be a regular feature of commercial banks.

The Business Revolution

In the main, these banks drummed up savings business as energetically as any other sort of business, with the result that on June thirtieth last national banks reported $6,177,000,000 of savings deposits, while state banks and trust companies and private banks reported almost $11,000,000,000. The savings-bank division of the American Bankers' Association foots up $24,696,000,000 of savings deposits on that date. By way of comparison, this is $2,000,000,000 more than the combined deposits of every sort held by all the banks of every sort on June 30, 1916.

That total of June 30, 1926, contains something more than $3,000,000,000 of certificates of deposit running thirty days or more, part of which undoubtedly represent surplus funds of companies and rich individuals. But if you deduct all the certificates of deposit, the total in savings accounts is still nearly equal to all bank deposits of every sort ten years before. New England and Middle Atlantic states have more than half the total. Southern states, in savings accounts alone, have about $1,500,000,000, and the manufacturing Middle Western states more than $4,000,000,000. The total looks incredible—11,000,000 depositors in mutual savings banks alone, but these are the official figures in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency.

All this is part of a quite sizable little revolution in business that has occurred within my recollection. Not so very long ago some flavor of social disparagement still attached to retail trade. Such trade implied an almost personal contact with plumbers, bookkeepers, street-car conductors and multitudinous other persons. A man might, with perfect self-respect, ask Smith to buy a carload of nails, but he could hardly ask Robinson to buy a pound of nails without some loss of dignity.

Out for the Small Accounts

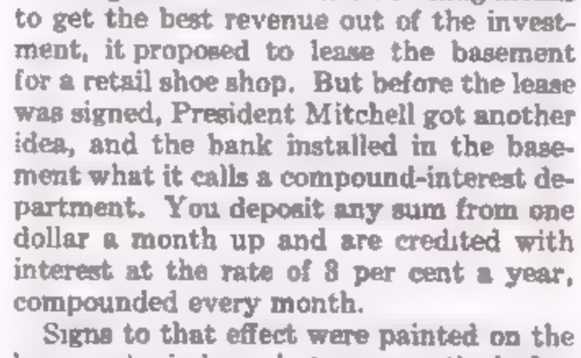
This disparagement of retailing was in good part only a moldy and worm-eaten remnant of the older aristocratic notion that to earn one's living in trade or by any other means was excessively vulgar. But partly it arose from the idea that retailing was small potatoes, not worth the consideration of a captain of industry, because there wasn't enough profit in it. A big bank would have rejected the proposal to go out after small deposits, just as a big manufacturer would have disdained an appeal to small buyers.

In 1900 the National City Bank of New York had no small accounts and no investment department. At many hours between ten and three its main floor—on the north side of Wall Street, nearly opposite the present headquarters—presented the highly dignified aspect of a morgue. Business was done in large chunks with hardly a ripple on the surface in the way of human figures bobbing in and out. Now this bank's investment company has handsome offices in forty cities outside of New York, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; taking in, for example, Kansas City and Omaha; New Orleans, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, and Jacksonville, Florida. It sells bonds all over the country as energetically as the General Motors Company sells automobiles. Most other big banks are industriously selling their services at retail.

Several years ago the City Bank took over the old Manhattan Hotel building at Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street for conversion into an uptown branch. This building has a basement. In seeking means to get the best revenue out of the investment, it proposed to lease the basement for a retail shoe shop. But before the lease was signed, President Mitchell got another idea, and the bank installed in the basement what it calls a compound-interest department. You deposit any sum from one dollar a month up and are credited with interest at the rate of 3 per cent a year, compounded every month.

Signs to that effect were painted on the basement windows, but comparatively few people paid any attention to them. That neighborhood is plastered with signs about as thick as it will hold. Besides, the savings banks paid 4 per cent interest, so why should anybody having a dollar bother with only 3 per cent? The venture looked like a dud. But all that region is a towering hive of workers and earners. Endless swarms of people, often as many as the sidewalks could hold, poured past the door all day long. A lot of those people must have a dollar or more a month to put aside toward the purchase of a bond at some future time, if that idea could be properly presented to them.

So the bank organized an intensive drive to hunt down those prospective depositors and put the idea under their noses, with a fountain pen all ready for signing on the dotted line. That drive resulted in 30,000 accounts. The basement now has 100,000 accounts—that is, in the Forty-second Street office alone, for the idea has been extended to other branches.



These accounts bring in a monthly quota of dollars that in the course of a year rolls up a large total of investment capital. It is a sort of machine product, too, for special mechanisms were installed to compute the monthly interest and men were stationed at the counter with stop watches to speed up operations so that a depositor, on his or her way to luncheon, say, can step in, deposit a dollar or five and be out again, like dropping a nickel in a slot and getting a package of gum. Of course, these depositors are all prospective bond buyers, as their accounts grow to bond size.

That is an illustration of what can be done in the way of selling thrift. About nine times out of ten—in the opinion of the most experienced thrift sellers whom I have consulted—saving is not a natural inclination, but an acquired taste. Left to their natural inclinations, almost every young person, male or female, can think of a hundred things to do with a dollar that seem more exciting than just sticking it through a brass wicket to a total stranger who gives no return except a mark in a little pass book.

Primitive people are never long-term savers. They will strive for something to eat or wear right now, but not for something to eat or wear twenty years from now. Lo's untutored mind refuses to trouble itself about so remote a contingency. Storing up a little something to eat next winter is as far as it goes. One experienced thrift seller claims that about half the so-called civilized people who inhabit the Eastern part of the United States cannot be taught thrift. They may now and then make a feeble resolution, but when any temptation comes along they cannot forgo present consumption for the sake of future needs.

School Savings Banks

Everybody no doubt knows individuals who seem constitutionally unable to save, but I don't believe they amount to 50 per cent of the population. Experiments in the public schools do not indicate that any such proportion is impervious to the savings idea. Such experiments began several years ago. A branch bank is opened in a school, accepting very small deposits, and the savings idea is presented to the pupils. On June thirtieth last, 11,371 schools had savings banks, with 3,403,746 depositors, the average amount to the credit of each depositor being about nine dollars. At a good many schools 80 per cent or more of all enrolled pupils were depositors in the savings banks.

It may be difficult in many cases to inculcate a savings habit, but once acquired it is apt to be lasting. If anything could permanently discourage thrift, the experience of some of the thriftiest nations of Europe since 1914 would have done it. In Germany, for example, the great depreciation and final extinction of the old mark automatically wiped out savings and small investments that had been accumulated for generations. A recent report says that savings deposits in Prussia have amounted to 330,200,000 new marks in four months, an increase of about one-third over 1925. Per capita deposits are now only 38 marks against 335 marks before the war, but in spite of their devastating postwar experience they are hiving again.

Saving is a result of education. To get a dollar into a savings bank goes against the natural grain. And in the midst of myriad strident invitations to spend, perhaps few outsiders realize the extent and vigor of the invitation to save. The persuasive salesman of consumable articles is at everybody's elbow, but the salesman of thrift is at the other elbow. Nor would anyone lose sight of the main fact that on the whole the savings argument holds its own. The people of the United States are

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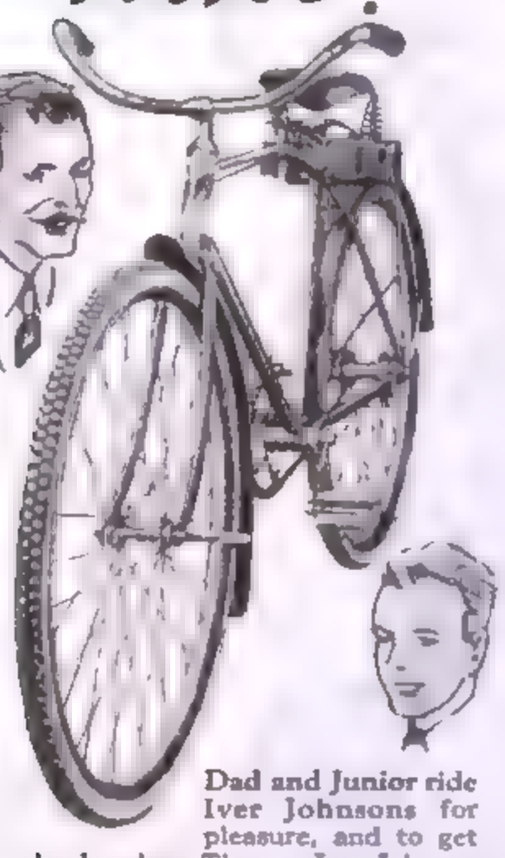
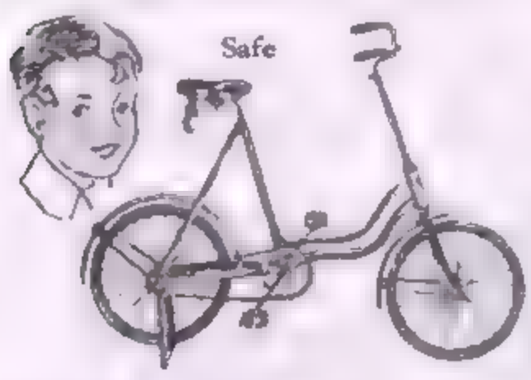


Dad and Junior ride Iver Johnsons for pleasure, and to get to school or shop. The new Iver Johnson Bicycle has every ultra-modern improvement. High-carbon seamless steel tubing and drop-forged parts. Color choice of Blue, Maroon, Green or Black with "Duco" white head. Best guaranteed equipment. Junior models have same famous features as the adult model. Write for free color Catalog "B"



The safe sidewalk bicycle—Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake—full one inch cushion non-skid rubber tires. Colors: Blue or Red with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. Write for Catalog "B."

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saving a very fair portion of their annual income. Partly it is a triumph of salesmanship. Savings deposits, for only one item, increased nearly $1,500,000,000 in 1926.

Life insurance, as I suggested earlier, is another form of thrift that could never have been carried to within gunshot of its present height except by expert and energetic salesmanship. If you are of an insurable age you know something about that from personal experience. The forty-five companies that do much the greater part of our life insurance, and make monthly reports, wrote policies at the rate of nearly $1,000,000,000 a month in 1926. Much of it was written for people who pay surtaxes on income, but so-called industrial and group life insurance goes mainly to wage earners and small-salary earners. Insurance of that description was written at the rate of more than $250,000,000 a month. Some $15,000,000,000 of insurance of that character is now in force—a big bulwark against poverty in case the breadwinner dies. This bulwark has been erected by energetic selling. It could never have come into being without a multitude of persuasive gentlemen pointing to the dotted line and saying, "Do it now."

Employe Stockholders

Nearly twenty years ago the United States Steel Corporation began selling shares of its capital stock to employes on the installment plan. In a smaller way companies had done that before, and a great many corporations, big and little, have adopted the plan since. Usually there is no urgency about it; an employe hears the offer and accepts it or not as he pleases. But usually, also, when an employe is offered stock in the company he works for, to be paid for in installments, the proposition comes with a stronger appeal than if he were asked to make some outside investment. So this stock selling to employes is a strong incentive to thrift.

The Steel Corporation and some other big concerns publish the number of employe stockholders, but the practice is now so extensive that there is no telling how many investors or how much money it embraces. More than two-thirds of the employes of the National City Bank of New York, for example, are now stockholders, or have claims upon stock that they are paying for in installments. The Steel Corporation cut a $200,000,000 melon the other day in the form of a stock dividend, and that enriched by $22,000,000 some 60,000 employes, who hold 557,000 shares of common stock. Employes also held, at the date of the last annual report, 163,000 shares of preferred stock.

In connection with an increase of capital stock the other day the National City Bank of New York created rights worth about $140 a share to stockholders—which, of course, accrued to employe stockholders as well as to others. A long list of stock dividends and extra dividends toward the close of the year gave financial news the cheering aspect of a Christmas tree and fattened many thousand small investment accounts.

Of late many companies, particularly in the electric-light and power line, have been energetically selling stock to customers, partly because they are subject to regulation by political bodies, and the more stockholders, the more friends. One California electric company has 90,000 customer stockholders and a trade review says that sales of stock to customers by light-and-power companies have run to 1,000,000 shares a year the past two years.

Some 12,000 building-and-loan associations, with $5,000,000,000 of assets, have 9,000,000 members; but only a guess could be made as to the total yearly saving in the form of home buying, generally on the installment plan. This form of saving is industriously sold through advertisements and personal solicitations. Of late, also, save-to-spend clubs have sprung up everywhere. In 1925, for example, more than 15,000 banks had Christmas clubs, with deposits exceeding $500,000,000. The figures for 1926 were no doubt larger, but I haven't seen them in print yet. Within three years save-to-travel clubs have grown popular.

True, the final object of these clubs is disbursement rather than accumulation, but the members have to accumulate first, and the habit of systematic accumulation is apt to stick. Experience with Christmas clubs shows that some of the money goes over into savings accounts. The habit is so important that installment buying may often be an aid to thrift. When a man has discovered that he can set aside a certain part of his income regularly every month in order to get an automobile, he may apply the principle to getting a home or a bond.

The war set a quite new pace in thrift selling—took it out of the county-fair trotting events at one mile in three minutes, and put it into airplane races at three miles in one minute. Investment bankers thought they had the bond buyers of the nation pretty well rounded up, and that they numbered less than 300,000. When the Government uncovered millions of bond buyers, mainly for small amounts, everybody with thrift to sell saw the matter in a new light. Then postwar prosperity has put surplus money into the hands of more people than were ever before imagined as investment prospects.

Plenty of people not yet senile, among whom I boldly class myself, can remember when the country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean looked wistfully to Eastern capital to come along and develop it. Eastern capital still plays a great rôle in developing Western resources; but the rôle is not a monologue any more, and not one-sided. The West has so much capital of its own that New York banks, brokers and investment houses are industriously combing it for purchasers of Eastern bonds and commercial paper.

Customers Around the Corner

A bond dealer in Long Beach, California, said to me last fall that he had crossed the Eastern market off his books and out of his mind. Formerly he expected to find a customer for a California bond somewhere beyond the Alleghanies. Now he found the customers in the next block. Six years or so ago, in Florida, we had a fine project for a six-mile bridge across Tampa Bay. Everyone could see its advantages—except the Northern capital that ought to have come forward to finance it. Then a lively young promoter took the affair in hand, advertised the bridge eloquently in the local newspapers, hired some enthusiastic salesmen and got money enough to build it at home.

Thrift selling in the past four years has not only discovered reservoirs of capital everywhere but it has diffused the ownership of property in the United States to an extent that ought to confound any rational socialist. In two years the country has spent $12,000,000,000 for new buildings. A dozen years ago distinguished financiers doubted that the belligerent nations of Europe, taken together, could possibly dig up $10,000,000,000 to carry on a war which the mass of the people in every fighting country believed to be a matter of national life or death, and for which, consequently, they would make the greatest possible sacrifices. Without doubt, $12,000,000,000 in two years, for only one line of peaceful expansion in one nation, would have seemed absurd.

The money came from numberless pockets, a great part of them by no means deep pockets. Savings banks and life-insurance companies supplied a large part by making real-estate loans. A trade review says that in 1919, as far as available records show, only $57,458,000 of real-estate mortgage bonds were sold to the general investing public, while the amount so sold in 1926 is estimated at $900,000,000. Homes sold on installments figure in the impressive building total. Ownership of the new buildings—direct, and indirect through mortgage liens—is certainly diffused among millions.

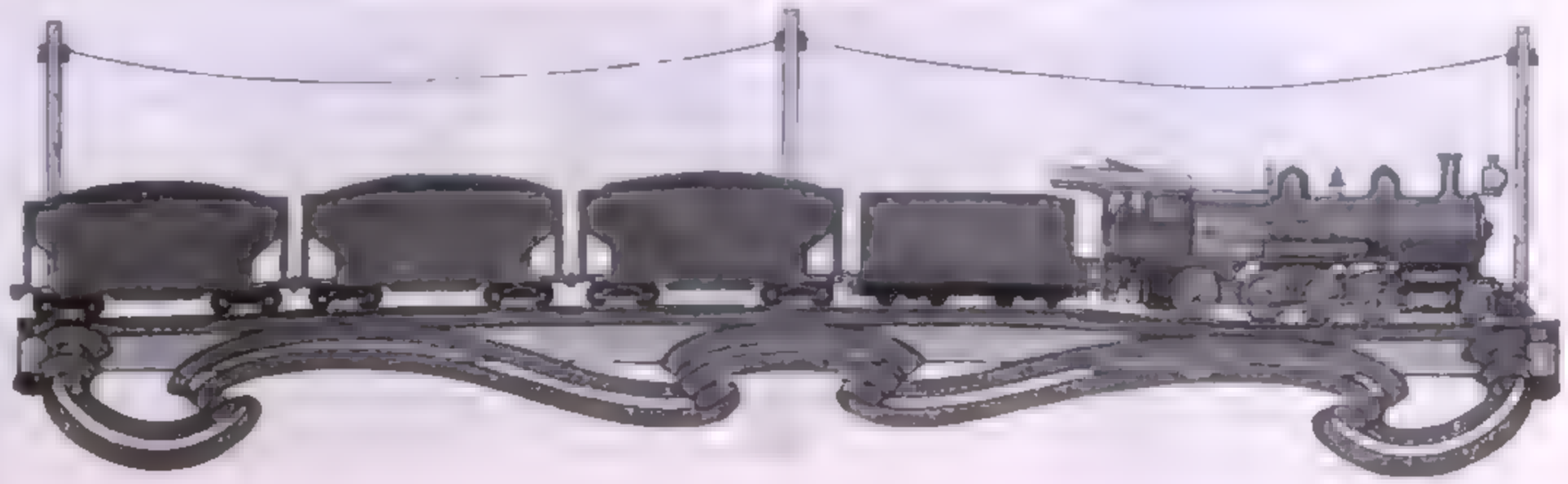
Small Investors Predominate

The Financial Chronicle lists, in round numbers, $25,000,000,000 of new government, municipal and corporation securities issued and sold in the past four years. Its table contains $2,000,000,000 of land and building bonds which, of course, would be included in the building program just mentioned. As to where the rest of the money went we get an indication by examining the issues for 1926. In that year public-utility companies absorbed $2,000,000,000 of capital.

That $2,000,000,000 of public-utility capital meant extension of the light, power, heat and traction plants throughout the country. Steam railroads used to be the biggest consumers of capital, but last year public-utility companies took in about five dollars of new capital for every dollar taken in by the railroads. Next to them, in point of size, come the various governmental bodies whose bond issues are grouped under the head of municipals. That group issued and sold in 1926 more than $1,250,000,000 of securities—for roads, parks, sewers and what not all over the country.

Canadian municipalities placed more than $100,000,000 of new securities in the American market last year, and Canadian corporations some $200,000,000. Other foreign corporations, mostly European, borrowed $450,000,000 here, and foreign governments—other than Canadian—nearly $500,000,000.

The money goes not only all over the United States but pretty nearly over the world. The $7,000,000,000 and more of new securities issued in 1926 were sold by brokers and investment bankers literally all over the country. The census doesn't mention it; but selling thrift, in fact, is our largest national industry.



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HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

(Continued from Page 32

"I'm sure," she heard herself saying banally, "we've made Mr. Wing Sing Lee quite a visitation. Come, Charles."

Charles had the battered ring on his finger now—how old it looked! But the stone flashed unquenchably bright; he was trying it on. He held it up, coughing.

"B'gad, Mr. Sing-Me-a-Song, or whatever your name is," he wheezed, "you're coming it rather strong with the stink pot."

Wing Sing Lee did not answer him; did not answer Helen Elizabeth. She could almost hear him now, willing—willing. . . . Did that stuff make Charles feel as it made her feel? Nothing could deprive Helen Elizabeth of her inhibitions, her self-control; she would have fallen dead, keeping hold of herself to the last; but Charles was other.

"Are you coming?" she asked loudly and rudely, jumping to her feet. Fright was seizing her, filling her mind as that cursed drug was filling the air. There were powers—things nameless—abroad, and they were evil.

Wing Sing Lee looked at her through the smoke, and she seemed, in a strange clairaudient fashion, to hear him think, "A maiden feels. A maiden knows. This man is the only hope."

"Of what?"

Slowly, almost reluctantly, her brother turned to the old man and said in a clear, mechanical voice, "Give me that ring." Then something seemed to break; the smoke stopped; the air cleared, and Helen Elizabeth saw an ordinary host smiling at an ordinary guest about to depart, and saying to him, with a gracious bow, "Take it; it is yours—but it is of no value."

They found themselves in the street. It was almost noon; all morning had passed like a minute.

Helen Elizabeth stopped beneath the shadow of a huge banyan tree growing just outside the quarter, and asked her brother, "Did we dream it?"

"Dream my eye!" answered Charles. "You can't dream a ring. I'm sure," he went on, looking at it on his finger, "I don't know why I asked him for the blessed thing. It isn't worth a pin. The stone must be false. . . . Hel, I'm dyin' for a whisky. You stroll on and I'll catch you up in two minutes, honor bright!"

You could trust Charles when he used that formula—mostly. Helen strolled on while her brother dived into one of the many bars. She knew he would not be long. When he rejoined her, he was shaking, excited.

"What do you think, old girl?" he cried. "B'gad, we've struck it lucky! B'gad, the thing's worth whips of money! An old Johnny in there who's doing geology for the government says it's an unknown stone—practically—and he thinks it came out of a meteorite in China. He's heard of something like it once before."

"I wouldn't keep it," said the girl promptly. "Wing Sing Lee said it was of no value. He couldn't have known."

In her heart, she would have been glad to be rid of any memento of the transaction, which had intrigued and puzzled her unpleasantly. But Charles had different views.

"You watch me give it back!" he said with sulky sarcasm.

It was time for dinner now in the Chinese boarding house. They had a little way to walk down one of the main streets; as usual, other guests were converging on Hop Cheong's—white laborers from the wharf; a stableman or so; several more or less prosperous Chinese storekeepers. The whites took no notice, but not one of the Chinese passed without a sharp glance at the ring on Charles' hand. Every one of them, seeing it, made a remark to his fellows in Chinese. Helen Elizabeth found herself wishing frantically that she knew that impossible tongue.

She wished it still more when they were seated at the table which Hop Cheong had set apart for their special use. The curry and the fowls and the pastry were almost neglected at neighboring tables, while every Chinese eye in the place scanned Charles' ring, and every tongue kept up a subdued chatter and comment. Charles did not seem to notice anything unusual; he was busy with his food and dull with the whisky he had drunk. Helen Elizabeth, on the contrary, burned with curiosity. She called Hop Cheong to her side by and by and asked him -though she knew it would be useless—what the Chinese were saying about the ring.

Hop Cheong blinked wisely behind his huge horn glasses.

"They say the ling velly plitty," he answered, polishing a glass with a rag that might have been cleaner.

"Is that all?"

"They say Wing Sing Lee give the ling."

"Well?"

Hop Cheong looked at her. He liked Helen Elizabeth; she gave no trouble, and her manners were those of a mandarin's daughter.

"Yes, missy, that's all," he said. Then suddenly, polishing at the glass and looking away from her, he added, in a voice barely audible, "Missy, don't you have nothing to do with that plitty ling."

He had turned his back and slipslopped away in his heelless shoes, before she had time to formulate another question.

"Well!" said Helen Elizabeth silently.

Charles, at the other side of the table, continued to eat his curry. The ring on his finger shone like the eye of a snake.

Much may happen within the compass of one short week. Empires have been lost in less; men have met women, wooed them and married them, between Sunday and Sunday; families have dropped down from riches to poverty and risen from the gutter to fortune and a peerage, all within seven days. No need to look for that impossible thing, magic; no need to call in Arabian Nights genii, in order to account for a spate of stirring incidents that all happen to come within one week.

It was the Monday after the Monday on which Helen Elizabeth and her brother had visited the strange house of Wing Sing Lee. Charles, lately shabby and impecunious, lately a boarder of Hop Cheong's, was dressed in the best silk suit that Chinese tailors could cut; shirted and socked in silk, cuff-linked with pearl. Charles was inhabiting a whole suite of rooms in the best of Darwin's hotels and enjoying the services of a special cook. Charles was drinking champagne—not more than he ought to drink; someone saw to that—and smoking cigars imported from a private source in Sumatra. The world, for Charles, had changed—had turned upside down.

As for Helen Elizabeth, the girl with the manners of a mandarin's daughter, she was still boarding with Hop Cheong, whose ménage assuredly was not that of a mandarin's fifth cousin. Her frocks were cotton; worse, her stockings were cotton. She had no jewelry, and if she had cared for champagne, she certainly could not have afforded to buy it.

On Monday morning things had been looking bad for Charles and his sister. The monthly boat came in, and did not bring a small but essential remittance. Hop Cheong's bill had been running for three weeks; it was not to be supposed that he would wait much longer. Charles, with some regret, took his ring into a Chinese store where valuables, informally, were bought and sold. To his astonishment, the proprietor refused to have anything to do with it; refused also to give any reason for his decision. A second and a third Chinese also refused to consider the ring at any price—even the value of the undoubted gold setting.

"B'gad," said Charles, "this is poisonous! Maybe the geologist Johnny had had too many whiskies. Let's try if it'll cut glass"

"You can scratch glass with almost anything," warned Helen Elizabeth.

"You can't do this with anything," triumphed Charles, as a section of Hop Cheong's windowpanes fell tinkling into the yard. "Cut through it like a hot knife going into butter," he declared. "Those Chinks must be mad. I'll try Reuben's."

Reuben, thin and garrulous, refused to touch the stone. He had heard that all the Chinese merchants had turned it down.

"My boy," he remarked familiarly, "who knows it isn't stolen? I wouldn't risk it. You take my advice," he went on, warming up, for Reuben loved a finger in other folks' pies. "Take it to the big hotel and see if that fat lady who came down from out back to wait for the boat won't buy it. She's rolling in money. She owns the biggest cattle station in Australia. Widow too," he added with a giggle. "And not bad-looking"

Charles, however, did not fancy the plan. He decided to go to the Darwin races next day and try his luck with a borrowed five-pound note. There was a thin, underbred brute with a bad temper and poor jockey entered for the chief race of the day. It started at forty to one. Two horses cannoned into each other and the brute came in first. Charles' five-pound note was on it. The bookie, a local product, gave him two hundred and five pounds and a hearty cursing. Charles didn't mind the curses. He was full of virtue. He meant to get away from Darwin, make a fresh start in a decent place, with this lucky windfall. He handed it over, every note, to Helen and begged her almost pathetically to pay the borrowed fiver for him and keep the rest out of his way.

"Or else we know what'll happen to it," he said. "And, Hel, be sure to buy yourself a new rig-out of clothes first thing tomorrow. You want it."

That also was Helen Elizabeth's opinion; she put the notes down the neck of her dress and started to walk back to the boarding house through a well-known short cut, planning as she went just what silks she would have and how she would get them made up. Before she reached Hop Cheong's she had been seized, dragged into a doorway, very competently and quickly robbed, and sent forth again without the precious notes.

The man who robbed her—a short, chunky, powerful Chinese—was barely distinguishable in the falling dusk, and she knew only too well, as she saw him dodge round a corner and disappear, that the whole Chinese quarter would support and protect him if necessary.

Raging, she went home. Helen Elizabeth had not had many setbacks in her short life. She blamed herself furiously, then recollected that the short cut had always been accounted safe. Nobody could have told ——

Charles, as one had to acknowledge, took it like an angel.

"Don't worry, there's worse things happen at sea," was his comment. "And now I suppose, if we're going to pay that fiver back, there's nothing for it but the widow."

There was, indeed, nothing for it but the widow—in a sense that Helen Elizabeth had scarcely anticipated.

She knew the widow by sight—a Mrs. Treacher, younger than Charles, but emphatically no chicken; a lady given to glutinous rich satins and indigestible brocades; fat with good living, yet still comely after a black-eyed, bullocky's-joy sort of fashion. Treacher, the departed, had begun life as a bullocky, or driver of bush teams. Mrs. Treacher knew Helen Elizabeth by sight also, and had been unkind enough to express an opinion to the effect that the red-headed little cat living at Hop Cheong's was as full of impudence as an egg was full

(Continued on Page 115)

A costly plaything

It has blighted many a home

So many little lives are thus sacrificed each year. Pain, death, grief accompany this tragic consequence of carelessness.

This is no arraignment of the match. Rather, it is a plea for fairness to this indispensable and well-intentioned implement. The match was never made for children to play with.

In your home, where are matches kept? Are they ever left within reach of busy little hands? Only a parent's understanding of a child can find the surest method of teaching him not to play with matches. Have you given due thought to this?

Are you taking *any* chances with preventable fire? The North America Agent can help you make your home more safe.

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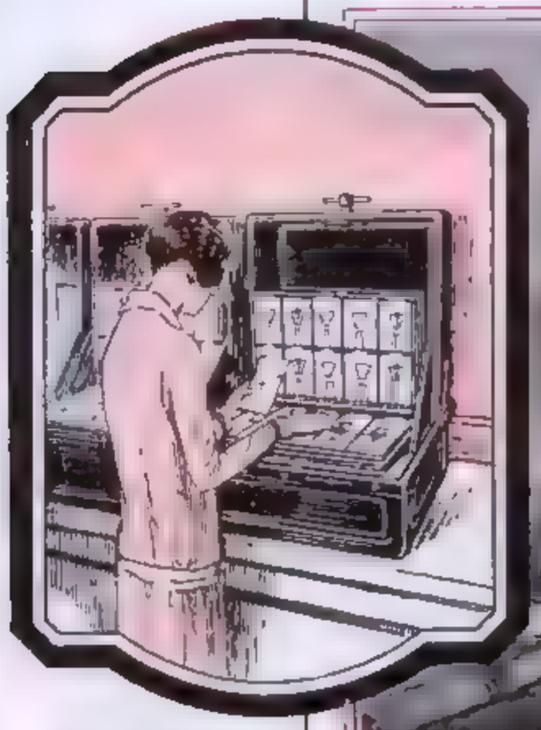

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Union Supply Company Store No. 55, Collier, Pa. (Furniture Dept.). One of the many industrial retail stores equipped with McCaskey Credit Control Systems.

Credit Control *that Accelerates Business*

One of the many styles of McCaskey Credit Registers.

The independent retailer and the manager of an industrial store have similar problems in watching credits. Both must keep customers satisfied—and credit accounts must be handled with speed and accuracy.

How the 60 Union Supply Company Stores throughout the mining regions of Pennsylvania are saving time and money providing this service with McCaskey "ONE writing" Systems is of vital interest to every man in the retail business.

Accounts of 40,000 industrial workers and other customers are established and controlled on a definite basis—charge sales and cash sales are handled with almost equal rapidity—customers utilize fully the many services of the store. Payment of regular and installment accounts is taken care of automatically—customers always know credit established against which charges may be made. They are better pleased—losses are stopped—stores save money.

C. L. Steiner, General Supt. says,
We have in mind two things—the convenience of the customer and the safety and correctness of our own records. We have now been using the McCaskey System at all of our stores for more than a year and we are satisfied that we have the best system that it is possible to install."

McCaskey "ONE writing" Credit Systems and McCaskey Cash Registers are adaptable to fit the requirements of any type of retail store. Full information will be gladly sent upon request. Let us send you records of McCaskey service in your line of business.

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You can improve your collections and make more money from your practice with McCaskey Professional Systems. Keep the clinical history of every patient at your finger tips ready for instant reference—and every financial account ready for payment in full. Full information sent upon request.

Manufacturers
McCaskey Systems for industrial control will give you an absolute check on tools and help reduce your tool investment. Also provide perpetual inventory, speed up jobs in process and check operation costs. Write for information.

McCaskey Sales Books are supplied in all forms to meet your needs.

(Continued from Page 112)

of meat; for her part, give her the brother—which was just what Providence did.

It might not have been long, in any case, before the lady who was awaiting steamers at the hotel made forced acquaintance with Charles. Mrs. Treacher, in classic phrase, knew what she liked, and generally reached out to take it; and something in Charles' well-bred melancholy plainness, his lean, distinguished figure, his university manners, had already pricked the heart of the bullocky's relict. But when Charles Pentecost called at the hotel—getting past the bar for the first time in his stay at Darwin—and managed, awkwardly enough, for all his manners, to scrape acquaintance with her as she sat, bored to death, on the upper veranda, Maggie Treacher made up her mind on the spot that she was going to have him. She was no fool; she understood very well that he meant to borrow money from her, and she was prepared to pay that price for the privilege of making his acquaintance. And anyhow, it was much less than she had expected. Five pounds! She listened to the shop-worn, sad old tale of delayed remittances—disbelieved it as a matter of course, exacted from Charles an assurance that the money was not meant, in any way, for his sister—"You're you and she's she; I never could abide those foxy women"—and sent him off well pleased.

Charles called again; was asked to dinner, with Helen Elizabeth, and came without her, bringing an excuse. Helen Elizabeth had seen Charles making a fool of himself before, and she liked this example even less than usual.

It did not occur to her that there might be reasons for special diplomacy—until she heard, two days later, with an indescribable shock, that Charles and Mrs. Treacher were married.

Charles came round himself to tell her about it—urge her to make the best of the matter. She could see that he was still primed with the champagne that had made Mrs. Treacher's way easy; he was exultant and ashamed by turns, frightened a little; not so mindful of her and what might become of her as usual. Still, he was full of promises; she should have everything she wanted, now he was rich; they'd buy back Man-o'-War Island tomorrow; he'd get her a dozen frocks and loads of necklaces—she'd only to say the word.

"Thank you," said Helen Elizabeth, standing up very stiff and self-contained, in the poor little room that was hers at Hop Cheong's. "I shan't trouble you to do anything at all for me, Charles. I think the sooner you go back to Mrs.—Pentecost, the better."

Charles thought so too; he had with difficulty obtained leave of absence for long enough to go and break the news to his sister. Walking a little unsteadily, with a foolish smile on his plain face, he made his way out.

And Helen Elizabeth, being no ordinary girl, did not fling herself on the shabby honeycomb quilt and weep. Instead, she marched sharply up and down the little room quite a dozen times, swearing.

The man in the next room heard her swear. Hop Cheong heard, too, from the veranda, where he was dreaming away a dose of opium; and looking down the street, he did not know whether it was opium or reality that made him see the figure of Helen Elizabeth, almost immediately after, on the doorstep of the strange hidden house within which had lived, all alone, the sad old millionaire, Wing Sing Lee.

But it was reality, in the person of the girl herself, that woke him from his dream, asking him again and again, in a voice that would not be denied, "Where is Wing Sing Lee?"

He waked just long enough to answer, "Wing Sing Lee him go home to China last week."

Days are long in Darwin. The red dust flies, the roads, so much too many and too wide, lie dreaming undisturbed beneath a sun that stupefies. The sea sleeps, undisturbed; sometimes, at long intervals, waked by the stir of passing funnel or sail. Winds from the Never-Never—"austere and pure"—strike through the sensuous reek of sandalwood and dust and flowers, through the faint, sickening odors of Chinatown and the smells of stables and of beer in the white hotels. Sun, wind and dust, and a high blue sky; blank highways; and at doors and windows, slow-moving people like ghosts that strangely haunt at noonday the places where they once were alive—such is Darwin.

Of all places in the world, surely the worst for a breaking heart. And, if hearts ever break, that of Helen Elizabeth was near breaking.

Charles, her brother, married to Maggie Treacher, had deserted her. One dearer than her brother—if she would have acknowledged so much—was shut away by leagues and hundreds of leagues of sea; for all she could know, even by the sea of death. Money was almost gone, and she did not know where to look for more; but that, for the brave heart of Man-o'-War's little chieftain, was not the worst of troubles. The worst lay in something that she could not comprehend or define—in the strange transforming cloud that, since the day of the visit to the palace of Wing Sing Lee, had rested upon her brother.

Charles had been lucky in these last weeks; from a poor man, he had become rich. Whether he enjoyed his riches or not, Helen could hardly tell. She had no part in them. She would not have touched a sovereign or a gem of all his new possessions; yet—yet it turned her cold to think that, for the first time in their lives, they were not even trying to share.

The former Mrs. Treacher, her enmity to Helen Elizabeth undiminished by triumph, strained every nerve to keep Charles from benefiting in any way the sister she still feared he loved better than herself. Charles at first had tried to get his way. He had run to Helen with a ten-pound note given him for clothes, and begged her so hard to accept it that she had reluctantly given in, meaning to find some way of returning it. She was saved that trouble; the note happened to be bad, and when Mrs. Maggie heard what he had done with it, she made him a scene and refused to replace a penny.

Then there had been the incident of the check. Charles had a check from his wife; he had promised not to give any of it away. He did not; but keeping rather to the letter of his promise than its spirit, he handed the check to a Chinese firm in payment for several pretty frocks and ordered them to be dispatched to his sister. An hour afterward, Lee Soon sought out Charles, apologetically, in the bar of the hotel.

"Velly solly, Mr. Pentecos'. This litty check no good. Bank won't cash. You have to take him back big missis; she say won't honor."

"I know," said Charles, his face in a glass mug. Putting it down—"Big missis made a row. Somebody told."

"Somebody tell evelyfling in Darwin," agreed the merchant. "But it's all light; little missis she sent back the dlesses an hour ago; little missis wouldn't take those plitty dlesses."

Since then there had been silence. Charles was accepting the situation, cooling down.

Cooling down? Freezing, rather. What would he be like in a year's time—in ten—in twenty, if he ——

Helen Elizabeth jumped to her feet from the side of the little shabby bed. She sat much in her room in those days; it saved her from the comments and the staring of the tea room that was the only sitting room of Hop Cheong's.

The impulse that had sent her flying, weeks ago, to the door of Wing Sing Lee was on her once again. Wing Sing Lee was gone; but knowledge surely did not begin or die in Darwin with the old millionaire. All reason, all common sense, was against the idea that the magenta jewel had had anything to do with Charles' luck on the turf, his fortune in marriage; most of all, with the iron circle that, ever since, had confined his good luck to himself. But she meant to find out.

Hop Cheong was busy in the kitchen. New boarders were expected, for a boat was due from South—the magic word that, over North Australia, stands for civilization, news, luxury, great cities and great happenings; all that the outback places have not and are not.

Hop Cheong, juggling dexterously with boiling fat and fritter mixture, became conscious that someone was waiting behind him. With Chinese coolness, he continued his job until it was at a stage where it could be safely left for a while, and then turned round. He had guessed that the girl with the manners of a mandarin's daughter was his visitor—anyone else would certainly have interrupted.

Helen Elizabeth was standing there. She was a little more erect than usual—if that was possible—and in the eyes, bright as topazes, beneath her crispy hair, there was that which made Hop Cheong, descendant of a thousand rice coolies, feel his spine bend and his neck instinctively curve. Hop Cheong, in common with other leaders in the Chinese set of Darwin, knew the legend of the Pentecost descent; it is probable that he gave it more consideration than white folk might have done. Helen Elizabeth, to him, with his Celestial respect for pedigree, was just as much a daughter of kings as any round-faced Guelph princess of the illustrated papers. And when she spoke now, the veil of Oriental reserve which he, in common with all other Chinese, wore in the presence of white people shredded away.

"Hop Cheong," said Helen Elizabeth, "I am in great trouble, and you must help me."

"Moon of the West and world's lotus flower," answered Hop Cheong submissively, "I am your slave."

"I want you to tell me what is this ring that Wing Sing Lee gave my brother, and why he went away so suddenly to China just after."

"Lady—lady, you asking things I not ought to tell."

"But you will tell, Hop Cheong. Why, man"—she was walking rapidly up and down the tiny kitchen, which, for all her slim make and little height, she seemed to fill—"is my brother's life—and mine—to be spoiled because you won't speak? Twice is too much. Don't make me ask you a third time."

There was a certain menace in her tone; what may have been at the back of it Hop Cheong knew not; it is possible, no more did Helen Elizabeth. But he knew, and she knew, that she drew no worthless checks.

The Chinaman took up his spoon. "Let me put these flitters in the oven, lady," he breathed. "Can't spoil ollange flitters, with steamer coming in. . . . Yes, lady; now I tell you." He faced her, the long spoon held like a weapon in his hand. "I doing thing will make the other Chinamen velly angly for me. No matter. . . . Lady, Wing Sing Lee he go home because he want to live."

"Live? At ninety?"

"Yes, lady. Wing Sing Lee he have had evelyting, all the money, all the house, the silk, the jewel, velly lich man. Wing Sing Lee he have noting else. All alone. He give noting to anyone, he live like the stone man in him dlawling-loom. Wing Sing Lee dead all the time he living. He give someting to someone, that thing come back."

"Impossible!"

"Lady, you lemember."

Helen Elizabeth remembered. She held her peace.

"Wing Sing Lee have that ling long time. Evelybody know it. He can't give it to Chinaman; Chinese beggar he wouldn't touch that ling. It makes a man lich—but lady, that all. He lich for himself. He can't give. That ling, long ago, have a curse put on him; that's velly long stoly, lady, and many devils in the stoly: I won't tell. But Wing Sing Lee, he tired at last. He want to go home to China, live litty bit like another man, then die. Well, he want to give up that ling; but, lady, here's the tlouble—someone must ask for that ling. Can't get lid of it any other way. Now Wing Sing Lee, he make Mr. Charles ask—he know some plenty way; he velly wise old man. No good tly make my lady ask; my lady velly stlong, not like Mr. Charles. Then Wing Sing Lee, he take the boat, he going velly quick back to China, because he don't want some questions asked, my lady. That's all."

He slipslopped across to the dresser and began busily measuring flour. Clearly he was troubled at having told so much; his hand was less steady than usual. Flour scattered on the floor as he worked. He did not look up.

Silence fell upon the kitchen. From outside sounded the lazy ruffle of banana fronds in Hop Cheong's kitchen garden; came and grew, and faded away again, the creaking shuffle of a team of bullocks, passing by through the red dust of Darwin. When, at the last, Hop Cheong looked up, he was alone.

Dusk came, and with it the steamer; Darwin turned over in its month-long sleep and for a while was almost half awake. In the big hotel, stone-built by convict labor of long ago, the barmen were working hard. Strange people sat in the canvas chairs, leaned over the bar, ordered this and that with the fine liberality of solvent long-distance travelers. To boot, the habitués of the place had all arrived, and among them Charles Pentecost III was not the least or the quietest.

He had not progressed beyond the stage of talkative good nature when an aboriginal boy, carrying a note, drifted to the doorway of the bar and looked in. Somebody took the note, passed it round and found the rightful owner. Charles tore it crookedly, and read:

"Please meet me at the side entrance as soon as you get this. Bring the ring with you.

HELEN E."

"No answer," he said, walking out a little unsteadily.

The stars were wonderfully brilliant, above the still dusk road, no longer red as in daylight, that led away into the silent spaces of the Never-Never. A few yards away from the hotel, it was as if Darwin had never existed. Helen Elizabeth, a white shadow, was waiting under the trees.

"What's this about the ring?" said Charles.

"No matter what. Have you got it?"

"Anyone want to buy the bally thing?" persisted Charles, hesitating.

A dart of dismay went through the girl; she saw that he wanted to keep the jewel, on the mere chance of its being worth something; that he was not considering or thinking of her at all. She did not doubt her ability to get hold of it; it was the holding that she feared. For the first time, she began to feel that there were depths in this matter beyond what she knew or guessed. If Charles had changed so, what might happen to her?

"I don't care," she thought. "If it were a bomb with a lighted fuse, I'd take it from him. And that seems to be just what it is—morally—if one believed in it, which, of course, one doesn't."

This last being more in the nature of a whistle to keep her spirits up than a considered utterance of thought.

"Charles," she said, "if you have the ring here, give it to me." She spoke with cool certainty, in a tone that he had been used to obey; but she could not help wondering, nevertheless, whether now it would work.

It worked—just. Charles put two fingers into a pocket, fumbled about and produced something that, even in the starlight, sparkled faintly.

"Here it is," he said sulkily. "I suppose she wouldn't mind your having it, but I'm really not sure. B'gad, if Maggie does want it, you'll have to give it back!"

(Continued on Page 118)

A *rich, green, glorious state*— WISCONSIN

MELLOW with tradition, rich in beauty and resources, Wisconsin's rolling hills of forest and meadowland form one of the most favored regions in America. Twenty-five hundred lakes sparkle amid its whispering forests. Its sandy shores are washed by the blue waters of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. Its brooks and rivers go laughing down to the blue upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Here was the Indian's happiest hunting ground, the land of richest promise to the French voyageurs. Today it is a northern playground for the entire Nation. It is, besides, one of the richest dairylands on earth. And its cities, the steady growth of generations of social and industrial experience, are powerful world-famed communities. Wisconsin stands first in production of:

MILK: 9,062,000,000 pounds annually; farm value, $187,857,000.

CHEESE: 338,305,000 pounds; value $75,550,000. 70% *national total.*

CONDENSED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Almost one-third America's full output. Value $40,204,000.

MANUFACTURED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Value $244,865,000.

FARMING: First in silage, peas, hemp, clover and pure-bred seed. Only North Central state where farms increased in number between 1920 and 1925. Dairy farms, 178,000; milk cows, 2,050,000. Sixth in total value of agricultural products, though twenty-fifth in area and thirteenth in population. Highest average yield of farm crops. The extraordinary variety of products includes a valuable tobacco crop.

INDUSTRY: World's largest production of aluminum kitchen utensils. Ranks among leading states in production of fiber, wood and metal furniture; farm implements, automobiles, textiles; paper and paper products; paints, varnishes and stains.

MILWAUKEE: Probably the best balanced industrial city in the world. Population of metropolitan area, 750,000. *Trade depressions and industrial slumps are virtually unknown.* Lowest death rate of any major American city; lowest percentage of crime. One of the greatest construction and repair railroad plants is maintained here by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Young in opportunities

Wisconsin is not new country—except in its ever-fresh opportunities and its stimulating beauty. More Indians occupied this state than any other in America, and it is saturated with the romantic glamour of the earlier explorers and the conquerors of the forests.

It is one of the most delightful and livable regions. Young forests cover vast areas, affording shelter to a great variety of birds and wild game. The lakes and streams are world-famous as the habitat of trout, bass, and the gamiest of fresh water fish—the tiger muskellunge. It is directly accessible to four major cities—Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago; and its smaller cities have a cultural and industrial background of their own that is traditional.

A new rush has commenced into Wisconsin. The nation-wide demand for water-frontage has discovered its extensive sandy shores, its sunny lakes in the depths of glorious forests, its nearness to great cities. All business is prospering mightily as the tide rolls in.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

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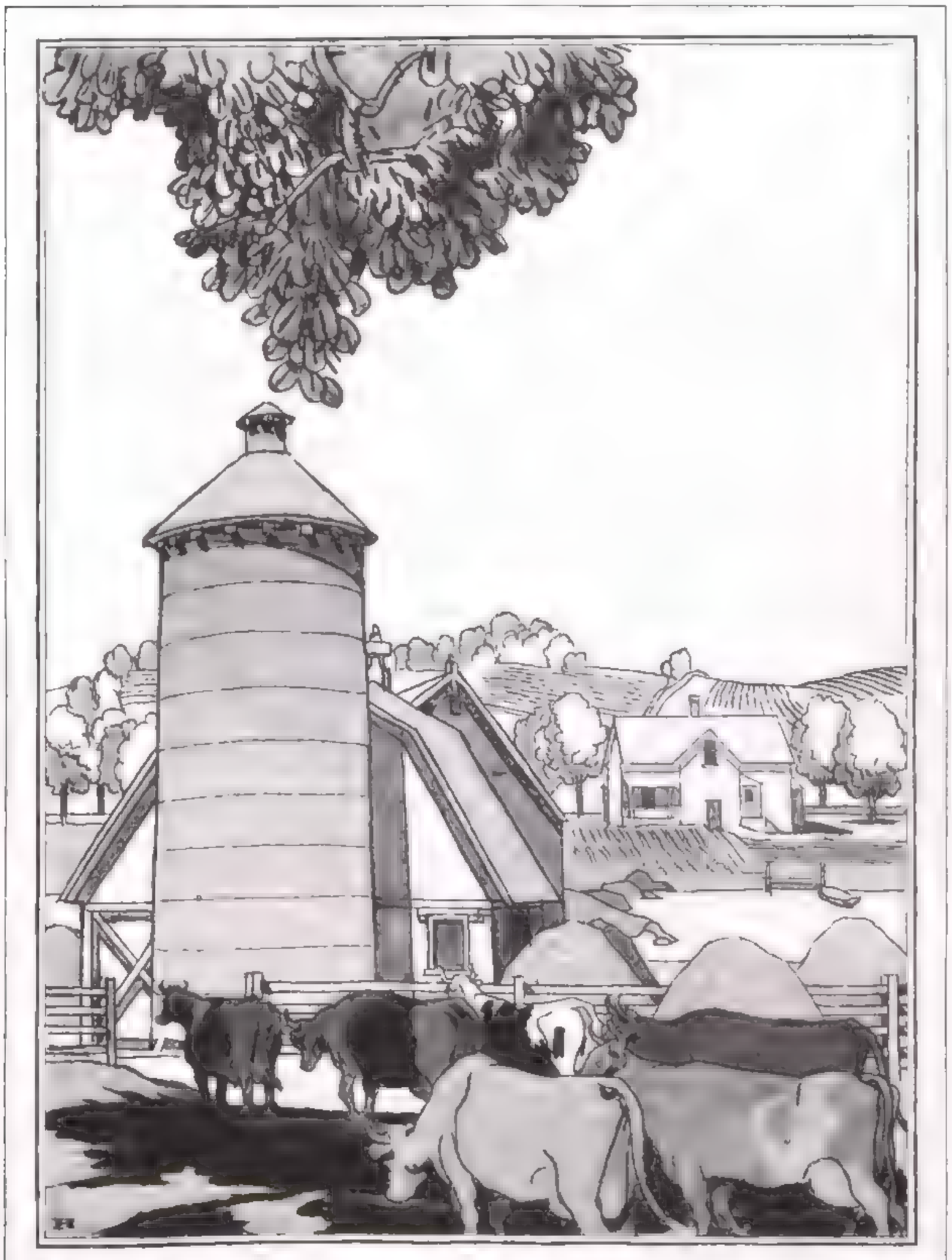


MILWAUKEE ROAD

Where the road began

RAILWAY building began in 1851 with 20 miles of track from Milwaukee to Waukesha—extending later to Madison, and then to Prairie du Chien. *This line, linking Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, was the forerunner of the vast Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system.*

The Milwaukee Road is now over 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 people. It extends a network over all the enormous block that forms the northwestern fourth of the United States—from Chicago to Kansas City, Sioux City and Omaha; to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth; to Milwaukee, the Upper Michigan Peninsula, the Black Hills, all the Northwest, Puget Sound, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

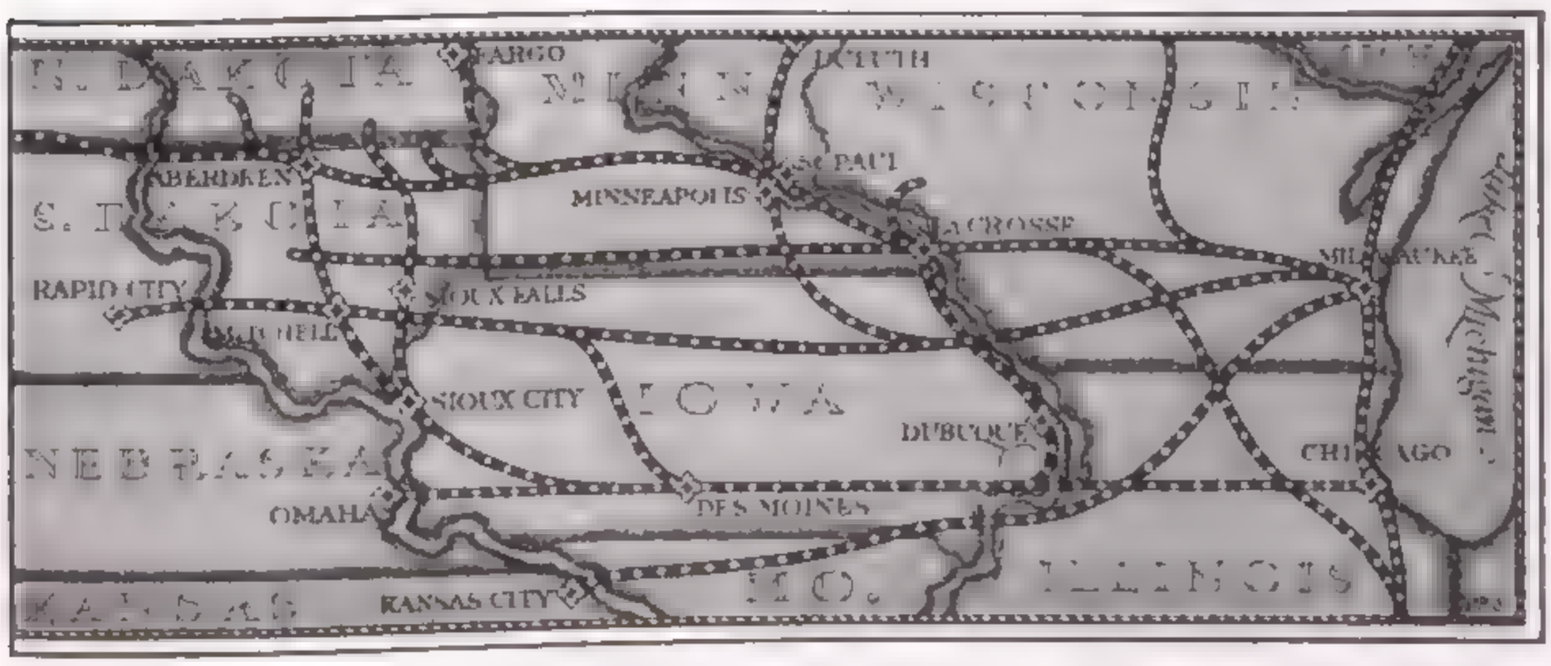
Growing with the great body that forms the agricultural, industrial and commercial life of the farther Middle States and all the Northwest, the Milwaukee Road has extended its trunk lines, spurs and feeders into the richest and most beautiful regions of this section of the continent. Carrying farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream, it brings new life to the Northwest.

One of the most notable advances ever made in transcontinental travel was the electrification for 660 miles of the vast Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system. This electrification extends from Harlowton in the Montana foothills across four great mountain ranges—the Belt, Bitter Root, Rockies and Cascades—to shipside on Puget Sound. The power is drawn from the rushing waters of Montana and Washington.

A new pioneer step is the *equipping of its passenger cars with roller bearings.*

See it on your way to the Coast

When you make your next western trip, take this wonderful route. You will see the most diversified scenery in America—the golden plains—lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges—the glories of Puget Sound—truly an empire of immeasurable opportunities!



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1827 THE 100TH YEAR 1927
OF DIXON SERVICE

(Continued from Page 115)

For a moment the idea seemed to shine with promise; then she remembered that the gem would probably pass from wife to husband again.

"No," she said to herself; "my plan's risky, but it's best."

"Thanks, Charles; don't let me keep you." She spoke aloud. "Good night." Swift-footed, she disappeared into the starry dusk.

Charles lurched back into the bar and dropped heavily upon a chair. The fresh outer air had had its well-known effect; he felt giddy and stupid.

"Who's the boozy bloke with the la-di-da air?" inquired, in the idiom of that day, a traveler from the boat. He was a big, coarse, heavily bearded man with a sulky expression. He stared at Charles.

"That," said the second barman, jerking a beer pull, "is the bloke who married Mrs. Treacher."

"Married which?" asked the stranger; and, like Mrs. Primrose, fell into a great fit of laughter.

"You have a spirit like a sword." Helen Elizabeth, waking in the mean little bedroom at Hop Cheong's, with the magenta ring upon her finger, remembered that saying. It came to her blown on salt breezes from very far away; sweet with recollections that she dared not entertain. But she let herself love the saying. It had touched the proudest part of her proud nature. She liked to think of herself so.

She had need, as she dressed, with that baleful gem upon her hand. She had to tell herself that she was afraid of nothing. She had to decide that she would find something to do as quickly as possible—it was the best way of keeping one's mind from thoughts that weakened. What she wanted to do was to tear off that winking stone and drop it in the deepest water, off the biggest rock, that she could find. Instead, sticking to her resolution, she wore the ring, under a glove, and went out to see if there was, by chance, any mail for her and Charles.

There was none for Charles; surprisingly, there was a letter for her, forwarded and reforwarded half a dozen times. She turned it over in her hand, noting the thick paper, the educated handwriting—a little tremulous, but small and neat.

"A man's hand," thought Helen Elizabeth; and for a moment her heart shook. But no, it was not that sort of handwriting.

She took it away from the post office to a quiet place among the rocks by the blue hot sea, opened and read it. The magenta ring seemed to burn upon her hand as she turned the pages. Once she spoke sharply to the sailing gulls—"But that's nonsense. This letter was written ages and ages before ——"

Once she murmured, turning the letter over again, "Well, they say—about prayers and religion and that sort of thing—that it was all foreseen anyhow. I wonder if it's true about the other side of the matter? Whatever this is, it isn't religion.

"I suppose," she said presently, letting the letter drop upon her knee, "that if it's anything, it's the devil supposing there is a devil. Hop Cheong would tell me there are thousands. So would the spiritualistic people. Who's right?"

She read the letter again. It was quite in order, quite natural and comprehensible. It came from an uncle of her mother's, an Australian, old and wealthy and of good position. She knew his name. It seemed that he had heard of the disasters due mostly to Charles' dissipation and extravagance that had resulted in the loss of the family estate of Man-o'-War Island. He expressed his regret; said that he was willing to do what he could to help his niece's child to recover her position, and that he would finance the return to Man-o'-War and the restarting of the place, provided it could be bought back. He would suggest that Helen Elizabeth take up her residence there and run the place, with the aid of a married manager whom he could supply. In return, he asked a reasonable share of the profits from the famous seed nuts and the copra, and an assurance that Charles the guilty should have nothing, in any way, to do with the place.

"I never wanted your mother to marry as she did," went on the tremulous handwriting. "I do not care for the stock; but I will acknowledge that you seem in character to have taken after her ——"

"I have not!" cried Elizabeth, stamping her small foot. "I'm a Pentecost, blood and bone!"

"—— and that your unfortunate half brother represents a worse and a different strain. These things, to a pastoralist, are of importance; we recognize their significance. I shall hope for an early reply, and ——"

Folding the letter neatly and pocketing it, Helen Elizabeth returned along the red, dusty road to the town.

"The note was decent anyhow," she thought, fingering a clean, engraved piece of paper that had been wrapped up with the letter. "No conditions. Just as lucky. I need it."

Charles Pentecost II, dead a year or two, had spent much good money on governesses in his day. The letter that Helen Elizabeth posted, a little later, was a model of polite refusal, sugared with thanks of the most gracious.

For all that and all that, the girl's heart was very sore as she left the post office for the second time that day and set off, in the growing dusk, upon an errand that needed not too many spectators. Home, home! The thought and the vision possessed her. She could almost see the palms of Man-o'-War—were there ever such palms?—twinkling their million fingers in the south-east wind; hear the long thunder of the reef that rested not day or night—the terrible reef that she had fought and conquered. She could see the red roof of the homestead showing out among the fruiting orange trees; smell the very scent in the dusky drawing-room, of the carved sandalwood furniture that Charles Pentecost I had brought from China eighty years ago.

No, it was the scent of Darwin's cypress pine; it was the sound of wagons rolling down the wharf to the steamer; it was the pitiful thin palms of Darwin that she smelled, heard, saw. Home was no more. .

Yet it might have been. She had but to contradict that letter—write another. . . . And what, after all, had Charles done save ruin the family and desert herself? Why should she make a sacrifice of everything she cared for? She could see herself, in the future, queen of the island, rich, envied, powerful; even loved and loving. Why not? There were blue eyes in the world that would cross the world, cross the River of Death, to come at her call—if she so chose.

It was for Helen Elizabeth a parting of the ways. One does not know which way she might have chosen; she was not altogether as other women of her age or youth; pride, sovereignty appealed to her more than anything on earth. A straw, at that moment, could have decided her. Something less than a straw did decide.

Only the sight of a tall thin gable peering up among the lesser roofs of Chinatown against the sky, a gable with one pea-green shuttered window in it, and two or three below. The end of the strange hidden palace of Wing Sing Lee.

"No," said Helen Elizabeth to herself slowly, her golden eyebrows coming close down above her amber eyes. "Not—that."

The rather secluded shop—one might almost call it shy, in the worse sense of the word—of Elias Reuben lay round a windy, dusty and papery corner, under one of the huge banyans that later civilization has removed from Darwin. Helen Elizabeth looked up and down the street, under her bright long eyelashes, and stepped in.

One does not know—one does not want to know—what Elias did for a living. He followed many lines, and one of them was jewelry. Nobody ever dared to call him a fence; so doubtless he was nothing of the kind. But you could buy real jewelry, cheap, from Elias Reuben.

When Helen Elizabeth came out again she wore round her neck, on her fingers and on her arms quite a store of showy ornaments, genuine, but not in the best of taste. The colors—garnet, amethyst, red carnelian—went very badly with her hair. Perhaps it was on this account that the various Chinese workers and loafers, as she passed home down the quarter, stared at her as hard as they did. The Chinese are notoriously colorists.

She lingered a while, looking in a window, at the mouth of an ugly little alleyway that led from one street to another—an alleyway that had been lately avoided on account of certain untoward events—Helen Elizabeth could have told you one. A head, pig-tailed—they wore pigtails then—and set on a chunky pair of shoulders, passed like a shadow behind the bars of a neighboring ground-floor window. Helen Elizabeth kept on looking into the window she had selected. It had silks in it, and toys. It had also certain reflections.

Presently, yawning a little and walking slowly, she passed on down the street, into Hop Cheong's, to her room.

Night again; starlight again, and again the wandering wind that blew from the Never-Never and whispered secrets, never, never to be told. Perhaps Helen Elizabeth heard them, understood them. She was of the kind that hears. Perhaps, on the other hand, she was too busy—in spite of appearances—to notice anything at all except the matter upon which she was engaged.

You or I, had either chanced to be there, would have noticed nothing remarkable; merely the figure of a white woman, in a light dress and far too much jewelry, walking slowly down the ill-lit Chinese quarter. Perhaps I, or you, might have been led to draw uncharitable conclusions, of a very ordinary kind.

Clearly, that was what the sailor from the newly arrived ship did. Being a sailor, and prompt to action, he gave chase. It was probable that he received the surprise of his life when the girl squeaked and began to run. Not because she ran or because she squeaked—both proceedings being a part of the recognized game—but because she ran just as she did. She was, as he afterward put it, with profane additions, hull down on the horizon before he'd as much as got on steering way. He believed she didn't happen. He believed he'd dreamed her. No girl could run like that.

Helen Elizabeth did happen, however, and did run exactly as the bemuddled sailor saw. She was out of his sight almost instantly, because, with another frightened cry, she had turned, in apparent panic, down the short cut that, in those days, led from one quiet street to another, through an alleyway that was far from quiet; that had, in fact, become notorious even before the day when Helen Elizabeth had been stopped and robbed of two hundred pounds.

She had only about twenty-five pounds' worth on tonight; but the money had been thriftily spent, and she looked a perfect Christmas tree as she fled, sobbing, into the ugly little thoroughfare, where, as it happened, the chunky Chinaman was waiting. He had seen her come down the quarter—seen the sailor give chase. What could be more natural than that which happened?

The girl hardly fought at all, and this was not natural, had Soo Hung known it. Crying a little, beseeching a little, she let him stop her, pinion her, go all over her with his clever Chinese hands and make quite sure that he had overlooked no ornament. She tried at the last to hide one: something that she held tight in one hand.

"Let me keep that," she had begged. "I want that!" Then she had really made some resistance.

"Give it to me!" Soo Hung had hissed between clenched teeth. It is the natural, though absurd thing to say, when you are

(Continued on Page 121)

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MOTO METER PRODUCTS SERVE AND PROTECT THE MOTORING PUBLIC OF THE WORLD

856

(Continued from Page 118)

taking something away by violence; just try it and see.

In a moment he had it, wrenched from fingers that suddenly relaxed. She dodged under his arm after that, like an escaping schoolboy, and got away. A sudden, witch-like wicked little laugh came from her as she fled, incredibly fast, out into the open street. To Soo Hung, slipping quietly into his own safe lair, that laugh came like a dash of cold water down the spine. Even before he had examined his treasure-trove, it set him wincing, wondering.

He was to remember it, years and years after; but from Soo Hung, this story flows away.

The stars looked brighter, above the scented, windy roads of Darwin, when Helen Elizabeth came forth, a little shaken, a trifle bruised, but quietly happy. The world seemed a cleaner place, now that that unholy stone had left her hand. With the going of the malarious mist that had spread, came instant disbelief in it and its powers. The whole thing was too stiff altogether to credit. She and Charles had merely been the victims of coincidence—unduly prolonged, it was true, but still, coincidence only.

Charles! There he was, going into the boarding house! What did he want?

"Hello!" she called, light-heartedly, behind him.

He turned, beneath the lamp that hung above Hop Cheong's door. Helen Elizabeth saw his face—an extraordinary mixture of emotions. "Hel," he said, flatly, "Treacher's turned up."

"What? Her husband?"

"Yes, the bullocky, b'gad! Wasn't dead. Deserted."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wished he'd had my luck, but there were no previous husbands handy to save him."

"What did he come back for?"

"Came to get his money and bolt again, if you ask me. I—I—Hel, I don't blame him!"

There was a moment's silence; a native dog, in the distance, wailed like a wolf; the dry leaves of the bananas in Hop Cheong's garden clapped congratulating hands.

"Well," said Helen Elizabeth, drawing a long breath, "there goes the last of it!"

From the black jetty where the steamer lay, a long way off, blew in a wind from the sea.

THE SWISS FAMILY O'MALLEY

(Continued from Page 21)

authority. The first thing I do when arriving in a country is to arrange an interview with the king, president, emperor or shah. Then I lead the ruler on toward a general unburdening of his troubles and national aims in a long heart-to-heart chat.

That, at least, had been my plan when arriving in Switzerland. One big difficulty, unfortunately, interfered. Search as I would, I could not find anyone who knew the president of Switzerland's name. I find myself forced therefore to sum up the general political situation in Switzerland with the bare statement that, unable to learn the president's name, my agents and I have also, of course, been unable to learn the president of Switzerland's home address.

Passing on now briefly to sociological conditions as I find them in Switzerland, I am convinced that this country—amazingly beautiful, industrious and unsurpassed in its appeal to the tourist though it be—has two crying needs. The first of these, at least in this Germanish part of Switzerland I have been studying, is the need for an immediate drastic change, even at the cost of bloody uprising and revolution, in the local ideas on gents' tailoring.

For one who set the styles among the nobbiest hoofers along the Times Square curb for as many years as I did, even an Alpine sunset often is now a total loss. Almost always the immediate foreground of the picture is smeared up with somebody named Otto, all dolled up in a snappy German idea of what the man shall wear. I've even seen one —— But if I start in on the subject of German notions of nobby gents' furnishings, I'll only lose my temper.

The Curse of Cleanliness

The second crying social need of Switzerland is a nation-wide uprising against the cleaning, brushing, polishing and dust-brush complex that is wearing away the Alps. There ought to be a law. If I ever can find out the name and address of the president of Switzerland, my first suggestion to him will be a federal prohibition law forbidding the further manufacture, sale or importation into Switzerland of brooms, dust brushes, brass-polish compounds, and especially vacuum cleaners, for a period of twenty years.

If there's one thing more annoying than a vacuum cleaner whining between your legs while you are trying to make good on a four-no-trump bid, it is to wake up in the middle of the night to find the night concierge's pet vacuum cleaner sneaking under the bedclothes and snatching your handkerchief out of your pajama pocket. To sum up the cleaning complex now gripping Switzerland, I only need to say that every other natty male dresser you meet on an Alp wears his private dust brush sticking up out of the back of his hat.

Let me conclude this survey of conditions in Switzerland with a few brief remarks on a subject of peculiar interest to me—financial resources, if any.

In one of my earlier papers on the general financial situation in Europe I demonstrated clearly—basing my conclusions on my own financial capitalization, disbursements, return on investment, overhead and trade balance at the end of my season at Monte Carlo—that business wasn't so good. It was rotten. Then when I brought my family up here on an Alp and began to look about for another business opening, up bobs a bright little hotel concierge with the pleasant news that games of chance are forbidden in Switzerland by federal law.

The Old Leather Hand Bag

In the *Kursaal* at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, however, I finally came upon a gaming room of a sort. They were playing a piker pastime called patineur—the local Swede word, the way I get it, for skater. In this piker game the croup bets the player five francs to one that the player cannot flip a little metal figure, called the skater, along a narrow slot in the table so that the little painted skater will stop opposite a number corresponding to a number that has been called.

Sounds like a game of chance, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. True, the croup pays you five to one if you win, but nobody ever won. Even I couldn't.

In any of these games, as a rule, especially any game requiring skill on the part of the player, I get the knack of it quickly. But no system will beat one of these games unless it is backed by lots of capital.

Lack of proper financial backing for my skater-game system was at first, as at Monte Carlo last season, my only handicap. Unfortunately, when, a few years ago, girlie's grandfather passed away, leaving girlie a fat third interest, I foolishly got into the habit of letting her carry our family funds round in her old leather hand bag.

The last time the brown leather hand bag was literally out of her hands was back in the days when she was still agile enough to go in for ocean bathing, near our home at Brielle—the New Jersey estate I bought when girlie's grandfather had passed on. While I minded the children on the beach girlie would splash in the surf, the brown leather hand bag securely worn under her rubber bathing cap. As she began to fill out to her present proportions, however, and the average bathhouse began to fit her too tightly across the shoulders, she had to give up the mermaid stuff, and the hand bag has never been out of her hands since.

There was one moment last winter, toward the bitter end of the Monte Carlo season, that I tried to have a little fun with her while Doc Marcellus, our Riviera dentist, was pulling one of her teeth. I reached for the hand bag—it was all in fun, of course—but at the first tug at the handle she came right out of the gas, spoiling my little joke.

Upon our arrival at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, therefore, I was forced to open a private drawing account with the hotel concierge to obtain working capital in this skater pastime. One big killing at this skater game, the way I figured it, would wipe out the concierge's cash advances before our hotel bill met girlie's gaze. And then, fortunately, I happened to come into sudden possession of a big sum of money in a wholly unexpected manner—as I shall explain shortly but even this surprising stroke of good fortune was powerless to avert the inevitable domestic crash that has broken up my home.

You will understand the whole situation better—this whole study of the financial situation in Switzerland that we are now considering, in fact—if I say just a word here about the important part that is played by the concierge profession of Switzerland in Switzerland's newest and now most important national industry.

Perhaps you already know that Switzerland's chief source of internal revenue is the importation of recently bereaved young American widows. Learning the latest Black Bottom step at the hotel *thé dansant* all the summer, madly skating on the rinks in their gayly knitted white woolen pants all winter—you see them everywhere, these young American widows, trying to forget.

Let us consider the latest official statistics at hand. During the past fiscal year, we learn, the American-widow industry of Switzerland for the first time topped the combined revenues from the exportation of cuckoo clocks, bell ringers and cheese.

Every fourth building in Switzerland, the statistics before me show, is now a preparatory school for boys and girls. Every second building—the revised, or supplementary, statistics as of August 2, 1926, place the percentage even a shade higher—is a hotel pension; and a shade more than 86.8 per cent of the inmates of these hotel pensions are blond American widows, 62 per cent of them back in full colors and *beige* stockings again, counting from the moment of their arrival on an Alp.

A Merry-Widow Invasion

The fact is also now generally known, no doubt, that in countless American homes, especially in and round New York, the minute the will is read—sometimes before the oil-stock boys have even had a chance to worry the life-insurance check in their teeth—thousands of these newly bereaved American widows, most of them still in their peppy prime, immediately decide to make a great sacrifice for their children's sake. Nobly forsaking friends and home comforts, they light out for Europe on the fastest boat they can get, park the older children in one of these French-language schools on an Alp, check the infants with the concierge in the near-by hotel, and then pathetically try to smother sad memories in a steady round of the neighborhood shops.

The growth of this widowed-American-mother industry at times almost threatens to take the mind of the average hotel-pension concierge of Switzerland off his favorite household pet, the vacuum cleaner.

health wins again!

Promoted!

"JIM," said the President, to the clean, healthy looking young man before him, "you have made a fine record here. As a reward for your energy and achievements, we have decided to promote you to the head of the sales department—I congratulate you."

Rugged health, built on a balanced diet, with plenty of rich, bottled milk, was largely responsible for Jim's promotion. It had enabled him to work hard and to think clearly—two essentials to success. Thus, as usual, promotion went to the one mentally and physically fit.

You, too, can become fit and keep fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, rich bottled milk—the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

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THATCHER BOTTLES *for* MILK

A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

What with American-widow chores adding so many new duties to the concierge working day, I don't see how the lads stand the gaff.

Sometimes I would all but swoon with weariness, down at my other hotel at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, just watching Minehair—this Mr. Minehair was the concierge there—doing his stuff.

I used to take my daily dozen just watching him. Simultaneously, he could empty and clean every ash tray in the lounge at every flick of a cigarette over a tray, answer the telephone in English, French and German, pay out cash to the steady stream of women's-wear delivery boys filing by the telephone booth with packages for the American mothers, and without once missing a trick, sneak the pet vacuum cleaner between your feet with one hand, while feeding luncheon to an armful of American bottle babies with the other. And, besides, he has to wear a frock coat.

The last straw was an extra night job he took upon his shoulders. When the big clock in the hotel lobby got out of order, the poor fellow had to get up and dress at regular intervals, all through the night, and come down to the lobby to cuckoo the hours. His voice cracked.

Fortunately for this Mr. Minehair, paying delivery boys for new gowns or hats for my missus took up none of his time. Girlie is still loyal, over here in Switzerland, to old Flora and Fauna, as the Jersey coast for years has known the green picture hat, trimmed with gilt pine cones and assorted flowers, and the ankle-length Hudson seal that her grandfather took in part payment on the famous election bet he won from a rooter for Blaine and Logan.

But although girlie never enters the women's-wear shops, her looseness with my money round the antique dealers' snares in Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz kept old Minehair busy enough. When he wasn't shelling out cash to messengers delivering the latest thing in antique Gothic pulpits, he was chalking up against me on my hotel bill a sickening outlay for girlie's old pewter mush pans, yards of portcullis chains, genuine soap vats and similar débris.

"A spot of Europe every place you turn in our Brielle house"—that's her new slogan.

A Nifty Roll of Temptation

Mr. Minehair, the concierge, had been smearing the palms of the delivery boys from the local antique traps for almost seven days before I stumbled upon a startling new truth. And this brings me directly to the sudden sad tragedy that has wrecked my home.

Girlie, I suddenly learned, had no notion that the concierge was paying cash on delivery for this unbroken stream of ruins that she was sending home to the hotel. She was laboring under the delusion, it seems, that the favorite antique bandits she patronized had all opened charge accounts for her.

That's the way she does business in Brielle, running weekly charge accounts with all our neighborhood merchants. As near as I can make things out, the first day or so she was in Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz she must have made the rounds of the local antique snares, and being strongly a creature of habit, had asked each of the dealers to open an account in her name. These boys here can nod yes to a proposition like that in nine languages. Then they go right ahead delivering purchases along the spot-cash-on-delivery lines they have followed since the reign of Looie the Halfwit.

The whole appalling situation flashed upon me when, at the end of our first week at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, girlie drew forth a big bunch of these antique trap sales slips and began to add up the total amount of her purchases. That is her habit at the end of each week in Brielle. She adds up the sales slips, hands me the slips and the money—the exact total amount to the penny—and then, while I make the rounds in the flivver, paying the weekly bills, she sits in the living room rigidly until I have returned with the receipted bills, a dotted line running from her eye to the clock.

Only my strong self-control saved me from a brain storm, therefore, when, at the end of our first week at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, she handed me the sales slips and a bank roll that would choke up the Simplon Tunnel. It was the biggest thing in cash money that I had handled since, back in the days when my life was happier, I backed a fifty-to-one skate named County Mayo Mike down at the old Sheepshead Bay track—sentiment had outweighed my better judgment upon hearing the skate's name—and the old flea-bitten dog win his race.

"If I explain to her," I said to myself, once I could drag my seething brain back to connected thought, "that these things have already been paid for by the concierge, she'll only dash out and blow the whole wad on a portcullis to go with the chains. And there are our children to think of, poor tots—all that this money would mean to them if spent on warm clothing for the winter."

"Well!" she snapped shortly, as I stood there in a daze, stroking the bank roll, fondling it; and she plumped down in a chair, the dotted line already beginning to form between her eyes and the face of her bedside clock.

The O'Malley Skater System

I really started downstairs then with the intention of turning the wad over to the concierge, thus wiping his payments on the antiques off our hotel bill before the bill met girlie's gaze. But on the way down to the concierge's desk I suddenly got a hunch.

Why this hunch had not occurred to me long ago, at Monte Carlo or while playing the skater game here, I'll never be able to tell you. This new system of skater play I have perfected—now known as the O'Malley Skater System all over Switzerland—was born the minute I got the hunch. The new system is too complicated for the layman to grasp in all its details, at least without actual demonstration on a skater-pastime layout. It is enough to explain here that the basic scientific principle of the system is to remember at each play to stake each bill on the number corresponding to the first numeral of the long number engraved on that particular bank note.

Late that night, toward the close of my final session at the skater pastime, I boldly reversed my whole new system, now playing the last numeral of the bill number instead of the first. But it just wasn't my night. If the breaks in my golf game favored my golf the way they favor the croups in this skater pastime, I could give Bobby Jones two strokes a hole and drive with my putter.

Returning from the grind, very late that night, I paused downstairs, where the lobby clock used to be, only until the concierge appeared to cuckoo the hour. When he had finished cuckooing, I made a final drawing on my private cash account with him; I had about made up my mind by then to try to forget business worries by starting off on a fairly early morning train, up the beautiful valley of the Schpeetz, and relaxing in the great open spaces until my business affairs had somehow readjusted themselves.

A League of Nations In the Home

Girlie, fully dressed, was still asleep in her chair when I tiptoed into our rooms, her closed eyes still turned unconsciously toward her bedside clock. She seemed so all in from her long vigil that I thought it better just to let her sleep on.

Day had scarcely dawned when she was shaking me awake and demanding the receipted bills for the antiques. I told her plainly that it was not customary, at least in all the dealings I had had of a business nature in Switzerland, to be offered receipts; no one had ever given me a receipted bill for money I owed since I came to Switzerland, I explained—and that statement was the honest truth.

It was a jangly, real Swiss bell-ringer breakfast hour we put in that morning, owing to our lack of a good night's rest and everything. The one bright spot in the whole dirty mess, glooming there the way I was over my business affairs, was my realization that our hotel bill would not be presented to girlie until late in the day. By that time I would be far up the valley of the Schpeetz, straightening out affairs without interruption.

I can see now that the first real mistake I have made since coming to Europe was when, right after the breakfast trays had been removed that morning, I foolishly wasted valuable minutes laying down the law to girlie about this spot-of-Europe extravagance that now has her cuckoo. I should have devoted those minutes to getting my things together, departing quietly by the other bedroom door and taking the early train up the valley of the Schpeetz. The quaint valley inn I originally had in mind for my present jaunt, the little old Schpeetzhaus, has one vital advantage over the Burke, up here on the Jungfrau—one can at least walk home from the old Schpeetzhaus, along a good road running through the valley of the Schpeetz, to my other hotel at Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz.

"Yes, a spot of Europe everywhere you turn in the house," she began to dingdong again, ignoring my protests with studied calmness. "I'll drape the antique shawl I got in Spain, just for a Spanish spot, on the piano, with one of the antique olive-oil vawzes we bought in Italy on the shawl, thus making a stunning spot of Italy on the spot of Spain. Then this grandfather's cuckoo clock I got here will make a stunning spot of Switzerland in the hall. For spots of France in the dining room, I ——"

I should have minded my own business and gone on my way, especially in view of all they were cooking up for me, that very minute, down in the hotel office. But at mention of the dining room I couldn't resist a farewell observation.

"From what I remember of your revered grandfather," I couldn't help breaking in, "I think the old boy would rest easier if you spent more of this money he left us on an occasional spot of Scotch and less on these ——"

"Children, run out and play in the glorious sunshine. Papa and I wish to talk."

The old familiar line that was always the call to arms in the love nest. And I had not only spoken out of my turn but on the subject, or at least a hint of it, that is absolutely forbidden in front of the children.

Not since the time, last Christmas morning, down on the Riviera, that I innocently made a handsome Christmas gift of a pound box of chocolates to the missus had I mentioned this forbidden subject. And the other time, last Christmas, I hadn't aimed to bring the subject up. How was I to know, before the missus bit into the candies, that each of the chocolates was charged with a hot shot of real prewar chartreuse? Merry Christmas, men! She said things to me, all through the merry Christmastide, that still sear my soul.

Exit Hastily

But with my business affairs smeared up the way they were on the morning of this recent spot-of-Europe drivel, I was in a dangerous mood. "Yes," I went on thoughtlessly, "and while you are spotting up my house with this Early Ellis Island Period débris ——"

"Your house, did I understand you to say?"

"No, my house, you understood me to say. The old man, I repeat, probably would now be giving three cheers in the hereafter if you went in, as he did, for spots of old Scotch, antique Burgundies, ripe old ——"

The way she was clutching at her throat, trying to form words, scared me to silence. She was talking gaga: And in the sudden quiet I realized that somebody at the door was trying to make himself heard above the indoor racket. I was too mad to remember caution.

"Ontray!" I cried impulsively, lapsing into French. And in came the concierge and handed our hotel bill to the missus, itemized—the whole works.

I was shot at point-blank three distinct times during the next ten minutes by Alpinists, so I learned later, who mistook me for a chamois as I leaped from crag to crag of the Jungfrau, pursuing the little trick train on its way to the summit. If I was shot, I don't remember it.

But it's peaceful up here at the Burke. Maybe the air is a bit thin up round this twelve-thousand-foot level, especially to one just recovering from shock. But by noon every day the cogwheel is up here again with its daily cargo of German tourists and their picnic lunches, and the air once more thickens.

Also, since beginning this study of general conditions in Switzerland, I have put through a telephone message to the missus, down at my other hotel in Schpeetzenwald-ober-Schpeetz, explaining that I have opened another hotel account up here in her name. If she can only control herself while passing the snow cliffs where nobody is permitted to talk, doubtless the message I have sent her will shortly bring her up here to rescue me—if I can so describe our next meeting.

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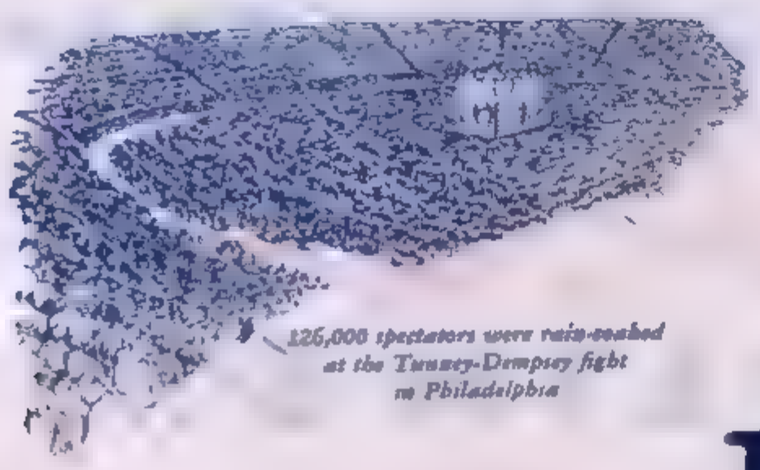

126,000 spectators were rain-soaked at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Philadelphia

Duro Gloss

RUBBER RAINCOAT FABRIC

THE SQUAWKER

(Continued from Page 9)

and when the caddies begin giggling a man may as well break his clubs and look into the domino situation.

"You're bound to improve," said his guide and friend. "You are certainly looking better, Andy."

"I don't feel any better," he replied. "In fact, I don't feel as good as I did."

Miranda Pringle was another who swore to heaven that Mr. Getty looked like a rose. The invisible love affair was now at a point where Andy fell into a nervous panic when addressed by the blooming widow. His hand trembled if he happened to be left alone with the lady, but we put that down to the recent operation; and all we saw, in our blindness, was a chubby gentleman, slightly deaf, trying to be pleasant to a fluttery creature in a blue silk sweater and a slave bracelet.

Doctor Boyle watched for Andy to regain his vigor, but in vain did the surgical wizard wait for the return of Andy's game. The patient seemed to grow in strength and his color was fair, but there was a sluggish ponderosity to his gait. His spirit lacked its old lightness and his manner was melancholy. He was absent-minded, his bridge game fell off and he often sat still for an hour, staring at the fire.

The surgeon lost golf wagers steadily and in increasing sums. There began again a revival of the Squawk Era at Coldbrook, and doc could be heard for miles complaining of the way people robbed Getty and him—particularly him. Andy never voiced a protest. He played golf dismally, accepted bets and paid his losses with a sad grin, but his partner's sufferings were apparent to the wide, wide world; and meantime nobody knew that Andy Getty was down with an incurable malady, entirely beyond the reach of the surgeon's scalpel or whatever they use in their cutting rooms.

"Take a trip," suggested Lee Duffy, who is interested in steamships; but Andy shook his head, little knowing that a trip would buck him up, especially if it happened to be down a church aisle, with the organ pealing and little girls scattering orange blossoms.

For another bitter month Andy struggled with his iron shots and floundered through expensive matches with his irritated friend. He had always feared Pete Boyle and he now expected to be hit on the head with a niblick any afternoon. Pete continued to study his victim with the cold eye of science, certain that the mechanism needed overhauling.

"It's something," he assured his hospital mate, Doctor Lobbie. "Andy is wrong somewhere."

"Yeah," agreed that cynic; "in the head. He isn't as good a golfer as you think he is."

"Just the best golfer in the club, that's all," retorted Pete. "He's off his game merely because his health is bad."

"He never had a game," George said, fanning the flame, and the conversation became profane.

The faltering team struggled on through the summer and lost enough prizes to fill a sitting room, after which Pete cornered his pal, made him open his mouth and say "Ah!" He inserted a small electric torch into the open Getty countenance, peered into Andy's channel of supply and put the torch back into his vest pocket.

"That's what it is," he said in a voice of confidence, the sure tone of a physician talking to laity.

"That's what what is?" Andy inquired.

"I know now why your game is gone, and also why you don't feel good any more."

"I feel all right," Andy protested.

"You do not," said the man who has pried into half the population of Southern California. "You feel bad, because you told me you did, and you look terrible."

"Then what is it?" Andy asked, prepared for anything.

"Tonsils," said the voice of science. "You've got the worst-looking tonsils I ever do hope to see in this world, and no wonder you feel bad and can't play golf. Come on down to my place and I'll take those tonsils out pronto."

"Not right away," Andy protested. "Listen, doc, let's talk this over."

"Tomorrow!" doc roared vehemently. "Every minute you keep such tonsils you are only doing yourself injury—and me too."

"This is awful," said Andy, whose physical machinery had been running along quietly for years and years, and who was now slowly losing his cogs, all because he didn't seem able to lay a mashie shot up to the flag. But he was forced to admit the facts, which were that he didn't feel any too well and that his game was gone.

Secretly forwarding to Miranda Pringle a much larger box of candy than usual, in case he passed away on the operating table, along with large bunches of roses, violets, carnations and other floral exhibits of a sentimental character, the long-suffering invalid again retired to the cloistered calm of the Boyle sanitarium and opening-up snuggery.

Miranda received her gifts and spent three hours wondering. It delighted her to know that she had a secret admirer, an unknown beau who worshiped afar off, and she guessed diligently without ever thinking once of Andy Getty.

With haste worthy of a better cause, Doctor Boyle sharpened up his instruments and took away Andy's tonsils before he could say Jack Robinson. As every surgeon knows, there is nothing to this tonsil business. The patient opens his mouth, you reach in and get them and the incident is over. As he always did, the surgeon made Andy sit up straight and suffer a bit, giving him not even a whiff of ether while the job was on, because Pete regards a tonsil job as the same as having your hair cut.

Andy groaned and came back to Coldbrook looking as wan as ever, and slightly resentful. The wonders of modern surgery were marvelous, but Andy began to feel that there was such a thing as overdoing it.

"What's the matter with you?" Davy Jacobs asked the invalid, who was now speaking in a hoarse whisper.

"Nothing," said Andy. "I'm all right, only doc is taking me down the line. Tonsils this time."

"You ought to be real healthy pretty soon," commented Tex Schramm, our only left-handed golfer.

"Or playing a harp," added Louis Waller amiably.

"The real trouble with you, Andy," continued Mr. Jacobs, "is that you have too many legs. Pete will attend to that when he notices it. Nobody of your age needs all those legs."

"Have a good time," said Andy. "Matter of fact, I feel pretty fair. If he'd leave me alone I think I'd be all right in a couple of weeks."

He seized his favorite putter and strolled out to practice putting on the clubhouse green, not because he thought he required practice but because Miranda Pringle was curled up coyly in a lawn settee, smiling upon mankind and waving at stray golfers. She saw the wounded gladiator and gave him one of her sweetest smiles.

"You do have things the matter with you, don't you, you poor man?"

"Me?" said Andy. "No, ma'am. I'm all right, I am. I'm a pretty healthy lad."

The widow smiled at this courageous falsehood. "I do hope you have nothing else," she said.

"I'm not having anything," Andy said hoarsely. "Pete just thinks I've got disorders. Sometimes I believe Pete might be wrong about me."

"Doctor Boyle is never wrong," she said stoutly. "He is a wonderful man. There are few men like him."

Sinking without a trace, Andy moved away and gave himself over to the business of dropping long putts, wondering if the lady had received his flowers and quaking inwardly lest she suspect him, which she did not.

For a while Andy came back strong, following the tonsils episode, teamed up with his medical friend and lost eight hundred dollars and four important prizes within two weeks. The squawking at Coldbrook now reached its apogee, and strangers riding by the clubhouse with their wives and children slowed down and listened in the belief that somebody must be murdering somebody with a blunt instrument. The famous tonsil snatcher roared over his calamities and paid his losses with the friendly air of a starving lion tearing a zebra into sirloin steaks. Never before had we listened to such croakings and insults, and again we discussed the private squawk room for suffering surgeons.

"Why don't you team up with a good man?" George Lobbie demanded. "This fellow is not a steady golfer. Take me for your partner."

Pete ignored this suggestion and continued to worry. It became with him a monomania to restore Andy to his pristine vigor, for it was the Boyle theory that when a man can play golf accurately, and suddenly turns into a bad golfer, the cause is his health and nothing else. Andy sneaked around with a guilty and fugitive air, certain that he was ruining doc's life. He talked about resigning and giving up the game for a year or two. He begged Pete to take on another partner in the important matches, but Doctor Boyle is a determined and obstinate man. He decided that if the poison was not coming from Andy's tonsils, then it must be coming from his teeth; and Mr. Getty was forced to open up again, displaying the usual gold crowns, inlays, bridge work and general plugging found in a man of his age.

"Come on down and I'll X-ray 'em," commanded Pete. "You got enough junk in your mouth to spoil anybody's game."

So Andy put on his hospital suit and again repaired to the Pete Boyle health resort, where the surgeon shot him with the X-ray machine and triumphantly displayed to Andy the pictures of his own molars.

"Anything wrong with 'em?" inquired Andy, who was slowly beginning to think of himself as an interesting and scientific case.

"Look at those roots," snorted the surgeon. "And you trying to play golf! It's a wonder you're alive at all with roots like those."

"What ails those roots?" Andy asked, holding up the little celluloid squares and squinting anxiously.

"See the cloudy spots?" growled Pete. "That means trouble. Every one of those roots is shooting off poison, which gets into your blood stream, destroys your vision and makes you top your brassie shots. Those teeth will have to come out at once."

"Would they give a man a pain in the back?" Andy inquired.

"Would they? Say, you can't have a pain in the back if your teeth are right. Listen to me!" He thereupon gave Andy a free lecture, worth one hundred dollars to any clinic, but nothing to Andy.

It was thus that Mr. Getty gave up his filled teeth, and the best dentist in Coldbrook yanked out gold and silver inlays that figured on staying where they were for life. Within a month Andy's appetite was excellent. The pouches disappeared from beneath his eyes, his step became livelier and he seemed on the road back. Mrs. Pringle spoke of it. She was clad in pale pink, with a blue tam and a jacket with ermine trimmings.

"You are looking perfectly splendid, Andy," she said. "I have never seen you look so well."

Mr. Getty stared at her steadily. "The same to you," he answered, and with sudden courage, born no doubt of illness and desperation—"When are you going to get married?"

"Oh, I shall never marry again," the widow said, laughing and blushing like a schoolgirl.

"A beautiful creature like you," continued Mr. Getty, holding to his courage, "certainly ought to marry some steady man."

"No," said Miranda, with a wan smile. "I fear that I am doomed to live the rest of my life quietly and alone. There are so many nice men in the world ——"

Her voice trailed off into silence and she looked away, as though thinking.

Bursting with unsaid words and loyal to his old friend, Andy turned from the countenance of his charmer and hid himself in the locker room until he had regained his calm. He played golf that afternoon and shot a middling poor game, though his driving seemed to be better. Pete called him a number of harsh names in the heat of the contest and wondered if he required glasses.

Defied, but not beaten, the surgeon turned to his puzzling problem with fresh determination. Next Andy's liver passed under official scrutiny, and it was by merest luck that Mr. Getty retained that useful organ. Doc thought of taking it out and giving it a dry-cleaning, but his regular business was heavy and the matter slipped his mind.

Dr. George Lobbie, who is almost as good a surgeon as Doc Boyle, contemplated the situation with professional contempt. "There's no use working on that old boy," he advised his associate in the dim light of their vivisection room. "You've got to take his brains out."

"How would you like to ——" Pete asked his grinning mate, but George declined to go there.

Now ensued a nonhospital interlude in the career of Andy the Patient, during which his friend surveyed him with gloomy eyes. They batted the ball thither and yon, this course and that, and they lost. Members of other clubs who knew Andy's former game asked politely what had happened to it, and there was no answer. No more handy prizes were won by the dauntless twain, and to his vast chagrin, Pete Boyle's own steady game began to totter. He became a fairly bad golfer and blamed Andy, as he had every right to do.

On his side, the gentleman from Cleveland made up his mind to be seen in no more hospitals, not even to please a pal. Whatever he had in the way of defective parts he meant to retain, let the chips fall where they might, and for some weeks Pete could think of nothing further to tamper with. Andy continued his clandestine courtship of the sprightly widow, feeling guilty and wishing Pete would declare himself definitely.

"When are you going to marry this woman?" he asked Pete one afternoon, speaking in a casual voice, just as Doctor Boyle was about to try for a long sidehill putt.

"Huh?" doc grunted, smoothing down the grass.

"When are you going to marry Miranda?"

"Say," said Pete, straightening up, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know you can't talk to a man when he's putting? My game is bad enough, ain't it?"

Andy closed his mouth and decided that Pete had either not yet set the date of his marriage or was touchy on the subject. That night Andy again spoke of resigning from the club in the hope of making Pete happier.

"I could take up something," he said seriously, there being nothing else he could take up in the way of athletic games except

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cutting his own lawn, hair or hangnails. "I hate to spoil another man's game, and Pete still insists on playing with me, terrible as I am."

"You're all right," we told him gently. "You're just in a slump. We all have slumps."

On Tuesday morning Doctor Boyle awoke from sound slumber, sat up in bed with a brilliant idea and wondered audibly if perhaps there was not something the matter with Andy's gall. The moment a working surgeon begins speculating about the state of a person's gall it is just as well for the victim to move to another city.

"You come on down and I'll look you over," Pete said when the clan had gathered at the club for luncheon, ready for a hard day on the greens.

"No," returned Andy; "I'm through, and my gall is all right."

"I'll say it is," remarked George Lobbie.

"Andy," continued Pete earnestly, "we haven't yet found out what's wrong. I want to know."

"You do, but I don't," said Andy. "I may be all wrong, and if so, I am going to stay that way."

"We won't operate on you," Pete pleaded. "But I just want to make sure of a few things. There's a friend of mine in town from Chicago who knows thyroid glands and I want him to look you over."

"No," said Andy, but weakening.

He held out against further investigation, but Pete seemed so dejected about it that he finally capitulated and the Chicago thyroid expert, being asked, said he would be happy to examine Andy and conduct any experiments found necessary. Andy made his will over and drove slowly downtown to the Boyle hospital for the last time, feeling in a vague way that something pretty terrible was about to happen. In his pocket was a letter which he had just written with great care. It was addressed to Miranda Pringle and it lay inside a larger envelope which said to the world in large flowing letters: "Please deliver this."

Andy shook hands gloomily with the nurses, and Pete introduced him to the thyroid man, who had a short goatee and looked dangerous to Andy. George Lobbie, who was loitering about the hospital, added to the gayety of the affair by assuring Andy he was in the hands of his friends, and that if anything happened, his post-mortem business would be well cared for and the Coldbrook Country Club would close up officially for three hours on the day of the funeral.

Andy smiled wanly. The head nurse stepped forward with the regular Getty operation uniform, which was becoming slightly worn, and the patient entered his old room with the white ivory bed and hung up his hat for another three rounds with surgical science.

"This is a mighty strange case," Doctor Boyle declared to the Chicago sharp. "Here we have a man apparently in good health, and he used to be one of the best golfers in our club." He explained in detail, using the meaningless words of his guild.

"Very interesting," observed the visiting surgeon. "Let us have a look at him."

While they took Andy's temperature and hit him on the kneecap, George Lobbie, prowling about in search of a clinical tool, discovered that the patient's coat had fallen from the hatrack, and George, being a neat surgeon, replaced it. There fell upon the floor a long white envelope, reading, "Please deliver this."

"Well, well!" said George.

Anxious to oblige a friend, he opened the outer envelope and saw that Mrs. Pringle was about to receive a letter. George stood there in a beam of sunlight, humming a faded tune, with the letter in his hand. He stared at an ambulance and thoughts flitted through his mind. In the adjoining room, Andy was stretched out flat, with a sheet on his chest, looking up at a ceiling picture which showed a little fat angel chinning himself. The surgeons conferred in low, ominous tones.

"Of course," George Lobbie said to himself, "it isn't right to open letters. Nobody but a skunk would open another man's mail, but I am going to open this letter if I go to jail for nine years."

He opened it. It said:

Dearest Miranda: They are just going to examine me again and maybe operate, and in case anything happens, and I should never see you again in this world, then I want you to know how much I think of you and have always thought of you since I first met you. In fact, you have never been out of my thoughts, day or night, but I said nothing on account of Pete. You will understand, because you are a wonderful woman. To me, you are the only woman in the world. Now you know about the flowers and the candy, which was the best I could buy. If I do not see you again in this world, may we meet where everything is better.

Yours forever,
ANDY.

Wearing a startled look, Doctor Lobbie put down his clinical chisel and went hurriedly into the room where Pete and his visitor studied the recumbent one. Lobbie's manner was unprofessional, as was his sudden entry. "Get that fellow off that table," he said.

"What?" Pete asked, looking surprised.

"Get Andy back into his clothes," George said sharply.

Andy turned slowly on his chariot, hearing these words of reprieve.

"Come here a minute," George continued. "Come on in here."

While nurses looked on surprised and disapproving, George led his associates into Andy's bedroom.

"Read that," George commanded, closing the door and handing Pete the letter. "What a giant intellect you are!"

"Who?" Pete asked, reading the letter hastily. "What does he mean about me?"

"He means he's in love with Miranda," George snorted. "Here's a man that's hopelessly in love, and you still want to find out what ails him. That's what ails him. That's where his golf has gone. The poor fish is daffy about Miranda, which is the worst disease in the world and can never be cured."

"My word!" said the thyroid man, rubbing his hands. "How extremely interesting!"

"I'll be damned!" said Pete. "You don't think ——"

"I know," said George firmly. "I was that way once myself. They had to lead me to my meals. You don't remotely suspect what love is, or what it will do to a strong man, because you've never been in love."

"If that's the case," Pete said, brightening at once, "I know what to do now."

He pushed George aside, handed him the letter and strode back to the inquiring Andy, who was still looking at the athletic angel.

"Get up off that table," ordered the surgeon, "and put on your clothes."

A Scene in Yosemite Valley, California

"Huh?" said Andy.

"Into your clothes. We're going out to Coldbrook." He looked at his watch.

"When?" asked the victim.

"Now."

Mr. Getty needed no further invitation. In seven minutes he was fully clad, had shaken hands with the head nurse and was following Pete to the door. The latter declared a hospital holiday and they set sail for the course, arriving in time for the afternoon round. The usual crowd was gathered on the clubhouse veranda and Mrs. Pringle was in the center of a group. She greeted the two friends with her charming smile.

"Listen, Miranda," Pete said earnestly, taking her aside from the golfers. "You've been a widow long enough. You're going to get married again."

She laughed. "To whom?"

"To Andy Getty," declared Pete. "Do you realize that Andy has never had anything the matter with him at all except that he's crazy about you? You'll have to save him."

Miranda looked astounded. "Andy?" she said.

"Yes, Andy. Read that."

He handed her Mr. Getty's Farewell Address and summoned that gentleman, who was hungrily fingering a brand-new brass putter. Andy approached his goddess, looking silly, and Miranda surveyed him with a tender smile and concealed the evidence.

"Andy," said Pete abruptly, his mind on the immediate future, "you love Miranda, don't you?"

"What?" asked Andy, in his deaf manner, which he could put on when puzzled.

"I said you love Miranda, don't you?"

"Well, now, Pete," returned the patient in embarrassment, "this is hardly the time or place ——"

"Oh, ain't it? Well, it is. I want Miranda to marry you and get this thing over with. I've suffered all I'm going to suffer. Andy is a very fine man, Miranda. There are none better. He will make you a noble and loving husband and care for you devotedly. Won't you, Andy?"

"Yep," said he, blushing.

"To oblige an old friend," continued the surgical wizard, "please tell him you'll marry him."

Miranda blushed too.

"This bird has ruined my life for a year," Pete continued earnestly, "and I can stand no more. If you marry him you get a high-grade husband and I can play golf again."

"Andy," murmured Miranda softly, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

"I got a lot to say," said Andy, coming to life; "only how can a man say anything with this blatherskite going full blast?"

Miranda looked reproachfully at Doctor Boyle. "Pete," she said, "won't you please go away?"

"Certainly," replied Pete. "Only I don't want any slip-ups. This has gone on long enough."

The surgeon retreated. Andy took Miranda timidly by the arm and led her toward the clubhouse, where they sat down in front of our friendly fireplace and talked about one thing and another. . . . We played eighteen brisk holes. That requires three hours. When we came in to the eighteenth, Miranda and Andy were still in conference.

"That's about settled," remarked Pete Boyle, glancing through a window. "Do any of you crooks want to play me and Andy on Saturday for a hundred a side?"

That is why, as I said at the beginning, we are not to build a special squawk room for Pete Boyle, the famous surgeon. He and Andy are now going great guns and cleaning the boys week after week. Miranda Pringle is married securely to one of the healthiest ex-bathing-suit manufacturers in the United States, Pete, of course, was the best man. He stood up with the happy ones, wearing a triumphant and seraphic grin, and looking generally like an alley cat that has just found out how to get into a creamery.

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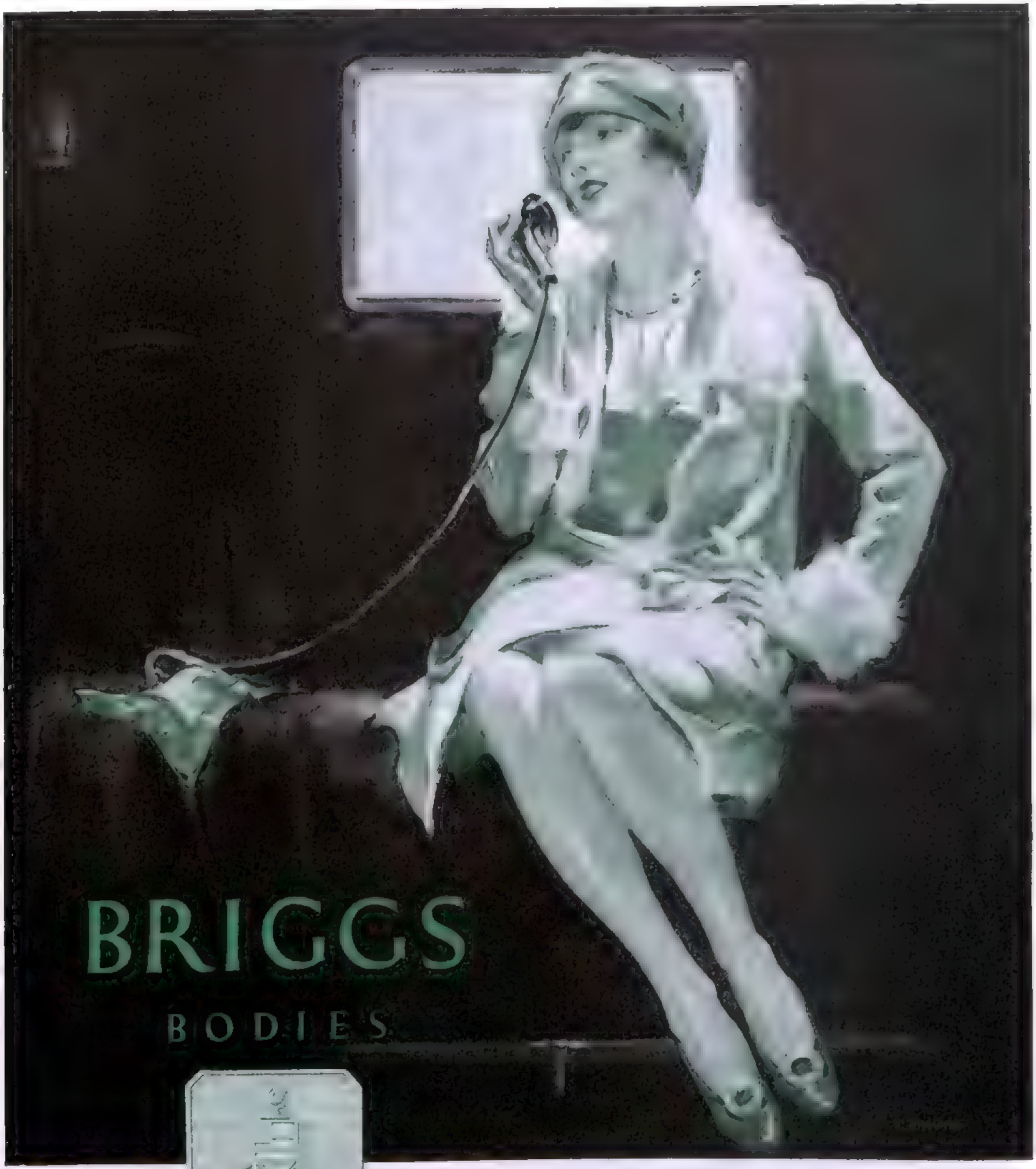

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BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GREEN FRUIT

(Continued from Page 44)

girls. Come, we'll bury the 'ittle location, just as I said."

There was no stopping Miss Alice Love when determined. Her opponents in the Republican League could have told Dal.

They had buried the squirrel under her maternal direction, and she had taken Lathrop aside and called Dal a chucklehead in spite of his protests that Dal was right about her infernal squirrel.

"No heart, Stephen, these kids. No interest in the humanities and emotions. What they need—Dal's kind—is more squirrel funerals, to break up their hard, flinty hearts and teach their young souls softness."

Thinking of this, Lathrop slept suddenly. When he popped his eyes open, it was bright day and he had overslept.

Beautiful Katy was giving Dal his breakfast; giving him long, swooning looks also. She was absent with Lathrop, but he saw that the morning news sheet was folded conspicuously back at his plate to a notice of the Miss Madison beauty contest; that there was a certain haughtiness and suggestion of condescension of manner about her, as who should say:

"Look your last on me and my charms, gentlemen. Fate has better things in store for me than passing the bacon."

Lathrop's breakfast was eaten hastily, for Miss Alice Love's seven-passenger drove up full of sports clothes, tartans, robes, furs and chatter.

Miss Alice Love was at the wheel, and she had tucked in Sinky and Lesbia, Shelton and a youth named Cawthorn. These last were now centered about a small object under a green plaid robe as Lathrop and Dal hurried out. It was the new flapper.

"As big as a minute, but kind o' pretty. Well, no, not so very either. No chin. And what's on her arm? A chestnut bur?" thought Lathrop.

The bur proved to be a Pekingese that yapped and squealed at the newcomers.

"Meet my friend Addie Wilson's child, Kirby Wilson, everybody," introduced Miss Alice without turning around.

Then, as usual, before they were seated, she started the car savagely and everybody fell into a heap among the rugs and squeals.

"Don't talk for a while, Stephen, because I'm going to do forty an hour," commanded Miss Alice to Lathrop, who had crawled up beside her. "I mean to let these young 'uns have a good time if I have to kill 'em at it with my two hands. I want Kirby to have a good time, anyhow. I hope your Dal will be decent and bear with her civilly. She is a weak-willed, silly, good-natured little thing. Won't do him any harm to condescend."

Evidently Dal had decided to be patient, for when the car drew up at the picnic grove it was Dal's hand that disentangled Kirby from the plaid robe, though the young Cawthorn and Shelton Hastings hovered close, the latter presumably counting the pores in her nose.

"Do you know," said Miss Alice Love, loading Lathrop with pies and vacuum bottles, "that little Kirby has quite a record with the lads? And I hardly know why, except that she always looks so beseeching and left over and misused. Perhaps that's what Sinky would say was her line. Well, it seems to do the trick, anyhow. I never saw two boys work faster than David Cawthorn and this young Shelton Hastings just coming to pick you up, though she says she met Shelton before. She's a nice little thing, but stupid as the dickens, a human bromide. Evidently boys don't mind. She arrived loaded with candy and flowers from admirers. Look at 'em now! I say, Davy and Shelton, let Dal look after Kirby. Kirby, child, let Dal carry—er—your location in space. I mean your doggie."

It was a wicked memory of the squirrel that prompted Miss Alice; and Dal evidently remembered, for he reddened slightly. But he stepped forward and took the chestnut bur away from David and Shelton, who threatened to dismember it.

"Allow me," he said with aloof politeness; and a moment later, Lathrop, following like a laden camel, caught scraps of talk between Dal and the newcomer.

"What," asked Dal tolerantly, "is your little dog's name?"

"Fifi," said Kirby Wilson, looking up at him with beseeching eyes. "It's French," she added softly.

"The boy's going to be a good sport," approved his uncle, exchanging a custard pie for a quart of hot coffee.

He had lost their immediate drift, but recaptured it.

"Miss Alice Love tells me you are a scientist," said Kirby Wilson a little breathlessly.

"I am an instructor in the sciences, a demonstrating instructor of biochemistry at Hall University, to be exact," replied Dal politely.

"Science must be wonderful. We lived beside some scientists once. They never had the doctor at all, even ——"

He caught Dal's grave, polite reply. Dal was explaining that his scientific interests were not of the soul, but lay in the field of concrete chemical research. The little Wilson girl seemed to be clinging to his words, her small, pale, rather chinless face lifted flowerlike to his.

"I think you're wonderful!" Lathrop heard her say. "I think it's wonderful for anybody to know chemistry. It has so many numbers and things in it."

And a little later, stumbling slightly over a protruding root, she frankly clung to Dal's arm. The stumble seemed to have winded her, it stopped their progress for a minute.

He heard Dal ask kindly, "Are you all right?"

It was truly a new line, quite different from the other modern girls. The little creature, all woolen sports fringes, large, gentle, appealing eyes and small Pekingese, brought a new flavor of old-fashioned femininity to their group. She had probably, Lathrop reflected, rediscovered for her line an ancient verity; she had mastered one study not included in the modern girl's curriculum of fascination, the secret of making men feel strong and competent. She was wielding the power of clinging weakness, the most terrible power in the world. In this respect she was not a modern girl at all. She was old—like Sweet Thing and Cleopatra.

Beautiful Katy, for all her suitors hanging over the gate; Lesbia, with her cries for purple wine; and Sinky, with her Swedish skates, though any one was prettier than this Kirby Wilson, would avail nothing against the challenge of the ancient dove's eyes. The other girls thought only of themselves. So did Kirby Wilson. But she wasn't going to let you catch her at it.

Pity the gentle guile was wasted on Dal. Pity Dal, with his momentarian's code, his relegation of women to their proper and humble place, would quite likely not see it. But the boy was being very polite, well bred and patient.

Lathrop saw the young people stop before a large oak.

"I think trees are wonderful, don't you, Mr. Linton?" he heard Kirby say. "Though I don't know much about them. I never could remember the difference between a maple and the other kinds, but I do love trees. They're so big and so—so shady. I had to learn a poem in school last year about a tree. It ended—and it's so true: 'Poems could be written by a fool like me, it's only God who knows how to make a tree,' or something like that."

"A tree," said Dal, clearing his throat heavily, "is, after all ——"

Lathrop would have fled from a scientific disquisition on the cell significance of trees, but was agreeably surprised.

"—— not very difficult to classify. I can show you a way to recognize a maple easily, or an oak, so you would not be mistaken."

"Can you really, Mr. Linton? And will you show me? Nobody ever showed me anything like that; nobody that I ever knew cared about knowing things properly. I suppose it's because you're a great scientist that you know everything."

"Not everything," Dal demurred, but he had proceeded to instruct her a little about the adjacent trees.

She seemed, Lathrop reflected, an incredibly dull pupil; in fact he had never heard a more platitudinous youngster; but on the other hand, he had never recalled Dal's having entered on such an opportunity to be instructive and brilliant. No other girl would have listened —or affected to listen—so thoroughly, so raptly.

He was glad Dal got that much from the little bore at least. The boy was certainly thoroughbred when he chose to be, and Lathrop was grateful for him when they reached a grove of jack pines where Miss Alice Love proposed a preliminary fatted calf after the drive. Young Cawthorn and Shelton Hastings hurried forward to rescue Fifi. Miss Alice pressed a coffeepot into Dal's hand.

"You're a dear boy," she hissed, and Lathrop could have applauded.

Dal continued to be a dear boy. Luncheon passed, and the afternoon progressed, and the little Wilson girl continued to be humored and fêted. In spite of her sports fringes, she was not very clever at sports, she confessed. In none of the things proposed for the afternoon had she ever had any special instruction, and it required a deal of showing from the young gentlemen to get her to make even an attempt at addressing a golf ball properly, or how to hold a tennis racket. It required the combined hands of Dal and young Cawthorn to swing her down lady-o'-London over a small precipice that occurred on the way, owing to having had her foot stepped on at a college prom a month before; and for the same reason she refused Sinky's running match, sitting on a log making a chain of buttercups, which she hung timidly over Dal's neck.

Miss Alice Love had shuddered once, watching her.

"Can you believe your eyes, Steve? It's like 1885, and the boys like it."

"For a change," Lathrop laughed; "they'd sicken mighty quick."

But they hadn't apparently sickened by evening—or at least Cawthorn and Shelton Hastings. They had redoubled their efforts to attend on Kirby Wilson. Only Dal seemed to grow a little reserved, to draw away from the running. He seemed pensive, a little tired, and he was silent as the crowd drove home. Silent, pensive, through dinner also. Enough is sufficient, Lathrop reflected, as his nephew excused himself later and vanished silently down the street.

"Don't blame him. He's a bright boy and deserves his antidote. Let him call on Mrs. Haydon—shan't scold this time."

It was very late when Dal's slim shape ranged up under the trees and slouched gracefully up the veranda steps.

"And how," asked his uncle, "did you find Lady Bosco tonight? How's my clever and designing friend, Julie Haydon?"

Dal was silent a moment; then, "I didn't call on Mrs. Haydon," he said gravely. "I went to call—at Miss Alice Love's."

He spread his arms suddenly, looking up earnestly at the lustrous moon in the lapis-lazuli sky.

"I think," he said with a deep breath, "she's the most wonderful thing I ever met. Did you ever have the feeling, Uncle Steve, of searching and of—of looking for something—in someone, I mean—oh, well, yes—if I'm honest—in a woman—and then, suddenly, when you least suspect it, of finding

(Continued on Page 133)

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Never too hot Click! *and it's* OFF

Never too cool Click! *and it's* ON

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(Continued from Page 131)

it, like so much gold thrown right at your feet'"

"Miss Alice Love!" Lathrop's voice was puzzled. "I had no idea she would appeal but you're right, Dal. She's a woman in a thousand. A brick for solid sane sense, and if a young b—man cares for friendships with mature women ——"

"Good Lord, have mercy!" Dal stared at him coolly. "I wasn't speaking of Miss Alice Love!"

III

IT WAS true. Love, which, like lightning, striketh where it listeth, had stricken Dal, mercilessly, like the blow upon the felled ox: he went down without a murmur. Now had youth, which had stolen feather-heeled into his house by the front and back doors respectively, brought strange madness and confusion to Lathrop's scheme of life. For Dal, whom he loved so dearly and with whom he had planned to have so many pleasant vacation hours, he saw scarcely at all. Dal was not there—even when bodily present. He mooned; he dreamed about his uncle's house for scattered brief intervals. The rest of the time he spent at Miss Alice Love's, or in sequestered trysts with Miss Kirby Wilson.

After that first evening he had drawn into his shell, made no more confidences; but he had a starry-eyed, excited, abstracted look that was infinitely pitiful. He cared nothing at all about his food, and behind the scientific book or novels he sometimes sat and held he waited in apparent taut suspense for the challenging jangle of the telephone—shot to it like the drawn bolt.

"Oh, hello! . . . It's you. . . . Oh, yes. . . . Oh, yes."

That breathless "yes" of happy identification!

"Oh, you did! . . . No, you didn't!"

Good heavens, what did it matter if she did? Or didn't? His uncle, crashing his newspapers together in the library, would utter long, silent groans; voice profound, wordless sarcasms, the while he yet realized—and perhaps a little envied—the beauty, the poetry, the moon-stricken absurdity and impermanent moth-wing folly of it.

To think of his beautiful, level-headed, cool Dal —— Oh, well, go mad, young fool! So did I! Though I must say I had a better taste. But don't talk all night, will you? Can't you say good-by? Oh, you're going over? Well, go over; but you can't carry the phone with you. . . . Do you think she's what you think she is? They never are. I thought so too. You precious idiot, it's a disease. Hope you won't be sick when it's over and you remember your symptoms.

"G'night, Dal—if you know I'm here!"

Back doors were no more soothing than the front door, though different.

Even he could see that Beautiful Katy was sleeping on her post. Mrs. Webber wanted her court-martialed.

"She's impossible, sir. Why, you have to speak three and four times! It's this beauty contest. It's making her sick. There's sixteen candidates for Miss Madison now, and she isn't sleeping. I had to give her forty drops of niter last night to get her quiet; and she tells Olga if she wins she's going to leave domestic service, anyhow. She says the winner rides around at Atlantic City in a silk bathing suit and that vawdville managers offer her twenty and thirty thousand dollars a week."

It was clear that beauty was getting on Katy's nerves; that the apple of Paris, now only a week off, would prove a very upsetting event in his régime.

"Well, Mrs. Webber," he said, "I've put my money on Katy to win. This is—er—a sort of alma mater for her. We must be good sports and stand by ——"

Mrs. Webber only threw up her hands and left him. But more was to come. It was that night that Dal was summoned at midnight. The telephone bell in the upper hall, breaking with acute insistence through Lathrop's dreams, dragged him presently to a sleepy, stumbling obedience. He had got halfway down the hall before he realized that Dal had anticipated him—passed his uncle in a whirlwind fury of white pajamas and terry bathrobe.

"It'll be for me, I think," he cried. "She was very ill all evening," he explained and was back in a few minutes.

"I've got to go right over to Miss Alice Love's, Uncle Steve; they want me."

"Is it Alice Love who's ill? Or Kirby Wilson—which one?"

"Neither"—Dal had rushed into his room, performed some sartorial trick, was out again in a tweed ulster—"neither one; it's Fifi." Dal paused a second on the stairs. "We had the veterinarian with her all evening. Now they've called a specialist from Madison. Her temperature's gone way up. Mind if I take out the roadster?"

"Fifi—the little dog! You're going to look after that chestnut bur?"

But the front door slamming was the uncle's only reply.

It was several hours before Dal returned. He came to breakfast grave and preoccupied.

"She's in a bad way—the little beast, uncle." Something in his uncle's eye caused Dal to flush. "I know what you're thinking, sir, and you're right. It seems like a darn' fuss over a little no-account dog, and in a way you're right—but it's much more. The little animal's just a symbol. If you knew what she means to that child—you don't know the little girl, sir—what her life's been like. One repression after another. No good times the way girls have them nowadays. I fancy it's the mother. But when a girl like that turns to a fellow for help—if there's anything you can do. . . . No, Katy, this is the Chile pepper sauce; I asked you for maple sirup."

It was clear that Dal found he could do a great deal for Kirby and her little Fifi in the next few days. He spent most of his time at Fifi's bedside, but Miss Alice Love very kindly furnished his uncle with daily bulletins.

It was, she declared, heart-rending to see him fetch and carry for Kirby's little sick location in space. Boluses and plasters and something Miss Alice called squills, which the veterinarian seemed to have prescribed; it was immaterial. Dal gladly fetched and applied them—personally.

"He's the dandiest canine nurse I ever saw, that young chucklehead of yours, Stephen. It moves me to tears to see him with that Fifi dog in a doll's blanket like a young baby in the crook of his arm, giving it olive oil. Kirby cries whenever he puts its medicine down its throat, and then he has to pat Kirby's hand and comfort her. Today they ventured to take it out on the balcony for a bite of air."

"How is the little dog?" Lathrop asked Dal that evening at dinner.

"Better, sir; doing nicely. It passed the crisis yesterday. I'm glad for the little girl's sake."

He reddened slightly, but held up his head.

"It's certainly led you rather a dog's life—while it lasted, Dal."

"I'm very glad to have been able to help Kirby."

Dal tried to be haughty, but his young voice quivered over the final lovely name, half broke at memoried emotion, some inner sanctuary he brushed, and Lathrop forbore the mischievous teasing that burned on his tongue's end.

He was glad he had not yielded—later. For returning to his house toward midnight he found the lamps of youth extinguished, its bright butterfly hopes quenched and draggled.

The house was dark as he crossed the veranda, but he was quickly aware as he entered the front door that it was populated. The unlit library was clamorous of presence, and he dimly discerned a shadowy male shape thrown in a dejected attitude in one of the chairs.

"Dal, is that you?"

There was no immediate answer; then a ghostly sigh vibrated in the dusk. The shape shook itself, pulled upright.

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"Uncle Steve, that you? I came in early. Thought I'd sit here a bit."

"Early, eh? Rather unusual, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Mind if I light?"

Lathrop turned the switch, and a pale, prematurely aged and solemn youth faced him.

"Think I'll go upstairs," said Dal, rising and yawning.

"Sleepy, Dal?"

"Sleepy!" Dal stopped in the doorway, and when he spoke his voice shook with scorn and bitterness. "I don't care whether I ever sleep again. In fact I don't care whether I live—or die," he burst out.

His uncle drew out a cigarette and lit it carefully.

"There are a lot of things worth living for, and precious little worth the dying for, Dal."

He flung the extinguished match into the lap of a copper Buddha and eyed his nephew.

"Possibly," said Dal acidly. "But I've yet to find them—the former, anyhow. Just"—he stopped, fought to control his voice for a moment, then let speech come in a torrent—"just when your faith is strongest. Just when—when you've built up complete belief in somebody—to have—oh, Uncle Steve, I've been behaving like an ass lately. I wonder you didn't guess it. Oh, I've let a woman make a—make a dumb-bell of me! I've let a woman fool and betray me. I've let a woman gull and dupe me. Uncle Steve, were you ever fooled by—by a woman to whom you gave your good faith? Oh, fool that I've been!"

"The early writers—the fathers of the church too—have always had a poor opinion of woman, Dal."

"To believe in any one, to give them your best. Why, I believed in this woman, Uncle Steve, this Kirby Wilson! I believed everything she told me. About her life, I mean; the way she'd been held in; wasn't allowed to do anything other girls did. I pitied her, Uncle Steve. I gave her all my time. I—I taught her things, out of charity and to be decent—golf and rowing and how to drive Miss Alice's car; and I even—I even nursed her damned little dog!"

"Look here—what's happened, Dal?"

"I met a chap from Peterboro this afternoon who visited Kirby Wilson two years ago. He says she does sports like a demon; that she's a nitwit at anything else. She drives a fast, sporty car that's called the Red Terror; he says her golf bogy's the best, and she's a slasher at squash and skating. He says she does as she pleases at home. He says she's got half a million sweeties and half a million dogs. This—this Pekingese rat was given her last spring by Shelton Hastings. Think of it! Never told me a word, either of 'em; and me—me sitting up nights to nurse this pill's gift!"

"This may not be true."

"She admitted it. Why, she's laughed in her sleeve. Oh, Uncle Steve, did—did you ever have a woman play with you and dupe you and laugh at you?"

"I've read of things like that." Lathrop coughed slightly. "I think for my part it's best to keep to the code of the momentarian, Dal. Women—that sort of thing—shouldn't be permitted to get you where you live; for, scientifically speaking, what is a woman?"

But Dal in his grief had rushed away. His uncle stood in a deserted library, in a silent house.

But was it silent? What noise was that he heard—faint, remote, piercingly sad; a distant, shivering ululation of utter lament. Not Dal—a feminine voice.

Somebody crying in the well-like nether depths of the house. Somebody was weeping out a broken heart with frank abandon.

Lathrop tracked the sound, pushing electric buttons as he went. Front hall, library, back hall, dining room, breakfast room, pantry! It came from the silver pantry. He flung open the door, turned the switch, saw Beautiful Katy in a small heap on the floor, her cap torn from her lovely hair, weeping into a ball of handkerchief.

Katy's forbears had taken lessons from the banshees—Katy's relatives freely attended wakes. Katy was not unworthy.

"O-o-o-whoo! O-o-whoo-o-o!" sobbed Katy. "O-o-whoo-whoo-whoo!"

"Katy! Katy Flannigan!" cried her employer. "What does this mean? Why are you crying, child? Why are you crying down here in the middle of the night this way?"

"O-o-whoo-o-o! O-o-whoo-whoo-whoo!" returned Katy.

"Why, my goodness, girl, you're drowning! What ails you? Tell me, please, Katy."

Katy lifted a wrung-out face and croaked like a raven:

"The j-j-judges! The b-beaut-o-o-whoo-whoo-whoo! The b-beaut -o-o-whoo-whoo-whoo!" She struggled a moment. "I mean the—the—c-contest. It's over—now! They gave out the per-rize—tonight! O-o-o-o-whoo-whoo-whoo!"

Suspicion flashed to Lathrop. He stepped back dramatically.

"You—you mean you didn't get it? Do you mean to say, Katy Flannigan, you didn't get the first prize in the contest? Would they dare rank you a measly second or third?"

"Secon' or third! They didn't leave me in on the last three j-judgings a-tall—o-o-whoo-whoo-whoo! I ain't even got a honorable menshun. O-o, I wanna die! I wanna die!"

"No, Katy, not die! Never mind those peanut wits. Here, your handkerchief's ruined; cry on this, child."

He offered a large fresh square of linen and Katy braced her weary head against his wrists. If Mrs. Webber could see him now!

"Tell me, child, how did it happen? Who got it?"

"We went down to the Star office tonight for the showings, at seven, an' first off they froze out three, an' the next time two more. Then they ast fur bathin' suits and I got bumped off! Think of it! O-o-whoo-whoo-whoo! I wisht you could see what got it. My genelman frien' phoned me at eleven. It's a wop, name of Jenny Perosini. Her folks keeps a fruit stand. She is ridin' round now with that King Nepchune! I wisht you could see her legs. Why, they're like b-barrel hoops! That's what comes of leavin' all these foreigners come here. Most all the prize girls they is—swimmin' an' dancin' an' jumpin' an' good looks—is Hunks an' Polacks an' guineas. That's what Amurrica's comin' to. Oh, an' I wanna die! I wanna die!"

It took Lathrop some time to stimulate his crushed waitress and parlor maid to a proper interest in life; to restore her confidence in her powers by mention of her kite's tail of admirers—including himself; to light the bitter acids of her scornful contumely against the court of blind newspaper judges; to make her believe that the unworthy wop beauty had quite likely a strong pull of some kind—Mafia relatives possibly, who might sling a nasty knife if she were rejected; to waft her, with her ruined cap and kerchief, upstairs to her room.

He stood at last alone and weary. Youth was certainly rather wearing.

IV

THE gloom which had descended on Katy and Dal lasted three days. For seventy-two hours, approximately, Dal lived, pale, stern, remote from his uncle. He read a great deal or called on Mrs. Haydon or sat about the house or rushed out with his cap over his eyes, his pipe in his clenched teeth, on long, lonely strolls.

The telephone rang repeatedly with demands for him which he refused to answer, and Miss Alice Love reported that her charge was refusing her food, going about with a red nose.

"The two young fools got rather fond of each other, I'm afraid. Not that it will last,

(Continued on Page 137)

RAY-O-VAC

THIS is the master Ray-O-Vac Heavy Duty 45 volt "B" battery No. 9303, for all sets with four or more tubes. Note the absence of pitch on the top. Due to the new type of construction used this battery now gives 10% to 15% more life than the old style.

Its *new construction* makes this battery last still longer

EXCEPTIONAL staying power has always been a most important quality in Ray-O-Vac radio batteries. It means better reception for a longer time. Now this unusual staying power has been increased by from 10% to 15% by a new type of construction.

The old style battery did not always give all its strength in service. With the first break in a cell, a short circuit was likely to occur which would drain the current whether the battery was in use or not. The battery wasted its strength.

Each individual cell in the new Ray-O-Vac battery is now housed in a waterproofed carton that checks the escape of the electrolyte and its consequent contact with other cells. Hence short circuits are less apt to occur, and the battery gives all its strength in service.

But, as every radio owner knows, who has used Ray-O-Vacs, these batteries not only last longer but they also give better reception.

This is because they have *low internal resistance.*

Eminent radio engineers say that for the best radio reception the "B" power supply should have as little internal resistance as possible. Otherwise signals are liable to be distorted in amplification, and natural, rounded tones cannot come out of the loud speaker.

The special formula used in making Ray-O-Vacs produces batteries that have only from 1/6 to 1/3 the internal resistance of ordinary batteries.

The best way to insure getting "B" batteries that give clear reception and long life is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs. They are sold by all stores dealing in radio equipment and supplies.

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Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries

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YOU have heard a lot about Devoe Lacquer lately. It is a remarkable new finish which dries so quickly you can redecorate dozens of things without taking them out of service. As colorful as paint or enamel. As protective as varnish.

You can lacquer a floor with Devoe Lacquer and walk across it half an hour later. You can lacquer a chair with it and sit down safely within 30 minutes. In the office you can have your desk lacquered and it will dry while you are out to lunch.

Devoe Brushing Lacquer offers you a rainbow of colors to choose from. There are 4 shades of green alone—each an entirely *different* green. There are 4 tones of gray; 3 shades of blue; reds and yellows, creams and browns — 22 lovely colors in all. Truly you can now bring new color harmony, new color schemes to woodwork, floors and furniture in every room in the house.

Paints and Varnishes may look alike in the can—but not on the finished job.

All paints look alike in the can. But, oh, what a difference when you apply them! To protect yourself, use only paints that have been tested *in advance!*

Devoe has made many tests in the laboratory and in actual use—that prove indisputably the superior quality of every Devoe Paint and Varnish Product. Go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity for advice on paint and painting.

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Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

PRACTICAL TESTS PROVE DEVOE QUALITY

(Continued from Page 134)

but I think Kirby's sorry for the trick she pulled and would like to say so ——"

Dal was not apparently giving her a chance. He was cynical, bitter in disillusionment, and a cynical, bitter Dal was not an approachable person. His views on women alone, as expressed during these three days, were such as to daunt any effort at amelioration from his uncle.

Beautiful Katy, for her part, was suffering too. She looked pallid and spent, as though a light had been blown out in her. But though her skirts no longer twitched in pride, her service, it must be confessed, was a great deal better.

It was on the third evening, as he finished his coffee, that Katy burst back like a young aurora borealis upon him.

"Mr. Lathrop, sir ——"

"Why, Katy! Why, what a face! You look as though you'd found a new sweetheart, or a pot of gold. Has something splendid happened?"

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop, yes, it has." Katy's face was like a radiant new-blown rose. "That's what I wanna ast you. Oh, Mr. Lathrop—if I could have tonight off, please? Mrs. Webber doesn't wanna let me, because I had off extra evenings over the—the contest; but she said if you'd leave me tonight—I wanna go up to St. Mark's Hospital — -"

"To the hospital!"

"Yes, sir, to see my sister Agnes. We got a new little baby, Mr. Lathrop, in our fam'ly. Yesterday! My sister Agnes got it. The first one in our fam'ly. Oh, a little honey of a baby, Mr. Lathrop! The cutest little thing you ever see! Honest, it's so sweet! It's got the grandest shape to its head, an' it's so strong! My sister Agnes is gonna give it that schedule trainin' you read about, so it can go in better-baby contests and get per-rizes—if them shows ain't framed. But honest, it could take a prize right now. It's just a honey, Mr. Lathrop. I wisht you could see him."

"A little boy?"

"Yes, sir. My sister Agnes got him all named too. Rodolph Valentino Saint Vincent de Paul Reilly. Ain't that class? An' it's the grandest lookin' little baby. An' strong! It weighed nearly eight pounds an' it can nearly set up by itself. It's fadin' already, the nurse says."

"Fading! Good heavens, but then it won't grow up to be a better baby!"

"I mean it's turnin' white. Some of 'em is so red, the nurse says. But little Rodolph ain't hardly red any—or not much. An' he's so cute. He holds onto your finger like anything. Honest, I could jest set all day an' play with him."

"I believe you could, Katy. You rather like a little baby, don't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop, I guess anybody does! Any girl would—well, anyhow, he's just a honey."

"I suppose when you get married, Katy—when you marry this young man — this —er—Peter Piper that picked the peck o' pickled peppers—you'll be wanting a baby of your own, eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop, I'd be crazy about one. Honest. I don't see how some girls can get married and want just little puppies an' things, or gaddin' round all the time. I'd rather have a little baby."

"You may go tonight, Katy, and tomorrow night too."

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop, ain't you grand!" But suddenly Katy dimpled and giggled. "Say," she laughed, "but you wanna quit your kiddin' about that Peter boy. They's lots of men in the world besides him, an' I ain't thinkin' of marryin' yet, anyways. Not till I've had a chance to sample a few more."

She stopped in the door and gave him a look—the best in her collection.

The radiant little girl-woman within her, the eternal feminine, which a moment earlier had leaped out unmasked before the miracle of life, faded from her eyes, veiled itself under a daring, vampish, cryptic sidelong leer; and Lathrop, not at all deceived, and quite reassured, sat content. Beautiful Katy was herself once more. This much in his scheme was restored.

As he stepped into the hall Dal burst in off the veranda like a fury. He was all white and gold.

"Uncle—Uncle Steve, I know I've missed dinner, but I'll explain. Tell me, has the telephone rung in the last ten minutes?"

"Haven't noticed it. I think not, Dal."

"She said —when I left her—she'd phone in ten minutes."

"Mrs. Haydon?"

"Kirby Wilson. Oh, Uncle Steve, I accidentally met her. We had a talk this afternoon. I've really—well, I've not been quite fair to her. She is different from other girls. After all, you know, you have to make compromises in life. She asked me to forgive her. She's sorry. She—she cried."

"Lord, they all cry!" But his uncle did not speak the words.

"So if she doesn't telephone in ten more minutes I'll be going down there. I shan't want my dinner, Uncle Steve. I've been a fool these last days, working myself up over trifles — nonessentials. It's fundamental things that count. If a woman gives you her faith, looks up to you, needs you, leans on you ——"

"Tell me, Dal, you are—you're thinking seriously of this little person? You've got matrimony in your eye?"

"Marriage! Why—oh, good Lord, I've only got fifteen hundred a year, Uncle Steve! I'm not marrying anybody—yet. That's so far off I—I haven't thought—besides, Kirby is going home next week. I don't believe I'll wait for the phone. I want to see Kirby. Uncle Steve, she's a sweet thing."

"She is not!" his uncle barked at him silently, calling on an early memory. "She's a dull little fool! Besides, she has no chin!"

But Dal was gone. Rushing away on an age-old business, a business light as gossamer, yet vitally important; the business of creating memories for a later time. His uncle, arrested, out of a sympathetic upwelling, jumped guiltily as the phone rang, flew to reassure Dal's lady that he was on the way.

It was the voice of Miss Alice Love.

"Stephen," she said imperiously, "the combination here is too strong! Will you ask me to go with you to the movies this evening? There's a new picture—Hearts in Rose Time—at the Crystal Radium Palace, the wonderful new place they're opening, Stephen, where you lie instead of sit to see the pictures. I believe you lie on velvet couches like Romans at a banquet. The picture's a Worth-Griffin feature and, I'm told, rather sad. Anyhow, the young things can't marry—I believe because one of them's shot in the last reel."

"Be with you in fifteen minutes," cried her friend, figuratively reaching for his hat.

A moment before, his evening had threatened to be lonesome, his house seemed suddenly too big. He had felt just a little worn before the rapid psychic changes in these young people. These young people so busy making a turmoil and bustle as they went on their way.

On their way? Why, of course! They were going somewhere. They had been given their tickets to a predestined stop for the journey, in common with all the other young folk who had ever started out; and what a surprise, even shock, to them it would presently be to find at what a humdrum, well-settled station they would be dropped out. But now the noise of their fast express with its steam up, its powerful engines grinding over the rails, drowned everything else. It was merely the noise of people arriving, of people going through on their way somewhere that you heard.

The bustle of two, arriving, could always overpower the repose of a dozen of the arrived.

This was a thought he resolved to elaborate to Miss Love on his way down to Hearts in Rose Time. The reason, he would tell Miss Alice, you noticed the young people so today was because there were in this generation so many more of them, and because they used steam travel, a noisier, faster method, rather than a pedestrian gait or a leisurely stagecoach. Yet actually the travelers were no different. Their luggage carried the same type of article, the same necessities, packed in much the same old way.

Suddenly he thanked heaven for maturity; thanked heaven for secure values, for tried friendships, for tested books, for the ability to think a little, for a measure of security, for repose, stability.

And thank heaven—the thought struck him gratefully as he started for Miss Alice Love's—thank heaven also for romance. Oh, not the undependable romance of the uncertain fizzing tart-sweet juices of green apples, but for that unfailing, bounteous, undisappointing sugar-sweet vodka of which you might drink till you fell dead—for a price.

Thank heaven in the name of Miss Alice Love and himself for romance that was restful.

Thank heaven, in short, for the fillums!

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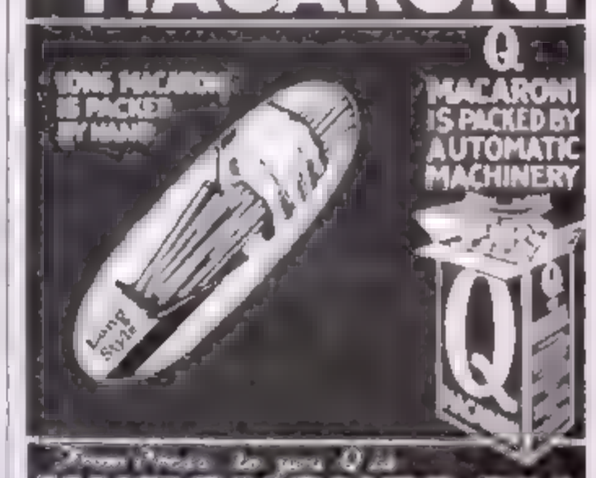

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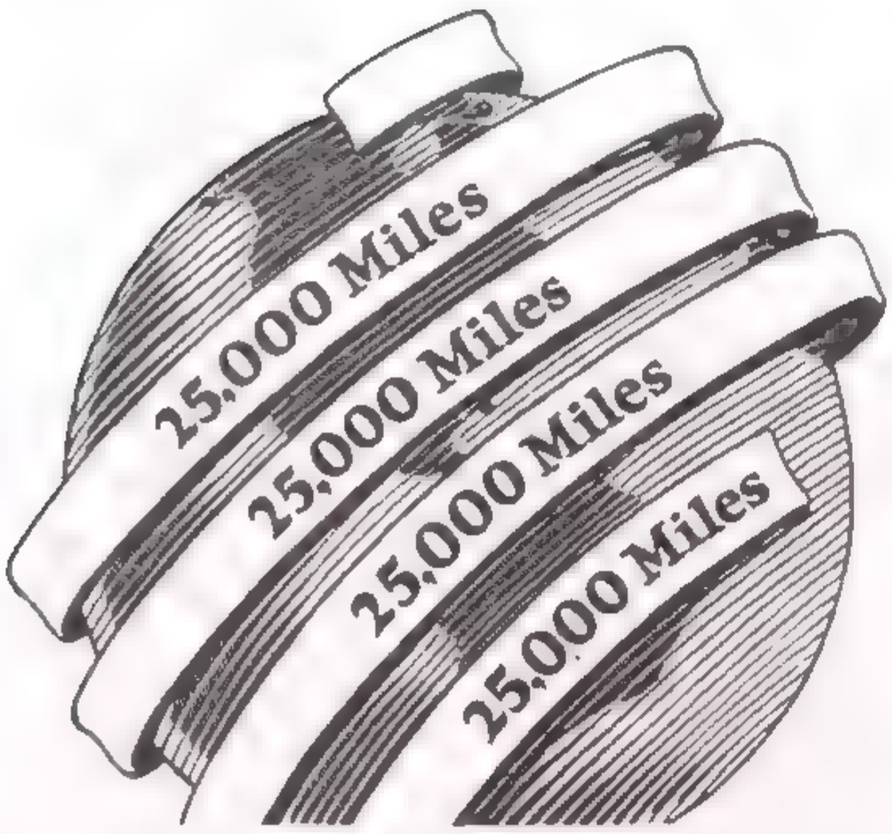

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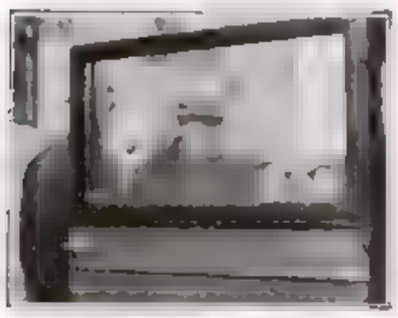
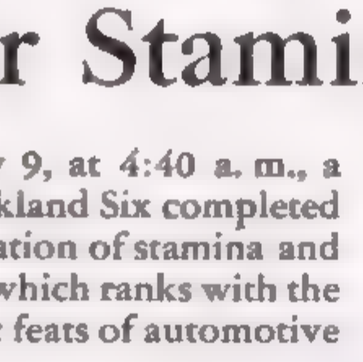


John W. Smith, Mayor of Detroit, starts the Greater Oakland Six on its 100,000 mile run.

On January 9, at 4:40 a. m., a Greater Oakland Six completed a demonstration of stamina and endurance which ranks with the most heroic feats of automotive history—

—a treadmill run of 100,000 miles—in full view of the public —and advertised as such prior to its commencement!

So extraordinary was the distance and so unprecedented were the conditions, that the mere announcement itself excited notable comment by the press and attracted hundreds of spectators to the display rooms of the Richards-Oakland Company, Detroit, where Hon. John W. Smith, Mayor of Detroit, officially started the car on its history-making run at 6:01 p. m., July 29, 1926.



Re-fueling the Greater Oakland Six during its test.

Going Continuously for More than Five Months

Since then, for hour upon hour, day after day, night after night, and week after week, for more than five months, the Greater Oakland Six has been reeling off the remorseless miles—never stopping save for re-fueling, re-oiling and the few minor replacements which were made with all possible dispatch.

Since then, this amazing demonstration of motor car dependability has been under constant public observation. For the car was running less than twenty feet from an entrance to the General Motors Building, through which over 5,000 people pass daily, and was visible day and night from one of Detroit's busiest thoroughfares.

It is conservatively estimated that no less than 300,000 persons were at one time or another interested spectators of this thrilling test.

Now Another Gruelling Run

And now hundreds of thousands more will view the car! For at the conclusion of its spectacular treadmill demonstration, it was inspected and checked by Oakland engineers—and started on a cross-country run that will take it through the leading cities in every section of the land, where it will be publicly exhibited.

Running in full view of the crowds passing the General Motors Building

The Greater OAK

PRODUCT

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

Day and night interested crowds watched the Greater Oakland Six reel off the miles

ENDURANCE RUN

Never before to our knowledge, has any manufacturer of any car, regardless of price, carried out a test of such distance and duration—conducting it entirely under the watchful eye of the public—announcing in advance the mileage to be covered—promising to reveal all operating and replacement costs, no matter what their character might be nor what conclusions the public might draw therefrom.

Merely the undertaking of such an unexampled test reveals supreme confidence on the part of those who build the Greater Oakland Six.

Replacements, Expense and Official Data

Start July 29, 1926—6:01 p. m.
Finish Jan. 9, 1927—4:40 a. m.
Elapsed time, 3922 hrs., 39 min.
Average speed 25.49 miles per hour
Crankshaft rev. - 325,000,000
Generator rev. - 488,000,000
Fan shaft rev. - 318,800,000
Rear axle gear rev. 68,800,000
Six Pistons traveled 1,542,000,000 feet
Oil consumption, 130 gallons
Gasoline consumption, 2,933 gallons, averaging 34.09 miles per gallon
One tire replaced due to irregularity of treadmill wheel
Cost of replaced parts, $48.28
Cost of labor in replacing parts, $26.75

10 Years' Mileage in less than 6 Months

The average year's driving is rarely above 10,000 miles. Here 100,000 miles were compressed into less than six months! The average car rarely operates twelve hours at a stretch and has regular periods of rest at night. Here twenty-four hours of operation were demanded for over 163 continuous days!

The average car usually receives a precautionary reconditioning after 25,000 miles of service. Here four times that distance had to be covered with no general overhauling and with only a few minor replacements!

It is literally true that there could not be conceived a more pitiless and brutal test of the steel and iron that compose the moving parts of a motor car. And it is equally true that the Greater Oakland Six survived this test as befits a truly quality car!

Absolutely no failure of any vital part! Only such replacements as an experienced owner could himself make! A total repair expense of only $75.03, including all labor and parts.

Positive Proof of Oakland Value

Surely these facts carry a conviction that words could not possibly emphasize. Surely the great truth is here so obvious as to almost preclude exposition. Embodying all the features of Oakland advanced engineering, built of the finest materials made available through the economies of General Motors gigantic purchasing power, and manufactured to standards of exactness once undreamed-of save in hand-built cars—the Greater Oakland Six combines, as no other six in its field, the attraction of low price, the advantages of precision methods and the changeless appeal of true value!

The Greater Oakland Six engine which survived this remarkable endurance test.

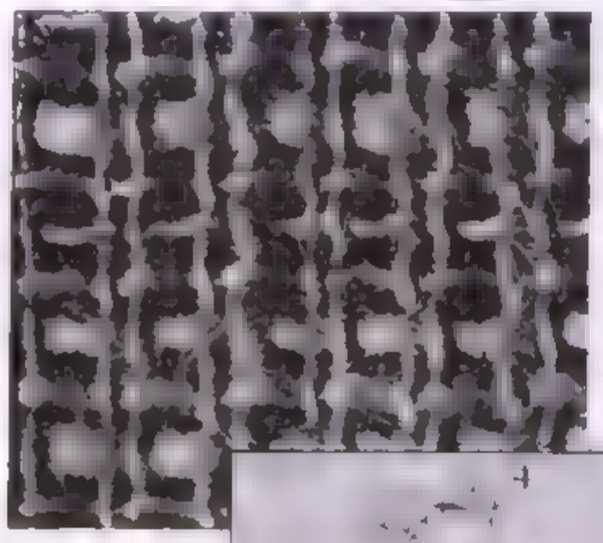
Touring, $1025; Sport Phaeton, $1095; Sedan, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; 4-Door Sedan, $1195; Landau Sedan, $1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND SIX

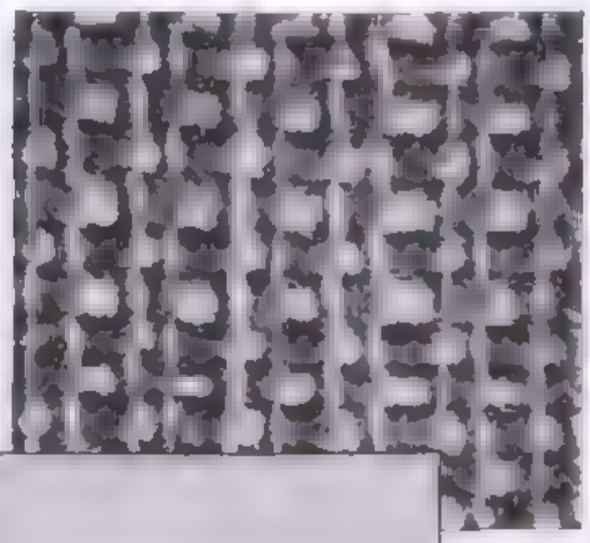
OF GENERAL MOTORS

LIGHT FROM UNDER A BUSHEL

This is Number 2 in a series of advertisements about Pacific Mills, published that the millions of people who use our fabrics may know about the company which has served them in the past and expects to play a more conscious part in their lives in the future.

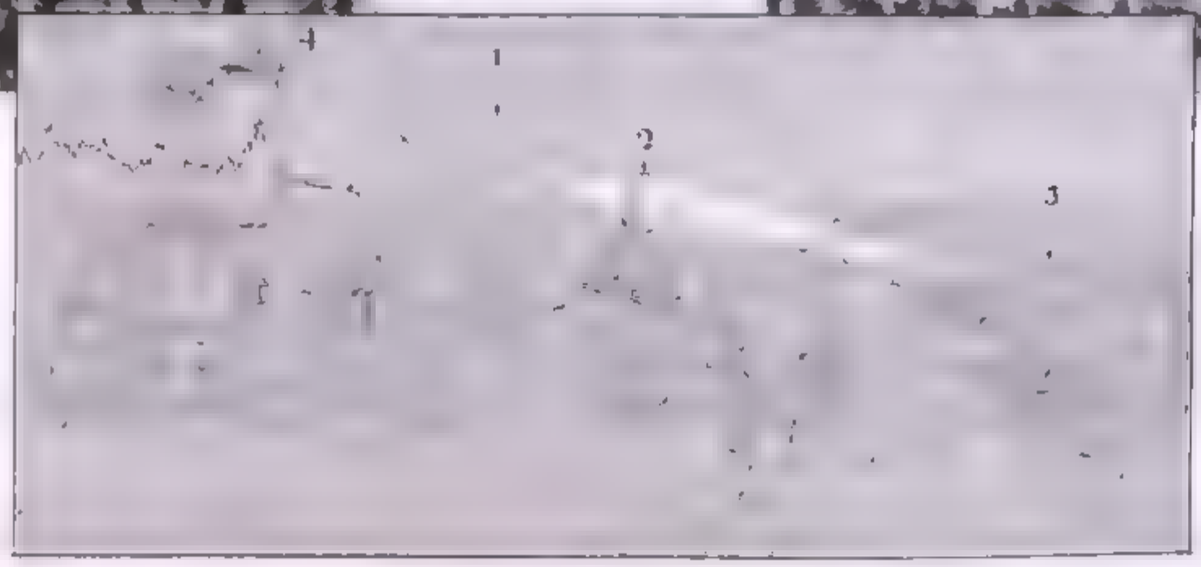


BELOW—How thread photographs



ABOVE—Right-mounted photo

ABOVE—



Thread that photographs itself

If you have a piece of cotton cloth that looks well and wears well, you can be sure that it was woven from even yarn or thread. Likewise, a textile mill's volume, low costs and high wages to its operatives are directly related to the evenness of the thread used in weaving.

To make sure of even yarn Pacific Mills employed advanced methods in technical research. As a result, the instrument sketched above was invented. This ingenious device causes thread to show up its own imperfections which are not visible to the naked eye. It is a direct check on spinning methods and the choice of raw materials.

Pacific Mills has been a pioneer in introducing scientific research into the textile industry. Organized and continuous study of every major activity is an essential part of the Pacific program.

This study applies to raw materials, mechanical equipment, the advanced chemistry of dyeing and finishing, mill processing, the intelligent use of man-power and modern plans for marketing the finished product.

Progress and leadership in the textile industry like all other industries is made possible first, by a hunger for facts, second, by ability to get at the facts, third, by courage to make use of the facts as they affect the needs of an advancing world.

Pacific Mills

24 THOMAS STREET · NEW YORK

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF FINISHED COTTON CLOTH AND WORSTED DRESS GOODS

THE BUSINESS END OF BROADCASTING

(Continued from Page 47)

become circuits, with the net result that one wire can carry more than one message at a time, while broadcasting stations must have exclusive use of wires working at the highest efficiency: Some day, probably in the not far distant future, radio will break loose from land wires, but at present it is absolutely dependent upon them for hooking up strings of stations.

The difficulty of providing a full program every day is tremendous. Unless some way had been found to provide the necessary funds to hook together strings of stations, broadcasting would probably by this time have been in a very sickly condition. A first-rate station can easily use 1000 persons a month, and not many communities, even of the largest size, have that many to offer, so commercial programs are very welcome.

In the early days of broadcasting virtually everything offered on the air was obtained by the stations without cost. Now royalties are paid for music, artists must be employed, and the most recent development was the sale of broadcasting rights in connection with the Dempsey-Tunney prize fight. Many of the smaller stations which were established with annual budgets of $30,000 to $50,000 now find that the cost of operation has increased 100 per cent or more, with every prospect that it will go higher. There is not enough local talent to keep the microphone busy every day, and the cost of leasing land wires to some larger city may be prohibitive. Existing strings of stations extend up and down the Atlantic Seaboard and into the Middle West, some as far as the Mississippi River, but not to any great extent beyond.

At present there is a tentative plan to establish two additional great centers for strings of stations, one probably in Chicago and the other probably on the Pacific Coast. Entertainers could then be sent on tour from one center to another. If this plan succeeds it would lead on to the establishment of other strings of stations, and perhaps five, six, or seven great central points for broadcasting, with the result that entertainers regularly employed either for free or commercial programs would move about in somewhat the same manner as the various companies playing a circuit of vaudeville theaters.

From Coast to Coast

During the last twelve months there has been perfected a string of thirty-six stations capable of reaching the entire population of the country simultaneously. From the Atlantic Coast as far West as Kansas City, this string of stations is already connected by land wires that are used every day. From Kansas City to the Pacific Coast land wires can be obtained on short notice, but they are, of course, extremely expensive, and the occasion for the use of these thirty-six stations must justify the expense. However, if the President of the United States wished to address the entire country on very short notice, that string of stations would be at his disposal, and his voice could be heard in Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine, at the same time.

In fact, for a speech or the voice of an announcer—perhaps reporting some sporting event—land wires would not be absolutely necessary to connect every link of the chain. Already the voice of a speaker can be picked up and rebroadcast with clarity. But for musical programs land wires would be absolutely essential. It is now possible to broadcast in New York City music played in San Francisco, or vice versa; the only obstacle is expense. When stations beyond Kansas City have worked out their own alliances and business arrangements so that they can coöperate and share expenses at their end of the line, as the Atlantic Seaboard stations now do, programs can be sent across the continent. Technically, there is no difficulty. Actually, there are two very severe difficulties. One is the difference in time between San Francisco and New York—which is three hours—and the other is the expense. The string of thirty-six stations which theoretically cover the entire United States do not overlap or, if so, only slightly. In actual practice, when something like a World Series is being broadcast, a great many stations join the string and there is considerable overlapping to which, of course, no one objects. The main purpose in plotting out a string of stations that could, weather permitting, reach the entire country was to take one more step toward making radio a national institution. That string now stands available if ever the need to use it should arise in some great national emergency.

Home and Fireside

In the course of its evolution broadcasting has encountered many unexpected difficulties, but the luck has not been all bad: a few of the breaks of the game landed on the credit side of the ledger. One of these was the friendly attitude of local electric-light-and-power companies. Very often it happened that some part of their plants or equipment interfered with the receiving of radio programs, but they have been eager to remedy this condition, even though it required heavy expense. The owners of receiving sets usually take it for granted that this courteous attitude is explained by the little electric wire leading to the radio battery. As a matter of fact, the amount of current sold through those little wires is extremely small; the friendly attitude toward radio rests upon a broader financial foundation; anything that keeps people at home sells more electric light. Most of the popular diversions of recent years have led away from home, notably the automobile and motion pictures. Radio is one of the most cheerful events in the life of the electric-light business. It is strong for home and mother and the old fireside. When the family wanders off at night in search of entertainment the electric-light business in that home is either blinking feebly through one globe in the hallway or it has been switched off entirely.

The technic of the studio has made great strides in the last year, but a great deal more can and will be done. Moreover, radio is now developing its own stars, and a few of them have already become sufficiently famous to be in demand for concert appearances. If they are under contract the broadcasting company is able to regain some of the money it spends on them through concert engagements. Present indications are that this source of revenue will increase.

Radio entertainment, like the motion picture, is proceeding to develop a technic of its own. Grand operas are cut to one hour; eventually it hopes to produce its own one-hour operas. Already it has its own orchestras, singers, and companies of players who understand just what the microphone wants; the next step is original composition rather than adaptation. The prediction is confidently made that before many years elapse it will be possible to broadcast a play so that the audience can both hear and see the actors. But who will pay for such entertainments? And why? Well, nobody really knows. Broadcasting remains an experiment that has not yet reached financial rock foundation. It is a tremendous, perhaps epoch making, new element that has not yet been hitched up. The electrical industry has made it and would now like to know what to do with it. The answer to that question ought to mean hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of new business, so it will probably be found eventually.

Save Your Face

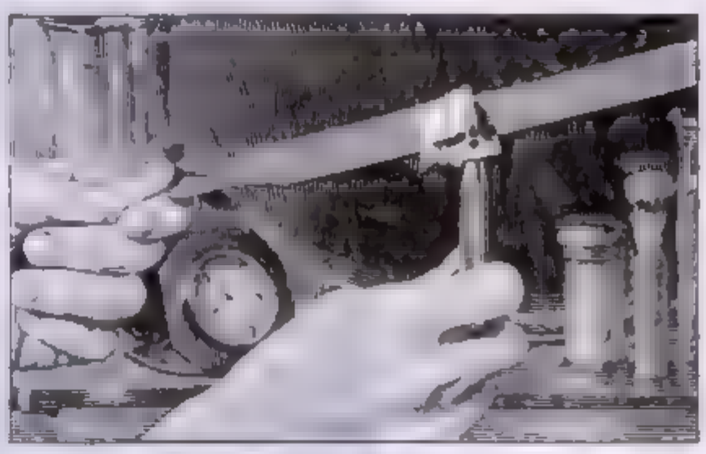
DULL blades pull and scrape, causing the face to burn and smart. Sharp blades save the face. Valet AutoStrop Razor is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains right in the razor.

With the Valet AutoStrop Razor you will enjoy perfect shaves that leave your face like smoothest velvet and put a sparkle in your eye. Each outfit is complete with case, razor, strop and extra blades. For sale at all stores carrying shaving supplies.

We are anxious that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours, affecting its perfect service, just send it to us and we will restore it to new-like condition, without charge.

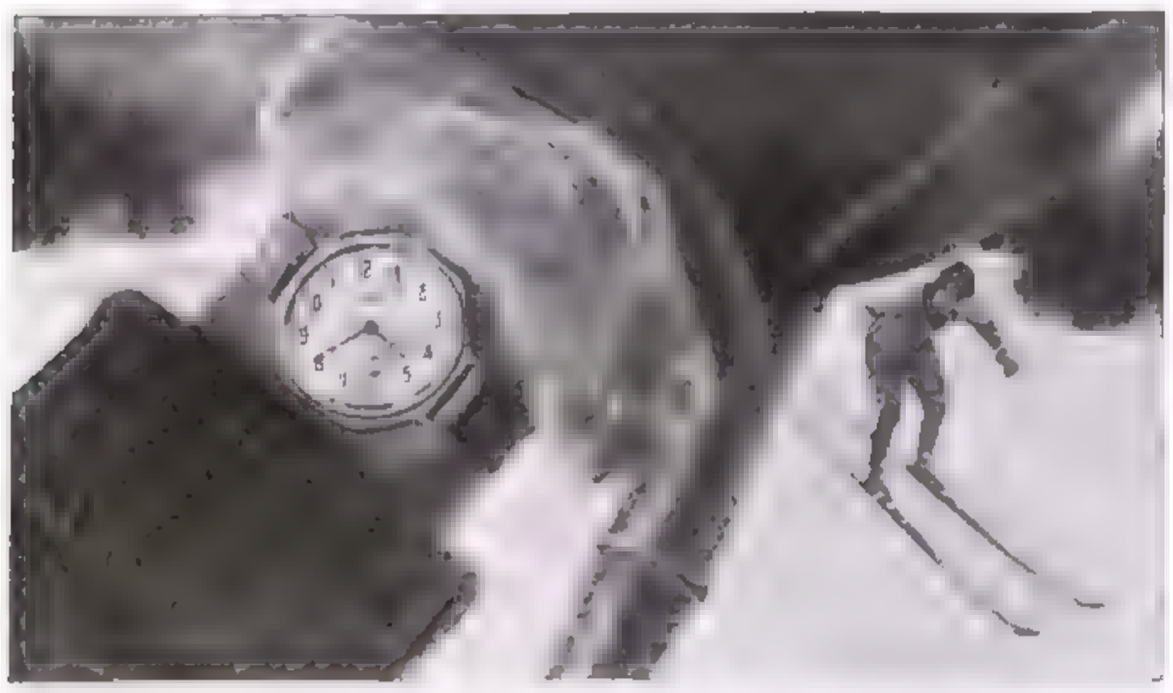
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor



The Razor that Sharpens Itself

AT $3.50— Tip-Top, *the wrist-watch*, has won an all-American reputation for value - - - -



OUTDOORS or indoors, at work or at play—Tip-Top counts off the seconds accurately and unfailingly. Its rugged strength stands the roughest games and sports. Its distinctive design wins approval wherever it's worn.

One glance at Tip-Top's smart, trim octagon case will captivate you with its beauty. You'll like everything about it—its beveled crystal, cubist numerals, open hands and sunk second dial! You'll find it hard to believe that the price is just $3.50!

But go see Tip-Top—convince yourself of its fine qualities! Notice its angle on the strap—see how much easier it makes time-telling. $3.50 is the price with silver dial. Radium is $4.00. Either makes a gift that's sure to be appreciated.

And look at Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch*—another True Time Teller. Like the wrist-watch, but pocket-sized. Silver dial, $1.50. Radium, $2.25. Slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than a century

At $1.50— Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch*, offers the same outstanding value

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 38)

an escaped convict, found guilty of manslaughter, suddenly to appear? The play was received with great favor by practically the entire audience, but from the gallery came loud protests against it as being propaganda for murder.

One woman shouted that her father had been murdered in Iceland, and screamed hysterically and persistently against what she termed the play's "sloppy sentimentality."

Hartley Manners tells of a first night which he attended and which was a ghastly failure. After the fall of the curtain on the last act, there was an ominous silence, till a voice from the gallery pronounced the death sentence. It did it in the words, heard all over the theater: "Well, you would make me bring you!"

I was present at the première in England of Hall Caine's play, The Christian. In New York, with Viola Allen and E. J. Morgan in the principal parts, it had been a real success, but during its progress on that first night in London there had been manifested various indications of disapproval, on the ground that it improperly displayed certain phases of English life.

When Mary Anderson made her first appearance in London, her voice, owing to extreme nervousness, was not carrying. About the middle of the first act, an encouraging voice called, "Speak up, Mary," the kindly and evidently friendly tone of which impressed her so favorably that she immediately did as requested and carried the play to a glorious success.

The English actor, Frederick Kerr, who has appeared so often and with such great distinction in New York, tells of a London first night in the good old days, when an audience considered that it was being defrauded if the play were in less than six acts. The play had meandered along for four of the six, to the discomfiture of an audience which could not gather what it was all about. When the curtain rose on Act Five, a terrible snowstorm was supposed to be in progress, and an old man was sitting in his beloved armchair before the blazing fire, while at his feet knelt the young and beautiful heroine. After having stroked her hair a length of time sufficient, as he thought, to focus the attention of his listeners, the old man said, "Twenty years ago, on just such a stormy night as this"—at which he was interrupted by a cry of "Ah, at last we're going to get the plot."

The Magic of Laughter

When Arnold Bennett's play, The Great Adventure, was first presented in London, I went with its producer, Frank Vernon. After the play he asked me my opinion, and I said that it was undoubtedly a great success.

"Good," said Vernon. "Nothing has been done about the American rights. Let us close the deal tonight and do it together in New York."

"I'm sorry," I replied; "but I don't want the play for New York. I think it's too local."

"Local?" echoed Vernon.

"Yes," I continued. "The entire play depends upon the fact that the wrong man is buried in Westminster Abbey. To my way of thinking the average American theatergoer will not care whether he is buried there or not, and if he does not care, there is no point to the play."

Whether or not I was right in my contention, the play failed quickly when done in New York. That, however, happened to be one of the times when I was right, but I have often been just as distinctly wrong. I did not think that Potash and Perlmutter would succeed in London. I based my opinion on the fact that the two characters would be foreign to London playgoers, and that they would not understand them because they did not know them. The great success of the play showed how widely I was wrong. I had looked only at the externals of the characters, forgetting entirely their wide human appeal.

Before it was produced in New York, I was asked to read and give my opinion of Mary Jane's Pa. In the play the leading character, played by Henry E. Dixey, for no reason whatsoever deserted his wife, his daughter of eight years, and another infant daughter of a few months. He stayed away, without sending a word or a line, for eleven years, during which his wife had made a success of the business in which he had been a failure, had carefully reared their two children and had become interested in a fine and successful man. My opinion was that no audience would forgive such a husband and father, but when Dixey appeared after his long absence, stood in the doorway and said "Is supper ready?" the audience laughed; and for that laugh, the desertion of his wife, his child and his infant daughter, and his barbarous cruelty in remaining away without sending a word about himself or bothering about them and what had become of them, was not only forgotten, it was forgiven.

One is often, and quite unconsciously, influenced by his surroundings when witnessing a play. A drama played in England with English actors, one played in France with French actors, or one played in Russia with Russian actors, may make a different impression in a foreign land, even when done by native players in their own tongue. Once in London I went to see Sir Gerald du Maurier and his company in Haddon Chambers' play, Passers-by. I was charmed with it. It was beautifully acted and produced; it was essentially British, and everything fitted and belonged. After the performance I told Chambers it was the best thing he had ever done, with the exception of The Tyranny of Tears.

A Different Atmosphere

With a warm feeling of past and coming pleasure in my heart, I went to its first presentation in New York. The production in every detail was a replica of the one I had seen in London; it was played by a splendid cast of British actors, including Charles Cherry and Ernest Lawford; the words, the tempo, the pitch, the lighting, were identical; but in spite of it all, the play was not the same. Its heart was affected by its surroundings.

When the leading man's sister dismissed, summarily and without a character, the charming young governess because she was in love with her brother, in London it had seemed nothing improper or unusual, but in New York the audience instinctively resented it—I resented it with them—and the play was thrown off its axis.

When we discovered that the governess who had been unable to find a position similar to the one in which we had just seen her, and who was now living somewhat precariously in unprepossessing surroundings—was the mother of a son of six of whose existence the father, the leading man, had been kept in ignorance because the mother loved the boy so much she preferred to rear him and educate him and keep him to herself—in England this had somehow seemed a perfectly natural and human thing for her to do. When the curtain fell on the act, the American viewpoint was quickly uncovered by a woman who

(Continued on Page 144)

THE ONLY ROUTE THROUGH THE HUDSON RIVER VALLEY

The New York Central between Chicago and New York, and St. Louis and New York, takes the traveler through the wonderful valley of the Hudson River—a valley rich in historical and literary traditions.

This is the valley of Henry Hudson and Robert Fulton, of Washington and Rochambeau, of Arnold and André, of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane and Captain Kidd, of the phantom ship of Rambout Van Dam, and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

English navigators, Dutch patroons, Tappan Zee Indians, Colonial troopers, and the heroes of Irving and Cooper—they are still there in the valley as the Limiteds thunder through.

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BOSTON & ALBANY··· MICHIGAN CENTRAL··· BIG FOUR··· PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE···
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

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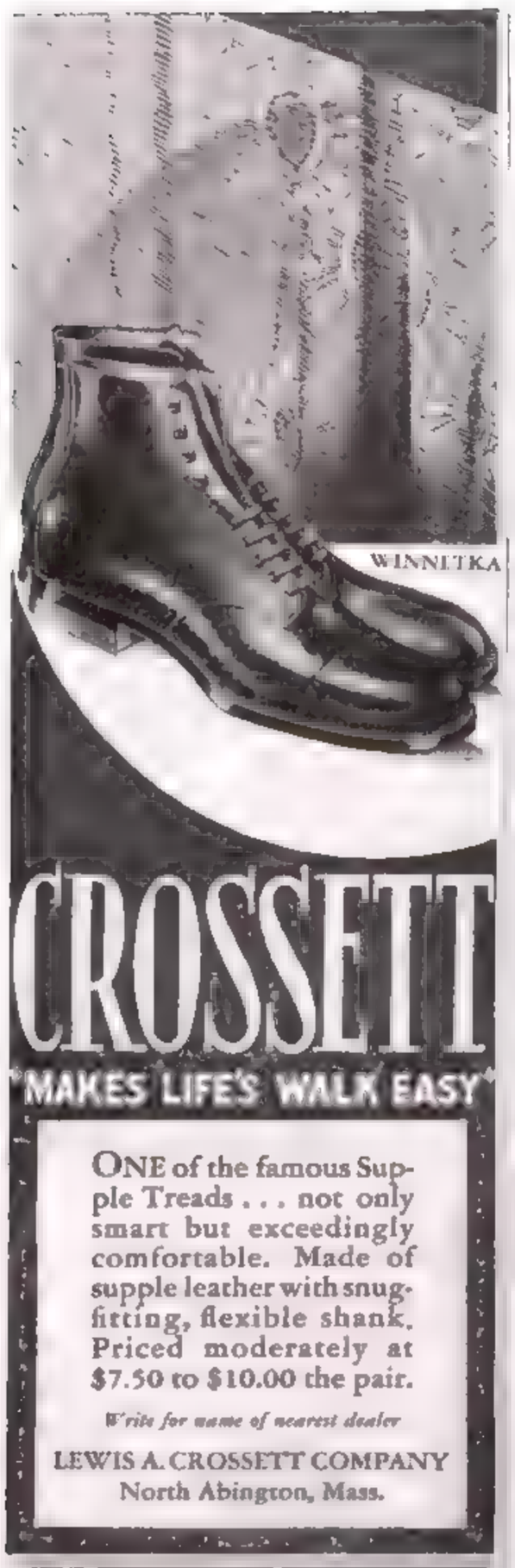
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CROSSETT
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
ONE of the famous Supple Treads . . . not only smart but exceedingly comfortable. Made of supple leather with snug-fitting, flexible shank. Priced moderately at $7.50 to $10.00 the pair.
Write for name of nearest dealer
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Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent

A Free Trial Package Is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He named it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof, sanitary and durable for outside or inside painting. It is the cement principle applied to paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about [illegible].

Write A. L. Rice, Inc., Manufacturers, 100 North St., Adams, N. Y., and a trial package will be mailed to you, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today

(Continued from Page 142)

said: "It isn't love that makes her keep the boy to herself nearly so much as selfishness. What can she do to help him make a success of life, compared with what the father can? The father has money and position. He would undoubtedly see that the boy had an education and would give him a good start in life. Why does the mother deprive the youngster of his chances? Because she is selfish."

Later Chambers and I discussed these viewpoints, and he asked me which I thought was right—the English or American. I agreed with the American.

"But," said Chambers, "you didn't feel that way in London, and it is exactly the same play, word for word. Why have you changed?"

I did my best to explain it to him, but did not make much of a success of it, for when we parted he was as fully convinced that the English viewpoint was correct as he was at the time he wrote the play.

Augustus Thomas asked me to go with him to a play in which he was interested and which he was rehearsing. It was some days before the dress rehearsal. The players were of course without make-up, and no scenery or properties were used. I told Thomas I thought the play would be a success. He invited me to the dress rehearsal. After it, he again asked me what I thought. I told him that my opinion was changed, and that somewhere and somehow between the two rehearsals the thing that I thought would make the play a success had been dissipated. I could not account for it and asked him if he could

"I can," he replied. "At the first rehearsal you used your imagination. The play does not come up to what you imagined. I think your second verdict is the right one."

Unfortunately, it was.

The most thrilling and inspiring first-night performance I have ever seen was that of James K. Hackett in Macbeth at the Aldwych Theater, London. Hackett had previously played the rôle in New York without making even a ripple. I had talked with him about three months previous to his London appearance. He had then spoken of being seriously ill, and had walked with difficulty with the aid of a cane, so that on his first night, for old time's sake, I went to applaud judiciously and to pray incessantly.

An Inspired Performance

Never have I seen such a change in a man, physically, mentally and spiritually. He seemed to have become years younger; to have added inches to his height; his lassitude had dropped from him like a shell; he radiated vigor and physical strength; his voice was vibrant and of a noble quality; he filled the eye and delighted the ear; he read his lines with subtlety and understanding, and he delivered them with the power of authority. The audience acclaimed him as a great actor and the critics verified and amplified that verdict, writing such laudatory notices as have seldom been given to the greatest of the great.

This engagement led to Hackett being invited officially by the French Government to repeat the performance in Paris and to his receiving the cross of the Legion of Honor. If ever an actor was inspired, Hackett was on that occasion. It was one of the greatest individual performances I have seen given by any player, and I have seen all the great ones of my time.

Now comes the anticlimax. After his tremendous success in London and his honors in France, Hackett reappeared as Macbeth in New York, and again failed to impress either the critics or the public. I did not see him during that engagement, preferring to keep in the gallery of my remembrance the picture of him as I saw him in London. I was told, however, that his performance was merely that of an actor who knew his business, and that it was sound and workmanlike, but lacking both subtlety and inspiration.

An American manager, having produced a play successfully in New York, where it had a very long run, contracted with a London manager to produce it in London. Shortly before its première there, the American manager sought an injunction against its production, on the ground that it was going to be presented in a way contrary to the contractual arrangement. One of the arguments seriously brought forward by the lawyer for the London manager and as seriously considered by the judge in arriving at his decision, was the fact that Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, had a box for the first performance, and that to postpone it would interfere greatly with his social engagements and deprive him of an opportunity for greatly needed relaxation. That will show in what spirit London takes its first nights.

Premières, New Style

With the possible exception of those occurring at one theater—the Belasco—dimmed is the romance and departed is the glamour of first nights in New York. No longer is a première a literary and social gathering, as it was in the days of A. M. Palmer at Wallack's, of Augustin Daly at Daly's, of Daniel Frohman at the old Lyceum, and for a time, of Charles Frohman at the Empire. Today a first night in New York is simply a question of paying the price. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. The managers are merchants and the theater is the place in which they sell their goods. There is not one of them who would not produce a worthy play in preference to an unworthy one, provided it would make as much profit.

Managers live by their profits, and profits are, in consequence, their aim and pursuit. In the theater a man cannot live on glory. Palmer died practically destitute. When Charles Frohman went down with the Lusitania he was deeply in debt, the indebtedness, however, being liquidated in full by the adroit and careful administration of his estate. Daly left an estate the greater portion of which was derived from Daly's Theater in London. We are told that fools build houses for wise men to live in; in the theater this is reversed, for wise men build houses for fools to produce in.

For the latest production of George White's Scandals the price of admission at the première was fifty dollars, the other seats were scaled accordingly, and the house was sold out. The purchasers of the fifty-dollar seats could not have expected fifty dollars' worth of entertainment, for the price of the same seats for the second and all succeeding performances was only five dollars. They paid their fifties not for the sake of the show but for what they considered the glory of being among those present, and for the proud pleasure of showing the coupons in after-theater restaurants, with the plutocratic price stamped thereon. For a week or longer they would be able to open a conversation with, "Say, was you at the first night of Georgie's Scandals? No? Some night, take it from me." Having thus shown both their financial and social superiority over their listeners, they would be able to expand their chests and smirk in the conscious pride of an honor duly won, which placed them in the category of those who are not as other men are. To them the occasion was worth the money. White is a business man. Who, then, can blame him for charging a price for his goods which his customers were willing to pay?

Cumberland Falls, Kentucky

Strange things occur also on the European stage—that is, things strange to American eyes. Europe thinks that nothing of importance of a literary nature can occur outside its borders, and France takes the attitude that it cannot happen outside its individual boundaries, especially so far as the stage is concerned. In the United States the greatest pains are taken to insure accuracy and verisimilitude regarding foreign scenes and people. So widely traveled are Americans that an error would be quickly discovered and promptly noted. France knows little of verisimilitude so far as the United States is concerned, and cares about it in exactly the same degree. When it comes to the presentation of American plays, France is on a plane with the Italian production of The Girl of the Golden West in which the cowboys appeared with stilettos between their teeth.

The above was brought home to me most convincingly at the only first night I have attended in Paris—the première of Paul Armstrong's Alias Jimmy Valentine. The French producers could have obtained both photographs and models of the American production, but they would have none of them. Paris learn anything about a play, even an American one, from New York? Could anything be so presumptuous and absurd?

An Obvious Detective

The result was that, in the scene representing the warden's office, the center of the stage was occupied by a huge photograph of ex-President Taft, and on each side of it was a proclamation in English, boldly headed:

PECULIAR REGULATIONS
OF CONEY ISLAND'S JAIL

This was but one of many things equally incredible. Among them was the playing of the detective. In New York he was played as a human being who differed in no outward essential or behavior from any other human being. In Paris he was a human jumping jack, a person of much posturing and indicative gestures; when he was not looking at the audience with a warning finger at his lips and eyebrows knowingly raised, he was regaling them with provocative winks; even when alone on the stage, he tiptoed mincingly about, as though afraid to awaken somebody, and everything he did yelled loudly, "I am a detective. If you do not believe me watch how I behave."

Another production showed an alleged view of Atlantic City, the action taking place there in the Hotel Splendide, which was surrounded by a luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, including giant palms and magnificent cacti with vivid blue and scarlet flowers as big around as a man's straw hat

If an American producer had presented anything one-fiftieth part as ridiculous as either of these productions, he would have been laughed out of the theater.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Broadhurst. The next will appear in an early issue

642

"A Friend in Need!"

When you're hungry for good candy—when your appetite craves a wholesome sweet—**Baby Ruth** fulfills every longing. There's ten minutes of delight in every 5c bar.

It's good for you, too! **Baby Ruth** has all the nourishment and food value found in pure milk, good butter, refined sugar, crisp peanuts and rich chocolate. And all this wholesome nutriment is blended into a piece of irresistible deliciousness that captures your appetite at the very first taste.

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Candy Makers to the American Nation

LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

WILLIE

(Continued from Page 7)

down again and closed her eyes convincingly. So Willie went off, shutting her door with elaborate quietness and dropping his clubs with a fearful clatter just outside. An explosive swear followed. Beatrice smothered a laugh that turned suddenly into tears.

"It can't go on like this," she wept. "Oh, I am so hateful, and he is so good, and I am so bored—*j'en mourrai!* I shall die!"

Her own words shocked her. She took herself in hand, admitted that she had swum too far and tried conscientiously to rest. When that proved impossible she went about the house attending to meals, bills, flowers, like any prosperous and successful wife. She was perched on a chair arm, her back to the widely open glass doors and the morning paper spread out between her hands, when Willie came across the terrace, tiptoeing in the kindly hope that she was asleep. Her position and her unawareness of him were fatally tempting. A schoolboy grin dawned on his hot and happy face. Softly extending a golf club, he hooked it about the knob on her chair and gave a jerk—a very mild jerk. He was startled when Beatrice toppled completely into the chair. That was more of a success than he had wanted.

"Oh, see here ——" he began, laughing, but the blazing fury in the face she turned on him checked him open-mouthed. He had never seen her so uncontrolledly mad.

"I hate your buffoon jokes!" she said between her teeth. "When you do things like that I hate you!"

"Aw, Bee, it didn't hurt you," he pleaded, but she cut him short.

"It did hurt me—it hurt my soul! I won't be jerked and whacked and mauled! I won't stand it! I won't stand any more!" And she was gone, leaving a sob trailing after her, a sound as appallingly unusual as the bang of the door that followed.

Willie was confounded. His good face sagged at every point, his kind brown eyes were haggard.

"Gosh, I'm a nut," he muttered. "She wasn't feeling fit—I ought to be shot!" Bee must be pretty sick, to fly off the handle like that. Of course she didn't mean "hate," but the word bruised. He longed to abase himself, to beg for pardon, but he did not dare go near her. Sounds of gayety were coming up from the wharf and the beach, but Willie stood where she had left him, lost in misery, until the maid ushered in a stranger.

"Madam Hopp," Katy announced.

Willie drearily removed his cap. After all, the coming of the old fake was a good thing just then; it would divert Bee, make approach easier.

Madam Hopp gave him an oblivious nod, and pulling a small table up to an armchair, set out a paper chart and several small books. There were no somber draperies or dangling charms; she looked like a decent, middle-aged business woman in a tailored suit and common-sense shoes.

"It was Mrs. Holden sent for me?" Her tone suggested that time was money.

Willie had an inspiration. "Look here, Madam Hopp, I hope you can dig out something good for Mrs. Holden," he began.

"I hope so too," was the noncommittal answer.

"Something to make her feel jolly," he urged. "Journeys, money, dark strangers, anything that will look kind of cheerful. Get me?"

Madam Hopp considered. "She in a bad way?"

Willie spoke on a rending sigh: "Well, she's married to a bonehead."

Madam Hopp's nod accepted that without surprise. "My ladies often are," she admitted.

"He's a washout," Willie said bitterly. "If you could pile up the good things coming to her ——" He had meant to go on to a plain business offer, but suddenly found it difficult.

"I'll certainly tell her all the good things the planets indicate, and I don't always tell the bad things," Madam Hopp said, as simply as though she believed in it herself. She had opened the books and held a pencil poised. "I hope she won't keep me waiting. I've got two other appointments before lunch."

Willie was looking at the literature. "I can tell you when she was born—1895. She's six months younger than I am."

She wrote it down, then went on to month and day, but Willie, hearing Bee's step on the stairs, had gone hastily out

Beatrice had tried to smooth away all signs of storm, but her eyes were heavy and the hand she gave Madam Hopp was cold for such a day. Madam Hopp held it with a placid kindliness, looking her over with eyes that knew all the signs of feminine griefs.

"Mrs. Holden? I haven't done anything for you before, have I?"

Beatrice had planned to get out of the interview on some excuse, but there was something comfortable and disarming in the matter-of-course voice and homely, natural personality. She drew up a chair with a sense of relief, as if she had come to a good doctor and he had already helped her.

"No. I am a friend of Mrs. Barney Blaine," she said.

Madam Hopp had a regretful headshake for the name. "Too bad about Mrs. Blaine. She ought not to have married that man—she was Venus in Virgo and he was Mars in Capricorn. I ask you, what kind of a combination is that?" She asked it in all seriousness. "Now what month were you born?"

Beatrice gave her month, day and hour, and Madam Hopp traced them across the books, making marks on the chart.

"Well, you had a grand start in life," she finally declared. "The sun was in Aries and the moon in Aquarius. That means happiness and success."

"Happiness and success," Bee repeated rather drearily

"Sure thing." Madam Hopp settled back to expound. "I have to tell some of my clients, 'My! With a horoscope like yours, you're lucky not to be in jail!' I said that not long ago to a gentleman—he was Saturn in Scorpio, with trouble indicated all along the line—and five days later, you know, he was in jail. Funny, wasn't it!" Beatrice laughed, but the other was soberly matter-of-fact. "After he got out he said I wished it on him, but a man born under those auspices can't afford to drive a car when he's soused."

"I didn't suppose anyone could," Bee said.

"An Aries person or a Sagittarius might get away with it, but that man will smash into a police wagon every time." Madam Hopp went back to the chart. "Now let's see. You've got a strong will, but you're sort of adaptable too."

The shadow came out again. "I have had to be adaptable."

Bee spoke as though she defended herself from a charge.

"That's right. We women do," Madam Hopp reassured her. "You're refined and sensitive, you like music and poetry and nobility; stomach kind of uncertain. Before long you're going on a trip, a long journey by land and by sea." She looked up for a response, but Bee was still clouded.

"It would depend on whom one went with, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Well, that's so." The journey was dropped. "There was a crucial period in your life let's see about ten years ago. You took an important step then, didn't you?"

"I married," Beatrice admitted.

"Yes. That was a dangerous year for you." The pause invited confidences.

"I had been to school in France, and so I was crazy about America." Beatrice found that both funny and tragic. "My husband was the most American person I had ever met, so, of course, I adored him."

"Well, there's Americans and Americans," was Madam Hopp's comment. Her finger ran along the lines, her pencil hovered over the chart. "There's a peculiar influence coming into the field right now," she mused. "Uh-huh. Mercury—Leo. You're going to be perplexed, not know which way to turn."

"Have I any way to turn?" It was asked idly, without expectation.

The moving finger wrote on. "Let's see if you haven't. Oh, hello—Venus!" Madam Hopp looked up in hearty cheer. "Why, dearie, you got a second marriage coming to you!"

Bee had to laugh. "A second marriage!"

"Sure's your born!"

"But my present husband is in the best of health!"

Madam Hopp's eyes narrowed, her head dipped significantly. "There's more ways than one to get a second husband!"

"Oh!" Bee was oddly startled. "I never thought of—that."

"There's a way out, you'll see!" Madam Hopp's voice was strong with comfort. "And, I declare, here's money. He's likely to be rich, your second—uh-huh, rich as mud. You're entering on a very interesting period. Perhaps you've been kind of restless, not quite sure what there was in it for you?"

"Perhaps," Bee murmured.

"My ladies are generally that way. I guess you've had a hard time. But it's nearly over. The man's near. If you don't know him already you will soon. But you want to move carefully—lots of men about—don't you take the wrong one!"

"I will try them all out first," Beatrice said gravely.

"Love will bring you happiness." Madam Hopp was closing the books. "It don't to everyone. Often I have to say, 'You keep away from the men!' They don't do it, of course, but they come back afterwards and tell me: 'My gracious, Madam Hopp, you said it!' . . . You know Beauty Bright?"

"Beauty Bright?"

"Well, I guess you wouldn't. She dances—some. I told her a year ago: 'You let love alone or you'll end up a suicide. Don't you touch it with a ten-foot pole before you're thirty-five, unless you want to turn on the gas.' Well, she was thirty-three then—she didn't admit it to anyone but me, but she was—and she might have stuck it out. But six weeks later she ran off with a rich man in the clothing business, name of Isaacs, and I hear he treated her something awful. Looks all gone, she can't get an engagement. She's finished." Madam Hopp put books and chart into a large shabby hand bag and rose. "Well, it's nice when there's only pleasant things ahead for a lady," she said heartily. "You've got a grand spiritual nature, but up to now it hasn't had a real show. Don't you be afraid to take the good things coming. It's ten dollars."

Beatrice gave her the bill with a friendly handclasp. "You have done me good," she said.

"That's fine. I'll make you out a copy of your chart and bring it over." Madam Hopp paused at the door to nod back at her. "You watch out for that second—he's looking for someone!" she said with massive significance.

"I will," Beatrice promised. When she was alone she laughed out with a delightful gayety. The absurd interview had left her refreshed, stimulated.

"It is utter nonsense. I don't believe a word of it," she told herself, and laughed again, and sang under her breath as she ran upstairs.

Her strained nerves had relaxed. The whole world seemed a different color. She remembered with remorse how she had flown at Willie; she must go down to the beach and call out something friendly to him, but before doing so she changed to a prettier and fresher dress. She even found a parasol that matched. It was Fred Vanderveer who had likened her to a French marquise.

"Why not look *un peu chic?*" she argued.

She had gone no farther than the terrace when she was startled by a cheer from the beach, a rousing mixture of voices. A moment later Willie, in his bathing suit, came hurrying up the path between the cedars, his arm about a strange young man.

"Bee!" he shouted at sight of her. "Say, Bee, I wish you'd been there!" Both men were equally dripping, but the stranger was completely dressed except for his shoes, which Willie carried. Willie's tale preceded them. "Some doings! Old Fred got caught in the undertow, and this chap dived in—glory, you never saw such swimming! Brought him in right side up and not a mouthful of water in him! Mr. Stewart, my wife."

Even in wet flannels Mr. Stewart was a singularly prepossessing young man. He smiled up at Beatrice as though he and she had a little joke on Willie.

"It was nothing. We swim before we walk, in Hawaii," he explained.

She did not stop to ask herself why Hawaii sounded like good news. She was conscious only of a dancing gayety.

"You must not spoil the story," she objected. "We like heroes."

"Hero—you bet!" Willie was still shouting. "Better get into dry clothes right away. I wish I could give you something decent to drink, but this blankety-blank ——" The familiar tirade trailed back from them as he took the hero up to his room.

Willie presently came back to complete and retell the tale. He loved it as he loved a stirring movie.

"Stewart is staying with Dick Harrison over on the Point," he began. He was dripping freely on the rug, and also beginning to shiver, but there was no use trying to stop him now. "He's one of the Honolulu Stewarts. They're big people out there I was on the end of the wharf talking to Harrison and this chap, and Fred began to yell 'Help!' I thought he was being funny."

"Fred is never funny!" Beatrice spoke quickly, defensively.

"Oh, anybody is jolly in the water, even old Fred," Willie said in all good faith. "Harrison said, 'Anything wrong out there?' and I said, 'Aw, he's kidding'; but Stewart took one look and then went off the end like a cannon ball—gosh, I never saw such speed! And he wasn't even winded. Did you hear them cheer? Keep him to lunch, will you? I'll get Harrison to come too. It'll cheer him up. Gosh, I'm glad he's got someone staying with him in that great barn of a house."

Willie was sentimental about widowers and widows, believed that they were all equally bereft and desolate. His eyes were actually tender over that big, stupid Mr. Harrison. Beatrice saw such things with a Gallic clarity.

"His wife had been ill for years," she pointed out.

"He misses her just the same. He goes about sort of moony and lost, as if he were looking for someone. What is it?" he added, for Bee had exclaimed.

"Nothing. Go and ask him, and Fred too," she said hastily. "But not anyone else, Willie. Don't bring in any family this time."

Willie, promising obliviously, went off, and Bee stood shaken with amusement. "He's looking for someone ——" Madam Hopp's phrase!

"It's utter rubbish," she said aloud, but she was still laughing when she went to the

(Continued on Page 148)

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"There y'are, Cap, the gas line's clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble—unless you have a blowout."

"I'm not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around."

(Continued from Page 146

kitchen to give orders for lunch. Mr. Harrison really was not stupid; just lost and sad, *le pauvre homme*.

Of course Willie had to spoil the party. She might have known. When she came back to the living room she found a middle-aged woman seated weakly in a big chair, fanning herself with a handkerchief. She was handsome in a dark, haggard fashion; the great black eyes she lifted must have been remarkable before they slipped back so far and saw life with such bitter clearness. She brought with her an atmosphere of soda mint and old silk.

"Aunt Myra!" Beatrice exclaimed with a really creditable cordiality.

Aunt Myra was not to be fooled. "Yes; I suppose you're delighted," she said resignedly, allowing her limp hand to be shaken.

Beatrice gave her a fan and rang for iced water, clinging to her cordial note, though it was not easy under that gaze. "I didn't know that you were expected! When did you come?"

"Last night, and I wasn't expected," Aunt Myra cut her short. "The Holdens are always raving about this place, so I thought I'd try the Inn, but if I had known I'd be given a room over the kitchen I'd have stayed where I was. I would rather die of poor food than be roasted alive, any day. I told Willie just now ——"

Beatrice made a desperate interruption: "Can't they give you a better room?"

"No, they can't," was the relentless answer. "I told Willie about it just now on the beach, and he said to move right over here, but I wasn't going to without seeing how you took it. People who suffer are a great nuisance—I have no illusions about that. All invalids should be decently chloroformed. But if you could let me stay a night or two, until I have the strength to move on ——"

Beatrice, of course, said all the proper things, feeling herself a helpless butterfly impaled on the black pin of Aunt Myra's all-seeing gaze.

"We have some people for lunch; perhaps you would rather come this afternoon when it is quieter," she added.

Aunt Myra smiled understandingly. "Willie suggested that I come right away and send to the Inn for my things, but if I should spoil the party you can give me a glass of milk upstairs. I hate to inflict myself on you like this, but I really think it would kill me to go back to that room."

So Beatrice, outwardly still a perfect hostess, ordered another place set at the lunch table, took Aunt Myra to a guest room and telephoned about her trunk; but when a voice at the terrace doors asked, "May I come in?" she answered with savage force:

"Come in if you are not related to Willie!"

"I have not that honor." A long, lean, stooping man with glasses on a high nose bent to kiss her hand. "*Chère madame!*" he murmured.

She gave his hand a friendly pressure. "Well, Fred, I hear you had an adventure," she began, but he cut her short.

"It was nothing—nothing at all," he said impatiently. "The undertow was strong—I may have exclaimed a little—but I did not need help. This officious stranger had to jump in—I don't know where he came from or where he has gone ——"

"He is upstairs putting on some of Willie's clothes," Bee said, not without mischief.

"The deuce he is! Then I suppose I shall have to thank him for making himself and me ridiculous."

He was so annoyed that she went back to her own troubles to divert him.

"Willie's Aunt Myra is upstairs too," she said expressively.

"That sounds festive."

"It is maddening!" She had to discharge her overloaded soul. "Not that I don't like Willie's family. I admire the Holdens, I respect them—middle class, *mais que voulez vous!* Admirable citizens. But I am tired of them! Fred, I never get a day off! All winter long we have them—to lunch, to tea, to dinner. We used to get away from them in the summer, but Willie has been gathering them down here, and we have them to dinner, to tea, to lunch—and I can't have friends of my own because the maids won't stand for any more company and I am coming to the breaking point! I am so bored with Willie's family that I could die!"

Fred's attention was apt to stray when others told their troubles. "I don't blame you," he said, turning over the books on the center table and reading their titles. "Lyrics From the Chinese very nice; like bits of carved white jade; don't it get your goat, Lulu—my dear Beatrice! On your table!"

"Willie is reading that aloud to me," she said.

Their eyes met, and Fred permitted a mild audacity to smile through his glasses. "Ah, my dear, why didn't I find you sooner!"

She allowed herself an answering smile. "Perhaps it is not too late. Do you believe in astrology?"

"Why not?" He was quite serious. "I think it very possible that the stars know all the secrets."

"But would they tell them to Madam Hopp?"

"Madam Hopp? Oh, I know her—a nice home body with a reticule." He enjoyed his own perfect wording of her quality. "She told my sister Fanny that this would be a crucial summer for us."

"And is it?"

"Is it! Didn't you know that my Uncle John has died and left us all his money?"

Beatrice started. "He has!"

"Loads of it," said Fred complacently. "We are rich as mud."

The phrase, echoing Madam Hopp's own words, struck Beatrice speechless. Fred, not noticing, rambled on at length about his affairs.

"I can afford all the luxuries," he concluded. "I am even thinking of a wife."

Bee's eyes were turned away, her face was a delicate mask. "Fred, have you many women relatives?" she asked casually.

"Certainly not, except Fanny," was the satisfactory answer. "I mean, I don't know them. Aunts and cousins are all nonsense."

Beatrice lay back blissfully among her cushions and smiled at the ceiling. "Would you want the lady to have breakfast with you every morning?"

She had shocked him. "Heaven forbid! It would be breakfasting off the goose that lays the golden egg of romance."

"Oh, lovely!" she sighed. "Willie is unhappy if I don't watch him eat his eggs."

"Willie eating eggs"—he shuddered slightly. "Oh, no!"

"Willie is so sociable. He wants to be entertained even while he is shaving."

That gave him another shudder. "Shaving should be as secret as sin. I can't bear processes. I should love my wife's hair in a flowing cascade, I should appreciate it properly coiled on her head, but I never want to see her do it up. I should not enter her rooms without permission."

Beatrice turned her head to look him over—long, lean, immaculate in light gray; fastidious, amusing; perfectly suited to a marquise.

"You think that marriage can stay romantic?" she asked wistfully.

"My good Beatrice, marriage is the world's most subtle indoor sport," he instructed her. "Only most persons don't know the rules. I flatter myself that I do."

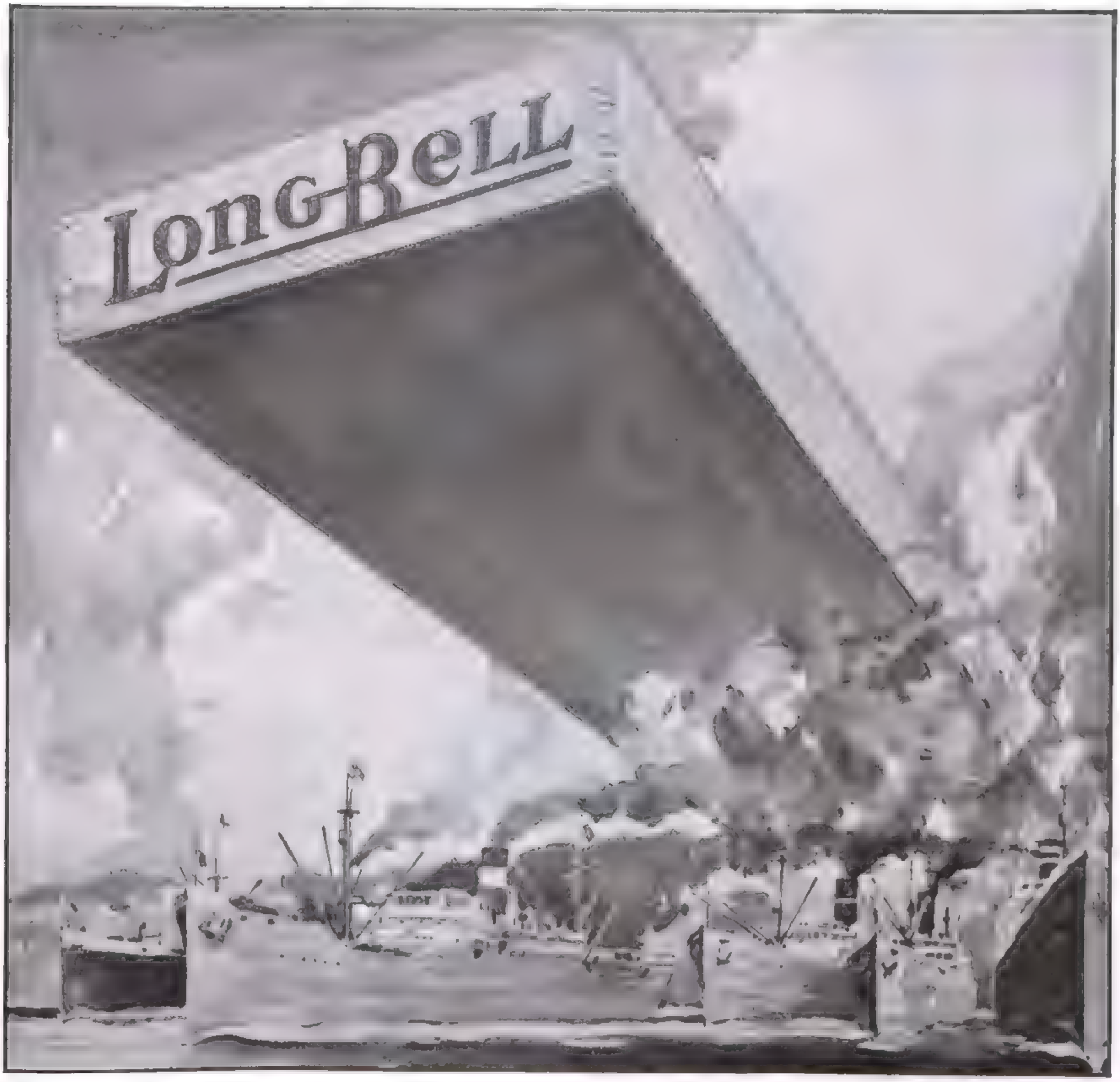
"And you wouldn't play jokes," she said.

"Good heavens! I should say not."

"I can bear an imitation burglar under the bed, or even a chocolate mouse in a bureau drawer; it is having to find it funny that kills."

"You are like me; you have an old soul," he congratulated her. "What was it Madam Hopp said?"

(Continued on Page 151)



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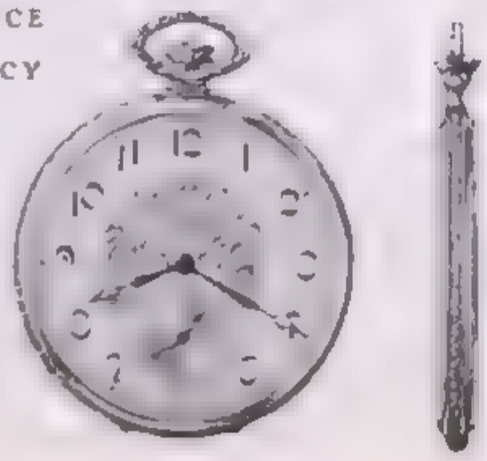

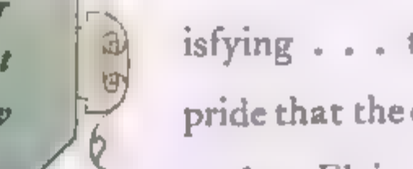

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(Continued from Page 148)

Willie's "Bee!" came from below the terrace. He usually began talking to her about half a block from the house.

"Ah, poor Willie!" she murmured. "She only talked nonsense. No sensible person believes in horoscopes."

"I don't claim to be a sensible person," Fred was beginning when the door opened and Mr. Stewart stood looking in at them, amusedly exhibiting himself. He wore a suit of Willie's, but even its contours could not hide his fine young shapeliness. Sea-blue eyes smiled from a comely face, sunburned to mahogany. Again Beatrice felt the thrill of that word, "Hawaii."

"A long journey by land and by sea"; the promise came back to make her laugh out. Life certainly was gay!

"Well, you two!" Willie, restored to his clothes, greeted rescued and rescuer with a hearty handclasp. "All right, Fred? . . . Well, Stewart, I guess we're all mighty glad you were born. . . . The way he brought you in, Fred—gosh, I never saw anything prettier!"

Fred had given Stewart a resentful hand. "Very kind of you—you went to a lot of trouble," he muttered. "I'm not sure it was necessary ——"

"I am sure it wasn't," Stewart said easily.

"Well, it looked bad," Willie insisted. "Harrison was all upset; he says he doesn't want any lunch, Bee. Oh, did Aunt Myra ——" A faint apology showed. "I couldn't help it, dear!"

Bee felt kindly to all the world, even Aunt Myra. "No, you couldn't help it," she admitted, and went upstairs to get her guest as Katy announced lunch.

The window in the upper hall looked on the beach. The tide was going out, and the bathers had all disappeared. Only one solitary figure sat on the end of the wharf, head sunk, shoulders drooping. Poor Mr. Harrison! Beatrice waved a wicked hand at the dejected back, then went on, gravely demure, to knock at Aunt Myra's door.

At luncheon Willie devoted himself to his aunt, but he found it hard to keep his eyes off Bee. She was entertaining the two men with a brilliance that made him humbly wonder how he had ever won such a wife. She fairly sparkled, and, gosh, but she was pretty! The morning's strain and unpleasantness were forgotten; her eyes, happening to meet his, smiled so kindly that he quite choked up with gratitude and love. He had to spill over a little to Aunt Myra.

"Bee looks well, doesn't she?" he said, trying to sound casual.

Aunt Myra took a good look before she committed herself. "If it is real," she admitted. "They rouge so nowadays, you can't be sure. Has she known these gentlemen long?" There was a comment under the question, but it missed Willie.

"Vanderveer's an old friend and Stewart's an act of Providence," he explained, and retold the tale at length, to Fred's bitter annoyance.

"Why should Willie feel this hectic gratitude that my life was saved?" he complained in an undertone to Beatrice. "I don't myself. I am beginning to dislike both Willie and Stewart. Can't you make him stop?"

She slowly shook her head. "Nothing ever makes Willie stop," she murmured. "He is unchangeable. Even in neckties. I learned that years ago." She turned to Stewart, placidly eating strawberries and cake. "I am afraid my husband will get a medal or a cup or an engraved watch for you if you don't do something about it," she confided.

He looked at her with sunny admiration. "I will do anything but go away," he said. Evidently they were not reticent about their sunny feelings in Honolulu.

"Then you like it here?" asked the marquise.

"I like it—right here," said the Hawaiian.

"Gosh, it must have been like riding in on a cowcatcher," Willie concluded. "I wish Bee had seen it."

Aunt Myra's dark gaze had followed the asides. "Well, I don't know," she observed generally to the table. "Drowning isn't the only danger at these idle seashore places."

"You mean automobiles," Beatrice said pleasantly. "But when I was born the sun was in Aries and the moon in Aquarius, so I don't have to be afraid of anything."

"Oh, Madam Hopp—I forgot her," Willie exclaimed. "What did she say? Bee had her horoscope read, Aunt Myra. . . . Did she dig you up something good?"

Bee's smile was mysterious, provocative. "It sounded—good; at the time. She promised me happiness and success."

"What else? Go on, Bee, tell us."

Her amusement deepened. They could see that she was choosing her words, keeping something back. "I have a grand spiritual nature, but up to now it hasn't had a real chance."

"Well, what's going to give it a chance?" Willie had a happy desire to hear the results of his own ingenious planting.

"But you don't believe in that stuff," she teased. "They are all fakes. Madam Hopp ought to be in jail. Can you imagine a real live man calling up the zodiac for a tip?"

"That is precisely the trouble with these real live men," Fred interposed. "They don't believe in anything unless they can put it in their mouths or in their pockets. Now, not being a one hundred per cent he man, thank God, I believe that there are more things in heaven and earth than Willie's philosophy has covered. I shall see Madam Hopp myself, and I advise you to, Willie."

"Oh, no!" Beatrice spoke quickly, even sharply. "Willie is happy as he is; better let it alone." She rose. "I don't believe in Madam Hopp, not for a moment. It was amusing on a hot day, *c'est tout*. Come and smoke on the terrace; there may be a breeze."

Aunt Myra went up for a nap, and Beatrice, after shutting her in, paused again by the hall window. The wharf was empty now, but a car still waited at the edge of the sand. Taking the parasol, she slipped out by the back way.

Mr. Harrison lay under a cedar, his head on a black-banded arm, his eyes heavily closed. He looked clumsy and pathetic, and for all his forty years, young. The fumbling of his fingers in the sand showed that he was awake, but he must have been far away from reality, for he looked up at Beatrice without stirring, for a moment without recognition.

"I wanted you to come to lunch," she said plaintively from under the golden parasol.

He scrambled up. "Oh, Mrs. Holden, I'm sorry. I must have been half asleep."

"Then come and have some coffee to wake you up," she commanded. "Just four nice men on the terrace. I will stay away if you would rather."

"I should say not," he exclaimed, brushing the sand from his coat. He followed her up the path, looking at her as though he had never really seen her before. And there was something new in the way she was welcomed back. She did not have to talk: they were eager to entertain her.

"I was just as attractive last year, and the year before—and yesterday, for that matter," she mused, watching them over her coffee cup with veiled eyes. "I didn't expect anything, that was all. I was so everlastingly and forever married to Willie. And I am still of course. I don't believe that nonsense—a second marriage! Perfectly silly. And yet strange things do happen. Life isn't all cut and dried and over with. Why, I am young!"

"I know something I won't tell,
Ten little niggers in a well,"

Willie chanted when the three men had gone. "Bee, whatever Madam Hopp told you, I'm darned glad of it."

"You are?" she mocked him.

"Well, something has given you a new pep," he said comfortably. "Let's go over and call on Grandma—shall we?"

She would not call on Grandma or look in on Frances or telephone Adrian, nor would she listen to the rest of Lulu. Her usual rather strained desire to make him happy had vanished in a personal gayety that seemed to take no account of him.

"You go and see them," she said, and retreated to her room with one of the everlasting French books under her arm.

Willie did not want to go without her, and wandered about rather lost until the afternoon paper and some letters gave him an excuse to follow her. He opened her door a cautious inch, in case she were sleeping, then stood still, his jaw dropping in surprise.

Beatrice was far from sleep. She had wound strings of beads about her head, throat and arms, and she sat in her quaint little scanty undergarments, her chin on her finger tips, studying herself absorbedly in a long mirror. Her lips were flagrantly rosy.

Willie's first impulse had been to a schoolboy hoot, but something strange in the picture, something not belonging to him or his life, smote heavily on his spirit. For once he could not be funny. He stole away and waited until that cold drop of his heart had been met by the vigorous, "Aw, piffle!" of his common sense. Then he approached noisily, and heard Bee's hand close on the door knob. She took the letters and paper through the smallest possible crack.

"Come on out pretty soon," Willie called back as he clattered downstairs again.

Bee did not answer. Behind her door she was standing in her forgotten decorations, staring at the newspaper in her hand. A headline stared back at her: "DANCER COMMITS SUICIDE," and in smaller type below, "Beauty Bright, Once Well-Known At The Palace, Turns On The Gas."

Beatrice sank on the chaise longue as though her knees had grown weak. "It doesn't prove anything," she exclaimed, and read the account through. Then the paper fell, and she lifted shocked eyes toward the abode of the all-knowing planets.

"I am very fond of Willie," she told them, "but I can't help being interested!"

An exaggerated moon was coming up out of the sea, the twisted cedars were black gnomes against a silvered tapestry. From the terrace came voices and laughter and drifts of fragrant smoke. Beatrice in a lacy evening dress sat enthroned in a big chair; three men, sharply black and white in the moonlight, were grouped about her. Within the dim living room Willie sat with his back to the open doors and pulled hard at a pipe.

Aunt Myra had gone to dine with Aunt Margaret and Uncle George at the Inn. All the Holdens had been invited, but Bee had refused to go; telephoned that they had an engagement after Willie had said that they were free. Then she had got in those three asses, who were always there underfoot anyway. When he had told her that Grandma Holden would be hurt, she had said, "You go"—said it with an absent-minded kindliness that was worse than quarreling, any day. She was gay from morning till night, but Willie's good face was sagging and his eyes had a bewildered stare.

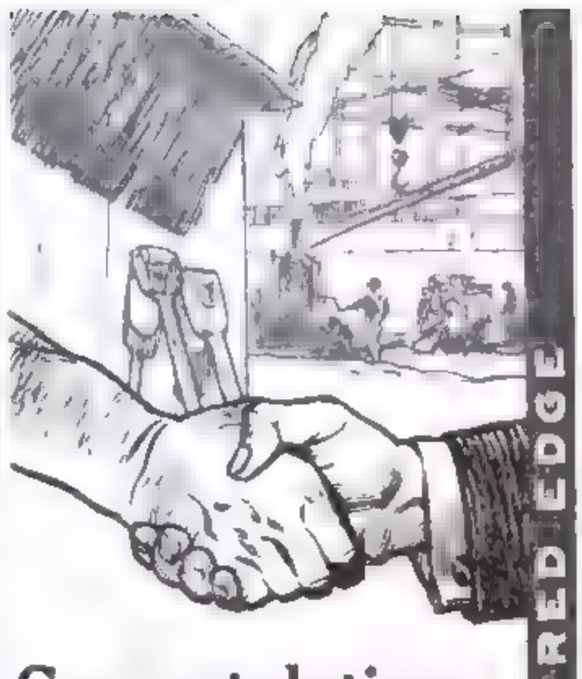
They were leaving their chairs on the terrace, planning something, calling out as two of the men went off. Then Beatrice and Fred stood in the doorway, looking back at the moonlit scene and talking drivel. They knew Willie was there, but a fat lot they cared.

"Do you know how wonderful you are tonight?" Fred was saying in his cool way, like a connoisseur before a work of art.

Bee's voice sang: "Oh, Fred, it is life that is wonderful! The twenties were ignorant and limited, and I suppose the forties will be deadly, but the thirties are glorious!"

Willie started up and snapped on the lights, cutting off the magic night, but giving Beatrice a new brilliance. She had got her jewels down from town and she seemed

(Continued on Page 153)



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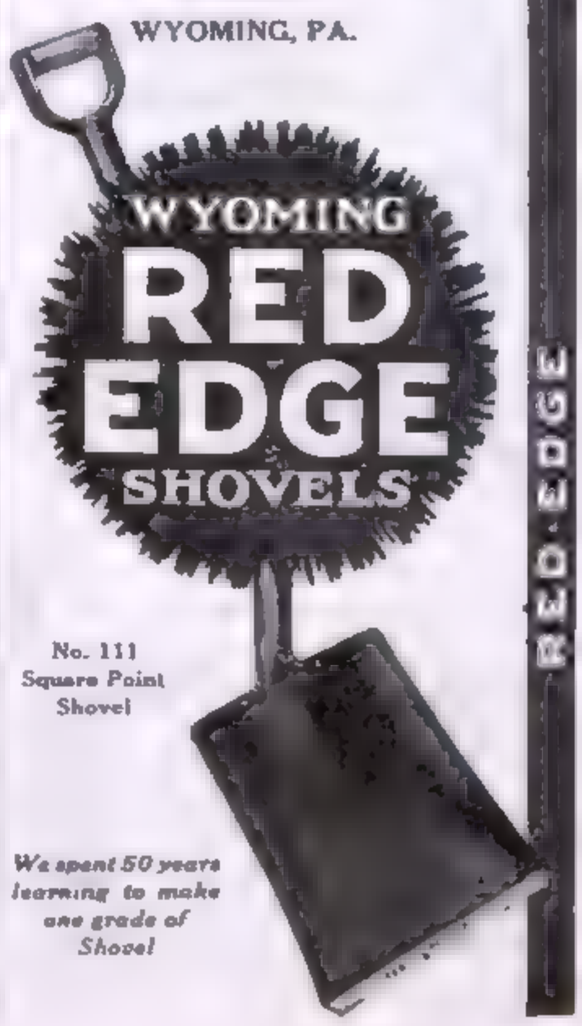

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(Continued from Page 151)

to be wearing most of them at once. Willie shook out the evening paper with a noisy crackle, but he had not even interrupted them.

"We are at the perfect moment of life, you for a woman and I for a man," Fred drooled on as they sank into chairs on the other side of the lamp. "We still have the fire of youth, but we know our way. We can steer adventure; it doesn't run away with us and wreck us."

"What do you think would be the nicest adventure in the whole world?" Bee asked, and, whatever it might be, she sounded darned ready for it. Bee!

Fred's answer was a relief. "To be cast away on a desert island with the beloved," he said. Precious little desert island about Bee. She liked to be comfortable.

"Oh, no. With a perfect stranger who becomes the beloved," Bee said with enthusiasm.

Willie bumped his chair nearer to the light and coughed harshly to remind her of realities, but neither noticed.

"You are quite right," Fred declared. "The slow approach would be the exquisite part. Leaving a clamshell card at her palmetto door."

"Inviting him to toasted breadfruit and coconut milk," Beatrice carried it on.

Willie made a sudden contribution: "Washing your clothes, digging out ticks, fighting off rats!" and heard the romance collapse in a sigh.

"Ah, well, perhaps it would be better to be cast away—with the beloved—in a European hotel," Bee had the nerve to say.

"It is a curious thing about me"—Fred was always pointing out something curious about himself—"though I am essentially a city man, yet I have always a nostalgia for the jungle and for South Sea islands."

Beatrice declared that man was civilized only on the surface, that just an inch down was the primitive creature growling in his cage, and Willie was so exasperated that he had to change a very snarling sound into a cough. Fred accepted it complacently.

"Yes. We submit to clothes and conventions only because lovely ladies demand them," he admitted.

"You could crush us in one hand," Beatrice said dreamily, "and yet you do what we say."

"Because it isn't muscle that rules."

"Then what does rule?"

Willie burst in with a loud effort after jollity: "The hand that rules the cradle rocks the world—tum-ta-ra-ra!"

Silence followed, prolonged itself intolerably—a patient, bored silence. Then Fred rose. "I will get a coat," he said. "It may be cool on the water. *À bientôt, chère madame.*" He kissed her hand and went out by way of the terrace. Beatrice looked at Willie as if she had just realized his presence.

"Willie, Mr. Harrison has gone to get out his launch."

"The Dora H," Willie said with bitter meaning. As she did not seem to get that, he added, "That was his wife's name."

"Oh, yes—his wife." Then she roused herself. "You have been so nice about trying to cheer him, Willie. I'm trying too."

Willie forced a laugh. "So I've noticed."

"Coming here so much is doing him good," she said gravely.

"Seems to do Fred good too."

Fred's name made her smile to herself. "Fred is delightful. *Tout ce qu'il y a de plus charmant.* And yet, I don't know." She came and sat facing him. "Willie, how do you think Fred would be as a husband?"

"Husband!" he exploded.

"Yes."

"Fred'll never marry. He's too selfish to marry." Willie thought she'd better hear the black truth. "You know what? Fred's got a blind grandmother living up in Syracuse, and he hasn't been near her for seven years!"

The charge did not register as he had expected. Her eyes were smiling and she murmured something that sounded like "Dear Fred!"

"He dresses so well," she said aloud. "One could be proud of him on the street. But Fred has always lived with Fanny, and she adores him, thinks everything he does is perfect. Don't you think an adoring sister rather unfits a man for—other relations?"

"Fanny must be nutty," was the heavy answer.

"David Stewart is a darling, but he's young," she mused. "Not more than twenty-seven. Of course Mr. Harrison is more experienced; he has been married before and he knows it's disappointing. You think very well of Dick Harrison, don't you, Willie?"

"I used to!"

"Because I care what you think. You have very good judgment about men," she was going on, when he stopped her with a banging fist on the table.

"Bee! What did that woman say to you?"

She was honestly puzzled. "Woman? What woman?"

"Madam Hopp."

Instantly her eyes were veiled. "Oh, Madam Hopp. You mean ——"

"When she told your fortune."

"She read my horoscope. That isn't fortune telling."

"What did she say?"

"Why, I told you. That I'm refined and sensitive; I like poetry and music. All that sort of thing."

"She said something else," he insisted.

She had an air of trying to remember. "Oh, yes, there was a journey, a long journey by land and by sea. Why?"

"You've been different ever since. You've got new clothes and you wear your jewelry and you never seem to be really listening, if you get me; and these everlasting men about—I'm not the only one who has noticed it, let me tell you. You haven't had the family to a meal in two weeks. Every time I try to have them you've got some objection. Aunt Margaret is getting hurt about it. She said something when I took the fish to grandma."

Beatrice had taken a little mirror from a beaded bag and was studying each eye in turn. "What did she say?" she asked without interest.

He brought it out with angry satisfaction: "That you were so surrounded by gentlemen that you hadn't time for the old people. Remember how we used to play rummy with them two or three times a week last summer?"

"I remember it!" Bee spoke with a delicate emphasis.

"She said she and Uncle George had been looking forward to it all winter. Then Madam Hopp put some bee in your bonnet and just about spoiled our home." He got up to plow about the room. "It's getting on my nerves. I haven't slept for a week."

She laughed at him, slipping away from the issue. "Oh, Willie, you always sleep! A burglar wouldn't have to chloroform you—he couldn't wake you up to save his life."

"That's all you know. I bet I lay awake two solid hours last night. Oh, of course, it's all right"—he came back to stand before her, apologetic for the harsh thing he must say—"but you never have gone in for—for flirtation. And that's why I like this place—there wasn't a fast bunch of married couples swapping husbands. I believe in homes, if you get me."

She was not even listening. Her head was turned toward the open doors before he had heard a sound. Then Stewart was on the path, strumming a ukulele. Willie gave up with a sputting sigh and went out.

Stewart came in singing a Hawaiian love song under his breath. It brought him to a stool at Bee's feet, where he sat looking up at her with mysterious young eyes, asking some plaintive question over and over to the insect music.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

He was a curious fellow, smiling, apparently accessible, yet not much given to words. He had followed Beatrice about like a little dog, wagging a happy response, cocking a gayly adoring eye, but asking nothing for himself except her presence.

"What does any song mean?" he asked, as though that were an answer.

She wanted to be young with him, but she always found herself taking a practical, maternal tone. "Where is your sweater?"

"Oh, was that what I went for?" He was striking chords. "I thought it was this."

"I believe you are in love," she scolded him.

"Of course I'm in love," he said, and stopped there. He really was trying; one had to draw things out of him by main force.

"Aren't you going to tell me about it?"

"Nothing to tell." He held his ear close to the strings while he tightened them. "It is quite hopeless."

"Hopeless?" That at last was interesting. "You mean that there is a barrier? She is tied?"

"There is a barrier. She's tied," he repeated, and sang again his plaintive question. His youth and strength and beauty smote her with a dreadful wistfulness. There was still romance in a world where he was, an outdoor romance that made a French court seem stale and faded.

"I'd like to go to Hawaii," she said on a long breath, and his answer was eager, satisfactory:

"You'd love it, Queen Bee! Will you come?"

After all he was only a few years younger than she. "Would you take me?"

"Would I!" They laughed over it, but her pulse quickened.

"What would your family say?"

"Well, mostly they aren't on speaking terms with me anyway."

"How nice!" Bee's smile was lit and pointed with mischief. "I hate families, especially at breakfast. Have you strong feelings about a family breakfast table?"

"Breakfast table!" He scorned the idea. "We'd go out with our rods and catch a couple of fish, and I'd clean them, and you'd broil them, and we'd put jasmine wreaths about our necks and eat like gods!"

It was a glamorous picture. Normally Bee hated picnics and cooking, but with David it would be an idyl.

"Oh, sweet!" she murmured. "But don't you have to go to work in the morning?"

"No, I don't." He struck sharper chords, frowning. "What is the sense in earning money when you've got money? Men have grubbed in offices for so long that they don't know how to do anything else. That is what the family is always rowing with me about," he added, relaxing to the familiar sunny smile.

Beatrice had her opinion of a man who was about the house all day. "But a man must do something ——"

"Do something!" He laughed at her. "The world is full of the most marvelous things to do. You ought to see my boat."

She saw a white yacht, deck awnings, graceful, lounging men and women, servants with trays and glasses. "Ah, I'd like that!"

"Then it's yours, Queen Bee." His voice was a caress and the tiny chords of his strumming set the night vibrating.

"Are you sure it is hopeless?" she asked, leaning toward him.

"Yes; but one hopes." He laid down the instrument and sat with his chin on his doubled fists. "I've loved her from the first moment I saw her. I can't make a secret of it; it's too big. It's everywhere—like sunshine—all round the earth. It looks hopeless, and yet—yes, I hope. I feel it's fate; it's something written in the stars."

There was a crash out on the terrace. A jar of growing petunias, purple and rose, had been knocked over and broken. Willie, red and apologetic, was picking up the pieces.

"Sorry, Bee. I must have walked into it," he muttered.

"It doesn't matter." She was brimming with kindness. "Let Katy take care of it in the morning. Willie. Do you want to go out in the launch with us?"

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Willie doggedly collected the fragments. "I guess not—tonight."

"We won't be long," she consoled him as the launch tooted below. "David, you must take one of Willie's sweaters." She brought it with her coat. "I can't have you taking cold." There it was again, that abominable maternal note. David submitted obliviously, but she felt that she had spoiled the moment. Even tucking her hand under his arm as they went down the path could not bring back that thrill of exotic romance.

Willie, left alone, hurled the uprooted petunias into the night. "Stars!" he exploded. "Written in the stars! We've had about enough of these stars!"

Charley Whitney, bringing back Aunt Myra from the family gathering, found Willie slumped in a big chair, smoking furiously.

He greeted them with his unfailing hospitality, but his eyes could not echo his voice.

"Hello, people. Glad to see you back, Aunt Myra. We missed you. Well, Charley, how was the party?"

Charley Whitney was a gentle, gossipy little man who had married into the Holdens young and long been submerged by them.

"Fine. We played twenty questions," he said contentedly. "We missed you, Willie. I gave them the last box that held Beatrice's emerald ring—it took some guessing."

"I couldn't very well guess it as no one had told me about the boxes and the ring," Aunt Myra pointed out. "I don't yet know the whole story. It is very tiresome to have to explain things to old people. I was careful not to ask."

"It was just"—Willie was beginning, but she waved away the tale.

"I gathered enough. I never had the family fondness for jokes. Usually they seem to me rather stupid. Where is Beatrice?"

Willie apparently had to think. "Bee? Oh, a party of them went out on the water. They wanted me to come, but I was busy here. I'm not so keen on tootling about in a launch."

"I'd go where my wife went, if I were you," Aunt Myra advised, turning to the door. "There's talk enough already. I must get to bed. I hope Beatrice will think to come in quietly. Last night you both came upstairs like an avalanche—as you have a perfect right to do in your own house of course. Nobody enjoys tiptoeing around because of an invalid. If I weren't such a martyr to insomnia I wouldn't speak of it. Well, good night."

She trailed off upstairs and Charley would have gone, but Willie clung to him. "Stay and have a smoke, Charley. Try these. Aunt Myra has a pretty hard time, doesn't she!"

"Well, Frances thinks ——"

One always knew that Frances thought something disciplinary. "Insomnia's an awful thing," Willie broke in. "I've been having it myself lately, something fierce. Last night I never closed an eye for three solid hours."

"Worried about anything?" Charley asked, careful to look away.

"Oh, no; everything's fine. Bad habit, that's all. But I tell you, lying awake in the dark—it makes you think."

"It certainly does," Charley murmured, cigar suspended, sitting as still as an ear at a keyhole.

"About life and things," Willie sighed profoundly. "I've always been sorry for fellows who died young, but I don't know—it might be a good thing to pop off while you still believe that everything's grand."

"That doesn't sound like you," Charley ventured.

"I haven't felt like myself—I guess it's vacation," Willie's loyalty made him add. "Having a vacation always knocks you out."

"Yes, I know." Charley would not press if Willie wanted to dodge. "Aunt Sophie was saying tonight ——"

Willie sat up. "Aunt Sophie! Is she here?"

"Then you didn't know it!" Charley's line had hooked something, but he took it off with delicacy. "Aunt Myra didn't either. Adrian telephoned, but I suppose Beatrice forgot to speak of it."

"She's been pretty busy," Willie said. "You know how things pile up. I'll chase over to Adrian's and see Aunt Sophie tomorrow."

"I would, Willie. She spoke about you—seemed a little hurt. I told her none of us had seen much of you and Beatrice lately. Grandma thinks Beatrice has changed—perhaps you ought to know that, Willie. I can't see it myself," he added hastily as voices sounded outside.

Beatrice, calling "Good night" and "*À demain*" from the terrace, was answered in three keys. She came in brilliant, laughing.

"The launch stopped, and we had to be towed in," she announced. "Good evening, Charley—oh, going? Well, good night, then. Willie, we did have such an amusing time! I wish you had gone with us."

Willie, after one homesick look at her, had turned away his eyes. "Well, there's no sense in waking up Aunt Myra," he growled.

"Oh, Aunt Myra!" She apparently had forgotten their aunt's existence. "How long is she going to stay? I thought it was only for a night or so, and here it is two weeks already."

"I don't see why she stays at all," was the severe answer. "You certainly don't spend any time on her."

The most marked sign of the change in Bee was that she no longer minded accusation.

She used to be desperately upset by any hint that she had not done her whole duty; now she seemed to have forgotten that there was any such thing as duty. And the worst of it was that this new insouciance, as she would have called it, had a dreadful charm.

It put her out of his reach, and his heart broke to follow.

"I told you she would upset the servants," was all the notice she took of his charge. "This morning she told Katy that her tea tasted as though the pot had been washed in dirty water, and Katy, of course, told Irma, and Irma cried and couldn't be comforted—she has been scrubbing all day. Why does she have to say such things?"

"Maybe it was true."

Once Bee, the perfect housekeeper, would have hit the ceiling at that, but now she only shrugged.

"Possibly. But there are plenty of true things I could say to her, and I don't." She yawned, laughed and turned to go upstairs. "Oh, it was fun," she sighed. There was no reaching her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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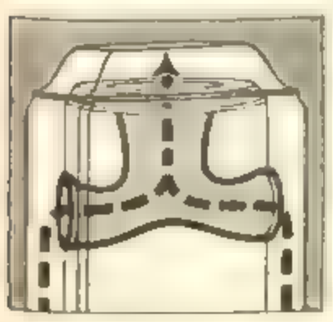

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Your Shoulders Will Thank You!

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Your legs will thank you for the supreme comfort of Pioneer-Brighton Garters. Only Pioneer-Brightons *could* give such perfect support with so little tension on the leg.

Your waist will thank you for the ease and freedom of a Pioneer Wide Belt. Width is as essential to comfort in a belt as in a garter.

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SUSPENDERS

Pioneer English-type suspenders in striking patterns and colors are all the vogue right now—stylish, comfortable and essential to give the right hang to the high waisted trousers that Fashion dictates for 1927.

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315 to 323 *North Twelfth St. Philadelphia, Pa.*

PIONEER

Ask for Pioneer-Brighton at the men's wear counter

PARKSIDE MANSIONS, ON WEST EIGHTY-FIRST STREET

(Continued from Page 17)

boiled easily: greatly stimulated, he became somewhat mad. On a day in April, 1908, he was greatly stimulated. He stood on an uncovered ledge of rock in the excavation on West Eighty-first Street and watched a laborer grub below him. The rock shelved downward at an angle that would have shed snow. It had been level enough, for a few feet from the western boundary of the plot, to play marbles on: and then it had taken this appalling drop. Joe knew rock: he had blown the face to see how the stuff was put together, and had found a genuine bend in the strata. The laborer grubbed and the rock sank.

"Got it there, Tony?" he called in a stifled voice to a rockman who was hammering down an iron bar. "You got it."

The rockman's weighty sledge fell on the head of the bar: the rockman listened to the ring with ears more expert in this field than a professional musician's. "No got, boss," he said. "Is a bowld'."

"A bowlder," said Joe Morgan. He walked along the ledge and climbed to the sidewalk. Royal MacGregor and Mile High were talking; he thrust himself between them. He rolled up a flannel sleeve and lifted to Mile High's nose a fist as big as the head of the rockman's sledge. "For a Chinese dime with a hole in it, you Pittsburgh snowball, I'd ——"

"What seems to be wrongest with you, Mr. Morgan?" whispered Mile High, moving the fist aside for a view of the excavator.

"You told me the rock was right under the cellar floors!"

"No, sir, Mr. Morgan, I didn't," said Mile High, chuckling easily, but keeping his big hands up. "I told you that's how it was on this job next us here. And I told you we had trouble in one corner."

"Do you call that one corner?" shouted Morgan, tugging at the superintendent's bulk to turn it. "The whole side of the lot dives down like a rabbit! Sucked me into taking the job for a measly three thousand dollars, didn't you? I wouldn't take it for twenty-five thousand now. It's days' work now, or I quit. I'm quitting anyhow. . . . Come out of there, boys. That's no cellar it's a blame mine head."

Sweatnam alighted from a car across the street and came waddling over; the inevitable cigar dangled from his mouth. "What's the matter, Morgan?" he mumbled.

"The matter is you got a contract to give out again," barked the excavator, pacing up and down like a caged animal, pausing at each turn to glare at Sweatnam

The latter walked to the edge of the excavation, scanned the contours below him, rolled his cigar in his mouth, and said, "Lying down, Morgan?"

"Now you got it," said the excavator.

"Let the job go on," said Sweatnam, surrendering at once. "See me at the office in the morning."

"But, Mr. Sweatnam," protested Royal MacGregor impulsively, "Morgan is under contract to complete for three thousand dollars."

He regretted his uninvited expression at once, even before Sweatnam turned to him and said, "Are you running this job, MacGregor?"

"No, sir."

"You seem to take a lot on yourself."

"I'm personally responsible, sir. I'm only looking after your interests."

"I just had Mr. Puckhaver on the wire," said Sweatnam, warming. "He was up in the office yesterday, and he says you refused to deliver to him his copy of a contract I made with the Puckhaver Contracting Company for some work on this job."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor more confidently. "There was a mistake in that contract, and I wished you to look it over again. The payments weren't right, Mr. Sweatnam. The contract called for fifty thousand dollars' worth of work, but the payments were such that Mr. Puckhaver would have all his money out of the job long before he finished his work. I knew that was wrong, Mr. Sweatnam, so ——"

"You'll find Puckhaver up at the office now," said Sweatnam, with a dismissing jerk of the thumb. "Go give him that contract. And don't let me find you butting in again."

Royal MacGregor nodded and walked quickly toward the Elevated station: he encountered Mr. Duranque on the Columbus Avenue corner. He caught Duranque's bright blue eye, but the latter looked away without apparent recognition.

Arriving at the office, he gave the copy of contract to the waiting Puckhaver, accompanying the tender with a courteous word of apology that was brusquely rebuffed.

"Why so serious?" asked Miss Agnow when Puckhaver was gone. "You look as if you had the weight of the world on your shoulders."

"Not quite," said Royal MacGregor. "Only a twelve-story apartment house."

He smiled brightly at her. "I've decided to do some butting in," he said. "You're staying late tonight to get out those specifications? I have some work, too, that will detain me after six. Perhaps we can help each other and go faster."

Sweatnam left his employes in the office that evening. The other tenants of the building closed their doors and trooped to the stairs. Silence inclosed the industrious two, and seclusion. The silence was shattered at regular intervals by the roar of passing trains on the Elevated road, and was underlaid rather than fractured by the dread hum of a dental machine on the floor below, where an advertising practitioner of oral surgery was putting people to the torture in full view of the thronged Elevated station.

At seven o'clock Royal MacGregor called up a lunch room and ordered two portions of fried oysters and of French-fried potatoes, a pot of coffee and two cuts of pineapple pie. He had waved aside Miss Muriel Agnow's protest with a lordly gesture, like a man of means to whom seventy cents for dinner and ten more for the service was a mere incident. Because of their isolation, he felt that it was his duty to take care of her.

There was gayety but constraint during the *al-fresco* meal. Miss Muriel Agnow produced a box of chocolates which she had had of a charming chap named John Smith By a coincidence, Royal MacGregor knew a John Smith. They tracked these John Smiths through the past lives of Muriel Agnow and of Royal MacGregor. It turned out, dishearteningly, that the John Smiths weren't one and the same, and all that Muriel Agnow and Royal MacGregor had incidentally told about themselves was just so much gratuitous revelation and labor lost.

Royal MacGregor put his books into the safe and took out the fat manila envelope that was marked Park and Eighty-first Street Company. He took out the contract under which Sweatnam had bought the plot from one Jethro L. Seip, the building-loan agreement with the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company, and the agreements made by Sweatnam thus far with individual contractors. He had before him the financial story of the West Eighty-first Street job.

The purchase price of the plot was two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, of which one hundred and fifty thousand was payable in cash: Seip had gone behind the building loan for the balance of seventy thousand, taking a second mortgage. The first payment on the building loan—the

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If your dealer hasn't it we will send postpaid a quart at $1.40 a pint at 75c, or a half-pint at 40c (Pacific Coast points quart $1.60 pint 90c, half-pint 50c.) Koverflor comes in Clear Cream Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue Dust Linoleum Brown Mahogany, Green Grey Russet. State color, and address our nearest office. Sample Book on request.

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land payment—was one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, so that Sweatnam had been able to give Seip all the cash he was entitled to, and had put fifteen thousand dollars into his own pocket. The arrangement was ideal for Sweatnam, but he wasn't going to be allowed to keep the surplus. The second mortgage was to be reduced during the first year by twenty thousand dollars, payable in four equal installments.

"Sweatnam won't have a dollar in that Eighty-first Street job until it's about finished," said Royal MacGregor aloud.

"Then it's bound to be a success, isn't it?" argued Muriel Agnow, looking up from her specifications. She knew what was troubling her fellow worker.

"For Sweatnam, yes," said Royal MacGregor. "If the job rents up big, he'll make a lot of money on it; if it goes bad—he won't lose. Unless those heavy payments he has to make under the Puckhaver contract serve to commit him deeply enough. Then there's that trouble with the bottom—that may cut either way."

He popped the papers into the envelope, put it back into the safe and offered to help her with her specifications. He read and she wrote, with only occasional lapses into talk.

"It goes so much faster with help," she said, finishing. "If I had been alone it would have taken me until nine o'clock."

"And now it's only"—he consulted his dollar watch. "Hello—I have a quarter after ten."

He saw her home to One Hundred and Seventy-ninth Street and Pinehurst Avenue, as was his duty. He was fond of walking, and he had a bracing stroll then down Broadway and St. Nicholas Avenue to his furnished room.

"I shall have to cultivate that girl a bit," he murmured, swinging along. "She has a good business head and can be useful to me."

III

"ANY lookers?" asked Royal MacGregor of the renting agent in the new Parkside Mansions.

He had picked his way through the main hall into the temporary renting office, bending low under scaffolding, scrambling over débris. It was late September, and the West Eighty-first Street job was in the throes of the rush to complete for the October renting. Joe Morgan had gone to bed rock and put in the footings at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, and had taken paper for most of his money. Steel and brick and cinder concrete had been hurled into juxtaposition; the building had been pulled up out of the hole in sixty days.

"Sightseers," said the agent. "We got only three signed up out of forty-eight, and a couple of applications."

A short and stout lady wearing expensive summer furs came in from under the scaffolding. She fixed the renting agent with a stern eye. "What have you got to rent here, young man?"

"Six and seven rooms with two and three baths, madam. The sixes ——"

"I couldn't get my furniture in a six," she interrupted. "Where is your sevens?"

"On the front. We only have three sevens left out of twenty-two, madam—a second floor, an eighth floor, and one on the twelfth. You can see by the signs on the windows outside that the rest are all rented."

"I got to have the third floor east," she said decidedly.

"Well, it's just possible I could persuade the tenant to take one of the others. I don't promise, but will you look at it now?"

"That's me," said the lady, "but my husband he likes to be up high, but not on the top floor with people walking on the roof. He likes best to have the eleventh floor. Did you say the eleventh floor is full up?"

"It is, madam, but I think there's just a possibility ——"

"Say, young man," said the lady, going to him and poking him, "do I look so dumb? I was only fishing you out. You got nothing rented, that's what you got. Well, what do you want for this eleventh-floor seven, and I will look at it?"

"Twenty-two hundred on a three-year lease."

"That's what you want. Now, what will you take?"

"That's the rent, madam. However, if you wish to make an application for twenty-one hundred with security, I'll submit it."

"I will make an application for fourteen hundred, which is enough and plenty. I also want an allowance for decorations, because I don't want no cheap decorations, like everybody got. You will find us very high-class tenants in the extreme, and we got our own decorator that we pay him thousands of dollars."

"Impossible, madam."

"All right," she said tranquilly, throwing up her beringed hands and walking out. "We don't have to move now. We got a perfectly magnificent home down in Woodmere, with servants, with a automobile, and the grounds all done up in landscape. I'll come around to see you after the first of October, young man, and maybe you would talk business."

"That's the best bite I've had all day," said the agent, lighting a cigarette.

Royal MacGregor walked through the building, going at last to the cellar. He saw a flash light shining in the narrow alcove into which inexpert planning had tucked the elevator machinery. The light went out and a man came crawling over the machinery.

"Hello, Mr. Duranque," said Royal MacGregor.

"What's that? Oh, hello, MacGregor. I was looking for you."

"Looking closely too," said Royal MacGregor. "I'd have had some squeeze to get back in there."

"About that money you owe me, my boy. Perhaps it would be more convenient for you to pay me weekly, pay me mine just as you get yours. I thought I would come around and suggest that."

"I wish I had your easy mind, if that's all you have to think about, Mr. Duranque," said Royal MacGregor, leaving him. "Good day to you, Mr. Duranque."

He returned to the sidewalk and saw Mrs. Lance in her areaway. "Did they take good care of your house, Mrs. Lance?" he asked casually.

"They broke a light of glass in the skylight," she said. "You are Mr. MacGregor, aren't you? Mr. MacGregor, I was thinking; who pays for that broken light if I sold the house?"

"Have you sold your house?"

"Oh, I waan't to say. But what difference does it make to you? Yes, I sold the house to the Quahasset Realty Company; but it's a secret, remember."

"I hope you got a good price."

"No, I didn't. They scared me into selling. They said Mrs. Haberman next door here sold her house to a builder, and they would put up a big building there, and I would be pinched in between that building and yours. You know how they frighten a woman, the villains! Well, I got more than I paid, but not what I ought to get; though it's a little hard to get a good price for houses along here, on account of them all having to set back from the street."

When Royal MacGregor returned to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street office, Miss Muriel Agnow shot out a slim hand and caught his thick fingers. "He's on the warpath, Roy," she breathed.

"Come in here, MacGregor!"

Sweatnam was apparently in some disorder of mind. He pushed things around on his desk, picked up a telephone directory and banged it down, snatched out his cigar and leveled it at his employe. "MacGregor, keep on your hat. You're fired!"

"May I ask the reason, sir?" Royal MacGregor's lips tightened.

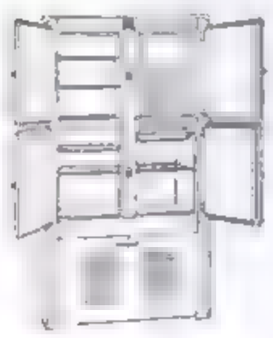
"I'll tell you," said his employer vindictively. "It's for knowing too much, and

(Continued on Page 161)

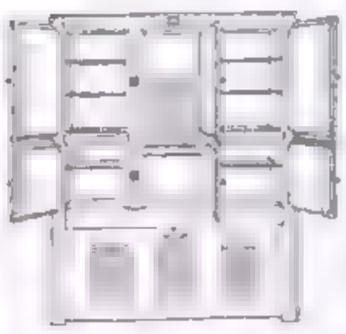
COPELAND C-5
Exterior, White Pyroxylin on steel; food capacity 5.7 cu. ft.; ice cube capacity, 90 cubes. Interior, white enamel.

COPELAND CS 7-10
Exterior, white vitreous porcelain on steel—food storage, 7.28 cu. ft.; ice cube capacity, 105 at one freezing. Interior, one-piece vitreous porcelain with rounded corners.

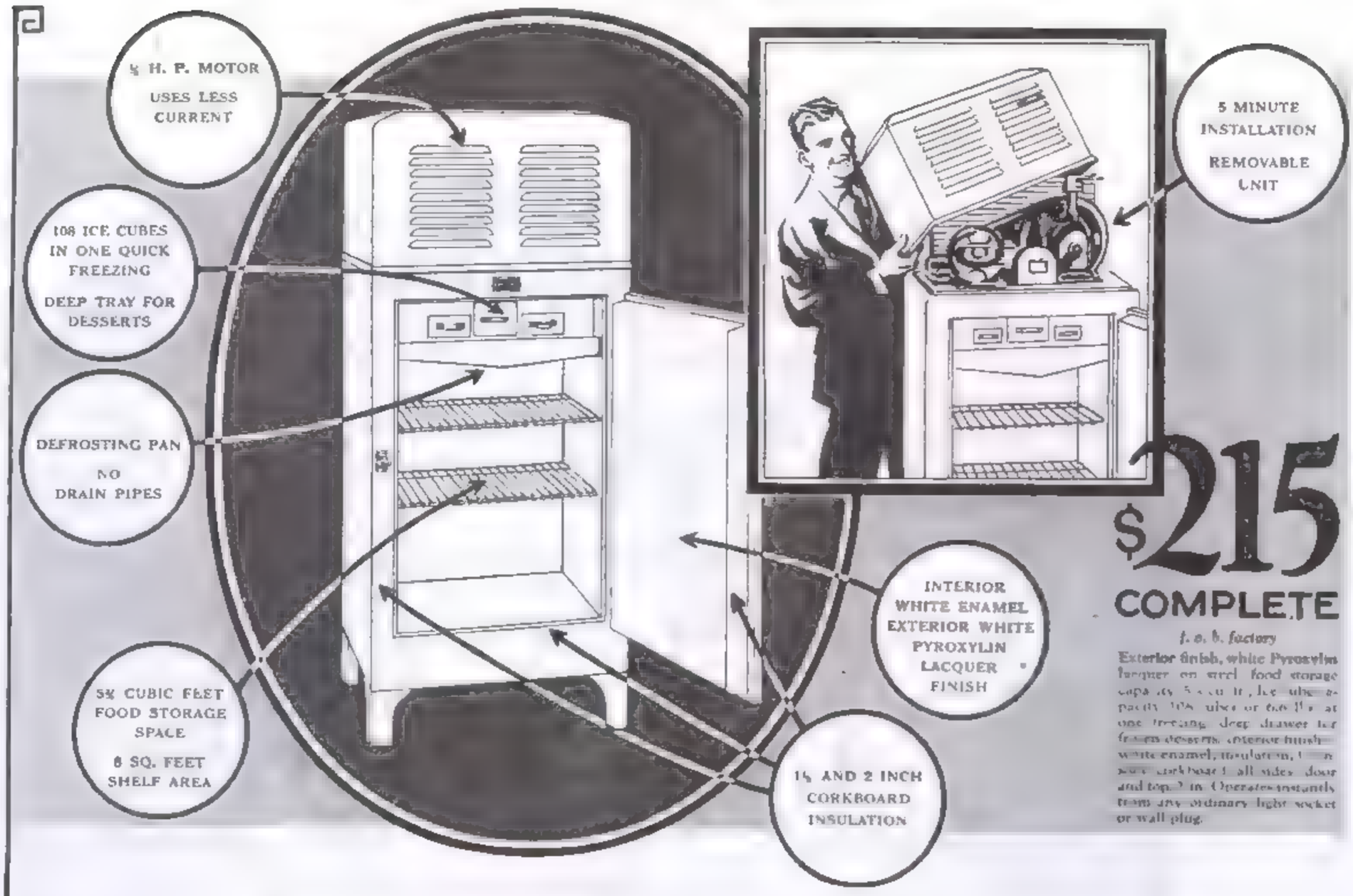
COPELAND CS 9-12
Exterior, white vitreous porcelain on steel—interior, one-piece vitreous porcelain with rounded corners. Food storage 8.92 cu. ft. Ice cube capacity, 189 at one freezing.



COPELAND CS 13-17
Exterior, white vitreous porcelain; food storage 12.96 cu. ft.; 243 ice cubes at one freezing; interior, one-piece vitreous porcelain, with rounded corners.



COPELAND CS 16-22
Exterior, white vitreous porcelain on steel—interior, one-piece vitreous porcelain with rounded corners. Food storage, 16.69 cu. ft., 243 cubes at one freezing.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Exterior finish, white Pyroxylin lacquer on steel food storage capacity 5 cu. ft., Ice cube capacity 108 cubes or 6½ lbs. at one freezing, deep drawer for frozen desserts, interior finish white enamel, insulation, 1¾ inch cork board all sides, door and top 2 in. Operates instantly from any ordinary light socket or wall plug.

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Go to the nearest Copeland dealer and ask him to show you the Copeland Model "215". Have him explain the amazing superiorities which make it the greatest value in electric refrigeration.

Let him tell you the advantages of its better, thicker corkboard insulation—its stronger construction—its electrically welded corners—in the box which is the finest the market affords.

See its remarkable food storage capacity (5¾ cubic feet) and large shelf area (8 square feet). Examine its exterior finish of gleaming white pyroxylin lacquer—lustrous, durable, easily cleaned.

You will learn that the Copeland "215" freezes faster—that it makes 108 ice cubes at one freezing—that its operation is practically noiseless—that its economical one-sixth horse power motor uses less current than one 120-watt electric lamp. Its deep drawer for frozen desserts is furnished *without extra cost.*

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SEP 1

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DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • 0•5500 EAST GRAND BLVD. • DETROIT, MICH. • FACTORIES IN DETROIT, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., AND TORONTO, CAN.

(Continued from Page 158)

then knowing nothing when there's need. You're a butt-in and a busybody, always putting in your oar where there's no water; but where are you when it's time for you to take an interest?

"There's a letter that just came, from somebody calling himself the Quahasset Realty Company, demanding the payment of the principal of that seventy-thousand-dollar mortgage on the Eighty-first Street job."

"The Quahasset Realty Company?"

"Yes, and never mind looking wise. It was in the paper a month ago that the second mortgage had been assigned to the Quahasset Realty Company. The point is, what were you doing that you let these people snap a foreclosure on us? Couldn't you have reminded me there was an installment of five thousand dollars due last week? Now the apple cart's upset. They want their seventy thousand dollars. Well, they're not going to get it from me. It's the end of the Eighty-first Street job, but it's the end of you first. Get to blue blazes out of this office!"

"Very well, but first I'll show you that I do know a little something," said Royal MacGregor hardily. "Here's once that I know more than you, and evidently more than this Quahasset Realty Company that is so eager to snatch the house away from you; it's clear that neither one of you consulted a lawyer. I understand that the interest is not overdue, but only that five-thousand-dollar installment. Pay him the installment now, or any time before judgment, and he can't foreclose. Take that from a busybody and a butt-in."

"How's that—I can pay him the money now? Say, my boy, if that's the case, I want to say. . . . Miss Agnow, try to get my lawyer again! You wait there, MacGregor."

Sweatnam had a talk with his attorney. He came out full of confidence, and dictated an abusive letter to the Quahasset Realty Company, telling them that they would get their installment when he got his next payment on the building loan, and that they could lump that if they didn't like it. He took the typewritten sheet, read it with much satisfaction, signed his name boldly, and then tore the completed work across and dropped it into the wastebasket.

He said, "Write them, Miss Agnow, along those lines, but say it nicely. Rub them the right way. And that reminds me—get me up a deed to that Broadway property, will you?"

"What kind of a deed?"

"Make it a bargain and sale, I guess. Leave the grantee's name blank."

Royal MacGregor passed behind the stenographer some minutes later. "Has he a deal on to sell the Broadway job, Muriel?"

"I haven't heard of any," she said.

"Make the grantee in that deed John Jones of Woonsocket, Rhode Island!" called Sweatnam from his room.

"Yes, sir. How do you spell Woonsocket?"

"Can't you spell it? Then make it Providence."

The deed was made out, signed and sealed, and handed to Royal MacGregor. "Take that down to the register's office and put it on record."

On the way downtown in the Subway, Royal MacGregor read the deed over and pondered it. He said to himself that he would not like to be hanging until a process server should succeed in finding this particular John Jones. He recorded the deed, but did not start northward again immediately. He went over to Broadway, and to the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company. In the law department of that great institution, to which Royal MacGregor had steered considerable business while connected with the ill-fated National-Wide Realties, he found a business acquaintance in an examiner named Wolf.

Jake Wolf was sitting, bent over a desk, examining a title with both hands. He was buried to his ears in abstracts. "Hello, Roy," he said, jerking his black head and sparing only a fleeting glance from his friendly blue eyes. His hooked nose went down again into the abstract and the pages flew under the prodding of the rubber on his pencil. "They're waiting for this one downstairs now," he said. "Sit there."

He scrawled his name on the abstract, shot it into a box, snapped an elastic about it, and tossed it to a waiting office boy. "What's the good word, Roy? Getting rich? Say, you're down in Wall Street, and you must get lots of good tips. Tell me something in a confidential whisper."

"I'm out of there long ago, Jake. I'm connected with the building game now. The firm I'm with is putting up a big house on West Eighty-first Street. Look and see if we had that title examined here, Jake, like a good fellow."

Jake Wolf wrote the address on a slip, called one of the hovering boys, and told him to bring the abstract and small box. When the papers came he looked at them and said, "This is a mortgage application from the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company. We haven't been on it for anybody else. But since the papers are here, what do you want to know?"

"There's a setback agreement there, isn't there?"

"Yes. Affecting this property and the hundred and sixty feet on the east. I'll read it to you."

He ran through the bundle of papers and envelopes again, and said, "The abstract containing the setback agreement is with title 247,000, according to this note. I'll get it. No, it's no trouble—until you ask me too much. I want to oblige you, but, Roy, when you go back, tell your boss that this company has information for sale."

"Here we are," he said, taking the desired abstract. "The title covers the hundred and sixty feet to the east, the balance of the property affected by that setback agreement."

He read the agreement aloud. It was an old agreement—a relic of New York's rustic past. It provided that all buildings erected on the specified premises should be set back twelve feet from the building line.

"Is that 247,000 a recent number?" asked Royal MacGregor. "Have you examined the title to those private houses on the east just lately?"

Jake Wolf reflected conscientiously, and said, "Yes."

"For whom?"

The examiner got up, shook Royal MacGregor's hand heartily, and said, "Come in again. I got to put you out. Here comes a reader with a rush title. Good-by, good luck!"

He dived back into his work. Royal MacGregor started for One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

IV

THE office telephone rang; Royal MacGregor answered it. "Mr. Sweatnam isn't here," he said to the transmitter. "Who is calling?"

"This is Mr. Tausch's office—the supervising architect for the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company. Mr. Sweatnam has asked us to certify him for a payment on that West Eighty-first Street job. Tell him we'll certify him for one thousand dollars, and no more. That's the absolute limit, and he's really not up to a payment at all."

Royal MacGregor made a note, and returned to his verbal sparring with a contractor named Westlake. This man had done several thousand dollars' worth of work on the Eighty-first Street job, having taken a subcontract from the Puckhaver Contracting Company.

"We can't do anything for you, Mr. Westlake," said Royal MacGregor. "We have no contract with you. We gave the contract for that work to Puckhaver, and he sublet it to you, and you must look to him for your money."

"I want my money," declared Westlake angrily. "If I don't get it I'll put a mechanic's lien on the job."

"That won't get you anything," said Royal MacGregor courteously. "We'll

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Cooking Problems Simplified
New Equipment Perfected for Gasoline Stoves

Every housewife who now uses, or who is thinking of purchasing, a gasoline stove rightly demands these three qualifications—a flame varying from low to intense heat, perfect control of that flame, and a lighting system which guarantees quick and sure response.

A new, perfected equipment found today in many different, reliable makes of gasoline stoves satisfies these justifiable demands and greatly simplifies cooking problems.

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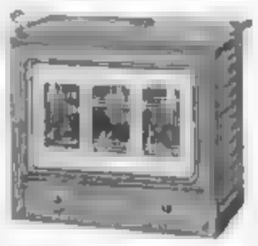

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only bond your lien, and have it canceled at leisure. I'm very sorry, Mr. Westlake."

"It's mighty queer," said the contractor, "that that work wasn't let through this office directly, instead of giving it to Puckhaver to sublet. I can see that now. Does this office owe Puckhaver any money? I did a good job down there on Eighty-first Street, and this office ought to protect me."

"I rather think, Mr. Westlake, that Puckhaver is paid up to his contract—overpaid, if anything."

"Then he's the only man on the job that got his money," put in Shapinsky, the painting contractor. "What about me? I got three thousand dollars coming to me."

"Don't cry," advised Birnholz, the electrical contractor. "I got one of them Puckhaver contracts too. The sucker told me he wasn't getting his money from Sweatnam yet. Say, when I find that crook there is going to be a terrible accident. What is this I hear about Sweatnam going bad up on Broadway?"

"You'll have to see Mr. Sweatnam, gentlemen," said Royal MacGregor. He passed behind Miss Agnow, glanced over her shoulder and asked, "What's the deed for?"

"Transferring the West Eighty-first Street job," she said, typewriting.

Royal MacGregor's lips rounded into a whistle. "John Jones of Providence is taking over another house, eh?"

"Oh, no. I don't know who's the buyer here. Aren't these contractors horrid! They would talk very differently, I dare say, if they knew Mr. Sweatnam was making such quick sales."

The disgruntled group were still waiting an hour later when Mr. Sweatnam walked in. He looked them severally in the eye, and said, "No money today for anybody. Not a red cent."

"Wh-a-at!"

"Tomorrow," he amended, having had his little joke. "I've just arranged for a big payment on the building loan, and I'll take care of all of you tomorrow. Bring an order from the Puckhaver Contracting Company, Westlake—you, too, Birnholz. Now clear out."

They went away happy with hope. Sweatnam called MacGregor into the private room and shut the door.

"MacGregor," he said, putting a hand on the younger man's shoulder, "I'm going away for a day or two and leaving things in your charge. I've got a big deal on the fire up in Buffalo, and I can swing it with a few thousand in real cash. Real cash, MacGregor! There's nothing like shaking the old yellowbacks under their noses."

Royal MacGregor said, "I'm sure," and wondered where the yellowbacks were coming from.

"Here's the architect's certificate for ten thousand dollars." And—astonishing to Royal MacGregor—Sweatnam handed him a slip in due form, signed by Frederick Tausch, and calling for the stated sum. "Take that down to Miskhin's on Forty-second Street, get the check, have it certified, deposit it for me, and then cash this check for ninety-eight hundred dollars."

His telephone sounded. Miss Agnow was calling. "A gentleman calling, from the Quahasset Realty Company."

"Tell him I'm not in," said Sweatnam hastily. "No, wait—tell him—tell him to come back at half-past three this afternoon. Can't see him now—won't!" He hung up.

"Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor, with an effect of speaking under inner compulsion. "Do you know what the gentleman probably wants?"

"Sure," smiled Sweatnam saturninely. "He wants his money."

Royal MacGregor dropped his eyes to the architect's certificate in his hands and held his peace.

"Understand, do you?" Sweatnam resumed. "Get Miskhin's check on this certificate, deposit it—you've indorsed checks for me before for deposit, and they know you at the bank from drawing pay rolls—and then draw out ninety-eight hundred dollars in cash on this check. Get it in hundred-dollar bills. That shows how much I think of you, my boy. I'm leaving everything in your hands."

"You're going away, Mr. Sweatnam?" said Royal MacGregor casually. "The contractors will be in here tomorrow morning."

"Salve them," said Sweatnam cheerily. "I leave that to you too. Promise them! Hurry along now so as to get to the bank before it closes."

He had a cautious look into the outer office, and then threw the door open to let his messenger go. "That deed is ready now, Mr. Sweatnam," said Miss Agnow.

"Never mind it," said Sweatnam.

Royal MacGregor went to the office of the Miskhin Bond and Mortgage Company, presented the certificate, and received a check for ten thousand dollars to the order of the Park and Eighty-first Street Company. He had this check certified, deposited it in Sweatnam's bank, and drew the cash.

When he returned to the office Sweatnam was not there. Royal MacGregor answered the telephone after a few minutes; Sweatnam was on the wire. "Hello, MacGregor; did you get that payment?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you banked it and drew the cash? You have the cash there now? Good. Anybody in the office? I'll be right over."

Sweatnam came in almost at once. He took the sheaf of bank notes, counted it hastily, and said, "Fine. Well, I'm off for Buffalo, MacGregor. I leave everything to you."

"Let me have a receipt for that money, Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor.

"If you wish," said Sweatnam, giving him a quick glance. He sat down again and dashed off a receipt, and started again for the door. Royal MacGregor stepped into his path.

"I want a talk with you, Mr. Sweatnam," he said in a low and determined tone.

"What do you mean?" demanded his employer, bristling. "I have no time to talk to you. Step aside!"

"Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor, still quietly, "if you try to leave this room, I'll detain you by physical force while Miss Agnow calls up a few of the contractors on that West Eighty-first Street job. And then, unless I'm much mistaken, you'll be held here by a civil order of arrest. You're removing your property with a design to beat your debts, Mr. Sweatnam; I don't accuse you of anything worse. If you want to go to Buffalo today, take your time."

"Well, what do you want?" grumbled Sweatnam, throwing himself into his chair. "Come on; I'll call your bluff."

"I'm sorry to have to make common cause with your creditors, Mr. Sweatnam, but you put me in the same boat with them when you compelled me to sign that personal bond.

"Some time ago, Mr. Sweatnam, you signed a contract with Puckhaver for work on the Eighty-first Street job. Puckhaver sublet all the work, doing none of it himself. You paid him, and he didn't pay his subcontractors, and they couldn't come back on you. I do not say that there was any crooked deal between you and Puckhaver.

"Last week you transferred your Broadway job to one John Jones of Providence; since then a foreclosure on that property has been begun. I do not know that John Jones is not a bona-fide buyer or that you made the transfer merely to delay the foreclosure and gain time. This morning I find Miss Agnow making out a deed to the Eighty-first Street property. Have you a buyer?"

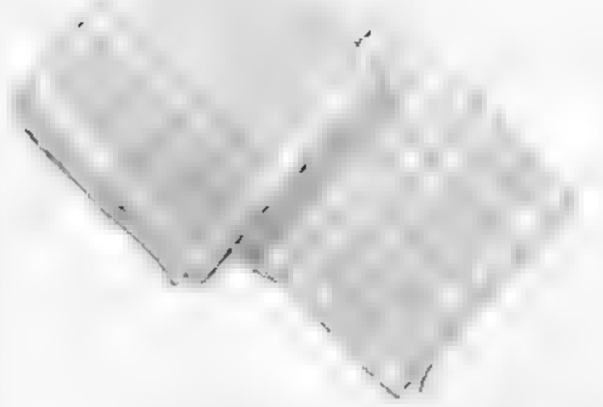
"I'm not obliged to answer your questions, MacGregor," snapped Sweatnam.

"I take it that you have no buyer in sight; then I'll name one for you. Tomorrow morning the contractors are coming in here. If they don't get their money, they'll

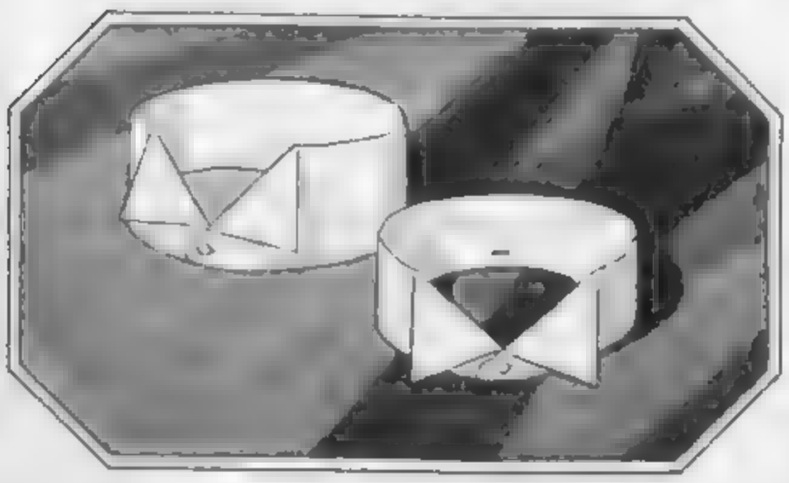
(Continued on Page 165)

E. C. McClintock was president of Palaeopitus and a member of Casque & Gauntlet and Phi Beta Kappa, and manager of the Dartmouth Track Team.

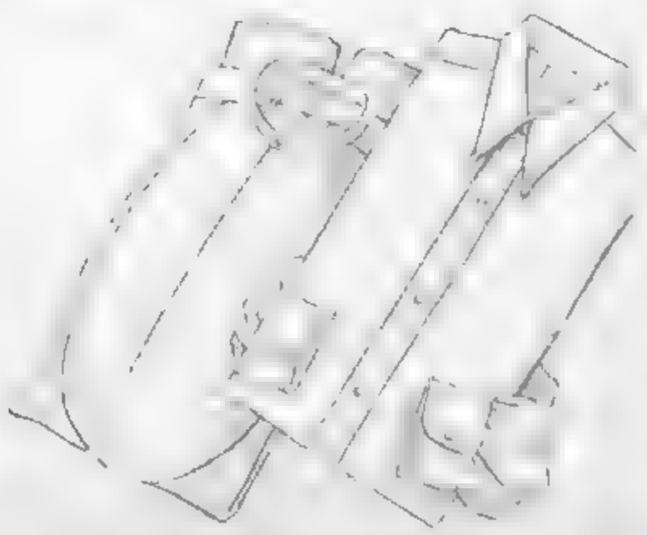
Defining Good Taste at Dartmouth



For daytime or evening, Ide handkerchiefs, many in tasteful self-patterns, lend a touch of masculine smartness. They are made of fine imported linen, sheer in texture but remarkably long-wearing



In choosing wing collars, this Dartmouth graduate endorses the nice distinction between the Idetux for dinner clothes and the Idebrent with broader wing for strictly formal dress



A fine white broadcloth shirt is Ide's Etonstreet 8. The extra long points of its soft attached collar won approval at Dartmouth. For evening wear, the Monocourt 2 was especially commended

"A MAN who dresses in good taste can be relied upon to show good taste in most other things," says E. C. McClintock, Dartmouth '26, chosen by his class as the man "most likely to succeed" in life. Men everywhere today recognize that good dress has an important bearing on one's chances of success. Mr. McClintock points the way.

"To my mind, good taste is largely a matter of avoiding extremes. Nowhere is this more evident than in the choice of one's clothes.

"Colored shirts are correct dress when carefully chosen. The soft shirt, such as the Ide 'Etonstreet' in white broadcloth, seems to have universal approval. Well-dressed college men favor the starched collar for smartness and style."

Among the Ide styles pictured on this page are typical examples of the wide variety of fine Ide shirts from which Mr. McClintock indicates his own preference for the Etonstreet in which he is photographed.

Styles in Ide shirts, Ide collars and Ide handkerchiefs selected by men in ten of the leading colleges and universities as typifying good taste are illustrated and described in a new booklet which we will gladly send you on request. Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

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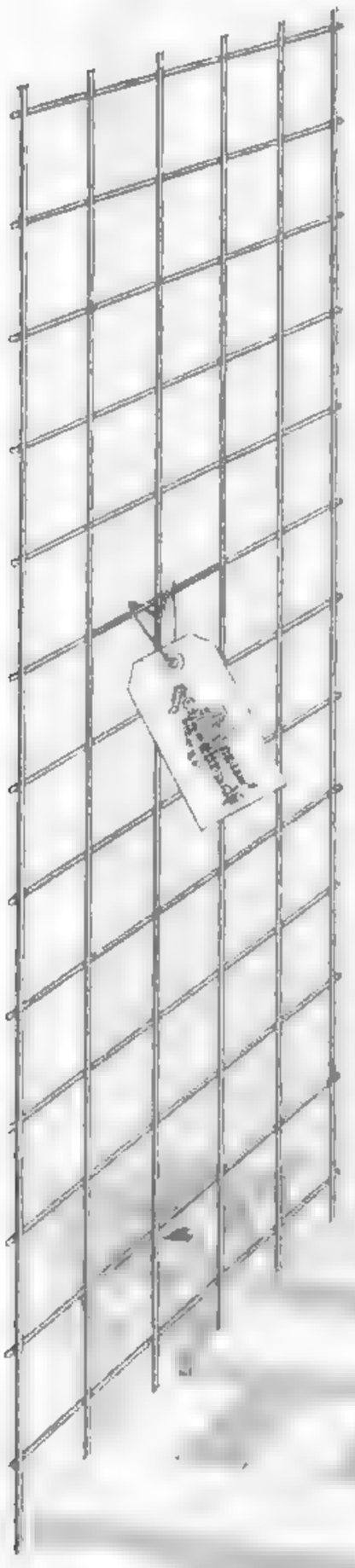

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(Continued from Page 162)

quit and lien the job. The building-loan people will foreclose. And who will be saddled with an enormous deficiency judgment? Not you; you don't give personal bonds. I'll be the unfortunate. And while you own the property, I can do nothing to save myself. You realize that the Miskhin Company will not wish to foreclose. You know that the contractors would be willing to make any arrangement to conserve the value of the property for their benefit. But no arrangement is possible while you own the property; a foreclosure must be gone through with to wipe you out.

"Mr. Sweatnam, you haven't a dollar in that job; you've even taken considerable money out of it. I want you to transfer this property to me, subject to all the indebtedness, and let me try to keep from having this millstone of debt on my neck for the rest of my life. I'm not asking this as a kindness, although it costs you nothing. I'm demanding it. Take that deed out there, fill in my name, and execute it, or you don't leave town with that money. I bargain with you so far because I do not know that you have done anything worse than welshing; if you're involved criminally, I shall do nothing to help you."

"Miss Agnow," called Sweatnam, turning aside to avoid the boring of the deep-set gray eyes above him, "bring that deed that you made out."

Sweatnam bent over the deed, wrote in the blank that had been left for the name of the grantee, "Royal MacGregor, of —— West One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, New York City," impressed it with the seal of the Park and Eighty-first Street Company and signed it as president. Royal MacGregor accompanied him down to the street and to the office of an undertaker who was a notary and who took the acknowledgment.

"And much good it will do you, MacGregor," said Sweatnam, going to his waiting car.

"Mr. Sweatnam," said Royal MacGregor, catching his arm, "let me speak the valedictory. If you have a notion that this deed lacks consideration, forget it. You owe me a week's salary, and that will support it. But the thought I wish to leave with you is that I am going to make a lot of money on this property, and that I never would have taken the deed from you, never would have turned to my own use information that I got in your employ, if you yourself had not released me from my duty of loyalty by trying to trick me, by trying to leave me encumbered with a load of your debts. Good day, Mr. Sweatnam." He walked upstairs to the office.

"Tausch's office has been calling up like mad," said Miss Agnow.

"Let me have them," said Royal MacGregor, going into the private room and taking up the telephone.

"Mr. Tausch?" he called. "This is MacGregor. You have been calling here, I'm told."

"Is this Mr. MacGregor of Alonzo Sweatnam's office? You're the bookkeeper, aren't you? Then I want an explanation from you, and I want it quick. Didn't I tell you over the wire today that I would not certify a payment of more than one thousand dollars on your building loan?"

"You did."

"I've just been talking to the Miskhin office, and they tell me that you presented a certificate from me for ten thousand dollars. That isn't the certificate I gave Sweatnam when he was in here an hour or two ago—I gave him a certificate for only one thousand, just as I told you. It must have been raised! MacGregor, this looks criminal. Somebody's going to sweat."

"I presented the certificate that Mr. Sweatnam gave me, Mr. Tausch. It didn't look right to me, but it wasn't for me to question it."

"Where's Sweatnam?"

"He left here, saying he was going to Buffalo."

"Did he draw out any money—if you know?"

"Oh, yes. He drew ninety-eight hundred dollars from that payment as soon as I deposited it."

"Is this true? Why, then, he—it looks as though he were running off with the money!"

"Mr. Tausch, I think you'd better speak to Mr. Miskhin, and suggest that he put the matter in the hands of the police."

"I suppose we'd better do that."

"Tell Mr. Miskhin that I had the cashier of the bank mark the money, on a chance that all was not quite as it should be. I'll be very glad to see the police if he sends them up here. If he thinks I've been of service to him, tell him that I'll be down to see him before five o'clock today, and to take no precipitate action about protecting his mortgage until he sees me."

"A Mr. Duranque calling," announced Miss Agnow, coming to the doorway.

"Of the Quahasset Realty Company," supplemented Royal MacGregor, rising. "Come in, Mr. Duranque."

"Diligent, as always," said Duranque, entering and shooting a look about before giving Royal MacGregor a quick, firm handshake. "Diligent, able and honest. I predict a future for you, my boy. Where is your employer?"

"I have no employer," said Royal MacGregor, seating himself comfortably in Sweatnam's chair.

"You've left Mr. Sweatnam?"

"No, he left me. This is my office now, until the landlord comes for his rent anyway."

"Heh! Quite a humorous turn, MacGregor. I must have a good talk with you some day."

"Let's have it now. Let's talk about the new Parkside Mansions down on West Eighty-first Street. How would you like to buy that house, Mr. Duranque?"

"What's that?" Mr. Duranque opened his clean-shaven and shriveled mouth and blinked his bright blue eyes, as if presented with a novel idea.

"Mr. Duranque," said Royal MacGregor, "a man of your means should hire more help, and not try to do everything for himself. You're here now, coming to see Sweatnam directly, because you want to save some poor broker's commission. I dare say you bought the second mortgage from Seip without paying a broker. And when you thought you saw a chance to snap a foreclosure on Sweatnam and grab his house away from him, you didn't even fee a lawyer for his advice. You're altogether too cheap, Mr. Duranque."

"Well, my boy," said Duranque mildly, hunching his shoulders and spreading his hands, "I don't go with throwing money away. You like to joke and let on, but you know I got no money to spare. I just got to watch out for every cent."

"Look at that," said Royal MacGregor, handing him the deed.

Mr. Duranque carefully affixed iron-rimmed spectacles, looked at the deed, looked over his spectacles at Royal MacGregor, coughed, and read the document through.

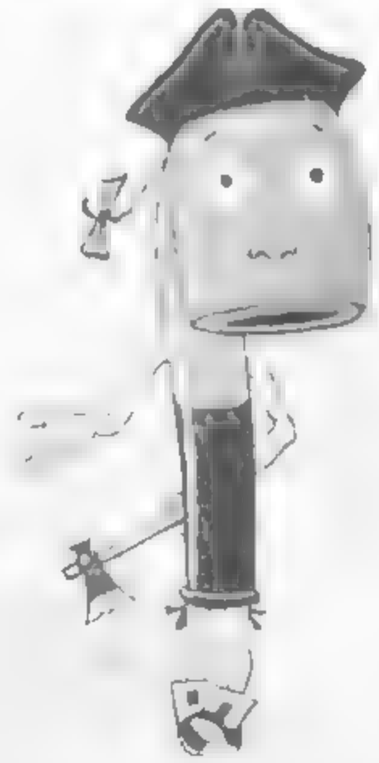
"Bought the house yourself, did you?" he said calmly. "I always thought you had money, MacGregor; though I guess you picked it up for next to nothing."

He put a hand on his breast and scratched the back of it gently while he stared at the deed on the desk. "Trying to sell it, I suppose. Oh, you're smart as paint. Grab them and let go quick, my boy—you're right. A quick turn and a short profit, sell and repeat. That's the way all the big dealers get rich. What was you thinking of asking for that house, MacGregor?"

"I think I'll keep it, Mr. Duranque. I have to get too much for it. The mortgages are five hundred and seventy thousand, and another twenty to thirty thousand to complete and clean up the paper. Still, a snap offer of seven hundred and twenty thousand ——"

"You'll keep it, MacGregor," said Duranque, springing up. He plucked his hat from the desk and went through the

"I cannot tell a lie!"



If you want the honest truth about a pipe tobacco you can get it from your pipe... For luckily, all our pipes had their ears *talked off* so long ago, that their judgment isn't bamboozled by any tobacco-bunkum... Your pipe gives you the "inside facts"—how a tobacco smokes, how it tastes!

In truth, you can't get an accurate idea of grand old Granger Rough Cut *except* from your pipe. Words can't do justice to the spicy richness of its ripe old Burley... Then, mellowed Wellman's way it is MILD beyond description... and no figure of speech can properly describe how COOL and SWEET Granger's *rough cut* flakes smoke...

But, why put it in *words*... put it in your pipe and it speaks for itself! Your first pipeful gives you the whole "inside story"... The "*outside story*" is this: Granger's pocket package is a common-sense foil-pouch (no costly tins), and so, it sells at a price never equalled on tobacco of such quality... Not on *this* planet, anyway!

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The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package, sealed in "air-tight" glassine, is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

I Am a Man Who Cares
I haven't much time to shop for shoes. Yet I must have style and comfort. I've learned that I get a full measure of both when buying footwear, by asking for The FLORSHEIM Shoe
FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The ARDMORE
Most Styles $10
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Well, my dear, I don't see how we can get a new set of tires into our budget unless we give up eating
You have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage if you'll use Michelin Tires. If you include them in your budget you'd have a fair chance of eating too ★
MICHELIN TIRES
SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

doorway. Royal MacGregor watched him going through the outer office, opening the outer door and shutting it behind him. He said nothing, but Duranque opened the door again and came back, saying "What's that?

"MacGregor," said Duranque, returning, "it's just hardly possible I might give you ten thousand dollars over the mortgage for that house, if you took it right now while I was in the mind for it. I don't like the house, don't like the site; but I have put some time in on it, and I don't want to lose my time. A poor man like me got no right to try and buy a fine house like that."

"You're not trying to buy it; you're trying to steal it. What's the matter with the site? It has a park in front of it. And it has good light on the east. There's a setback on the east, you know."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, there's a hundred and sixty feet of private houses there subject to a twelve-foot setback. They're owned by the Quahasset Realty Company, if that's news. It hasn't been published yet."

Mr. Duranque dropped his hat and picked it up slowly.

"With that setback agreement canceled," said Royal MacGregor, "that hundred and sixty feet would certainly be worth five hundred dollars a foot more—eighty thousand dollars more. Any real-estate broker familiar with values in there will indorse that. But that agreement will not be canceled, except with the consent of the owner of the Parkside Mansions. The lot on which the Parkside Mansions stands is the rest of the plot on which that setback was imposed. As you own the adjoining plot, the Parkside Mansions is worth eighty thousand dollars more to you than to anybody else.

"If Sweatnam knew that an operator had succeeded in accumulating that hundred and sixty feet, you wouldn't be dealing with me now. I was going to tell him too. Never mind where I got my information; I got it, and you're going to pay for it. Now, Mr. Duranque, which will you buy—the Parkside Mansions for seven hundred and twenty, or a consent to cancel the setback for eighty?"

When the smoke had blown away, Royal MacGregor had agreed to sell the Parkside Mansions to Orison J. Duranque for the sum of seven hundred and ten thousand dollars.

He made sixty thousand dollars on the deal. That's where the spectacular operator and builder known as Rob Roy got his start, other reports to the contrary. He had figured on a much shorter profit, but a quirk of Fortune helped him; the police, tracing a marked bill of the money stolen by Sweatnam, came not upon Sweatnam but upon Mr. Rudolph Puckhaver. The latter, threatened with criminal prosecution, confessed that he and Sweatnam had planned to defraud the subcontractors, and made restitution of twenty thousand dollars. Sweatnam disappeared into the unknown.

This story is told to dispose of the rumor that Rob Roy was guilty of trickery and chicane in acquiring title to Parkside Mansions. Rumors of that sort, motivated by jealousy, attach to every man who is greatly successful. Rob Roy was hard-boiled, in the phrase of a later day; he was subtle, he was cold-headed and unromantic, and therefore not very lovable, but he was square.

He was unromantic. There was soft music and the shaded glow of lights on the evening when he said to Miss Agnow across a restaurant table, "Muriel, I asked you to come to dinner with me tonight because I have something very important to say to you."

She looked up at him. Her gray eyes were shy and beautiful.

"I told you that I closed that contract with Duranque today and banked his check. The old fraud! Do you know that man is worth a million dollars? He is, positively, and yet he came to me when I was down and out and asked me to make good on an offhand promise I'd made him once. He was entitled to it; I don't deny that.

"Muriel, I feel that I'd like you to share in the success that has come to me. I'd like you with me. You helped me greatly, and you can continue to help me, if you will. I want you to let me take care of your future. This business of being dependent on Saturday morning's check is not right for you. If you wish to continue in business, I'd love to have you with me in my office. If, on the other hand, you look forward to marriage and a home of your own ——"

"Oh, gracious," she protested, coloring, but laughing. "Don't say any more here, Roy, please!"

"I'll write you a letter," he said.

He wrote the letter that evening. Here it is:

Dear Muriel: In reference to the matter we were discussing at dinner tonight. Inclosed find check for ten thousand dollars—$10,000—being your share of the profit from the Parkside Mansions deal. You certainly earned it, and I want you to take it.

ROYAL MACGREGOR.

I can imagine that her feelings, after opening the letter, were mixed. She was hardly in love with him, but was probably willing to try to be. She put the check through, after looking at it for a week, and calling him up to refuse it. I believe they remained on friendly terms.

The Art of Making Money

The Concrete Street *is Safe*

Over 2,000 miles of concrete streets were laid last year in American cities. We have prepared a booklet telling about the experiences of these communities with concrete pavements. If you would like a copy write Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

RAIN, of course, increases the hazard of motor travel. But as a motorist you will remember that concrete is the safest highway wet or dry. Then why not insure the same feeling of security in crowded city traffic?

Concrete streets are safest. They are the engineer's answer to the challenge of rubber tires. Rigid and enduring under heaviest loads, concrete is also the most lasting of street surfaces. Economical to build and requiring little maintenance, the concrete street gives uninterrupted service.

When you pave, pave with concrete. Its attractive appearance and other exclusive advantages make it appropriate for business streets, boulevards, parkways, and residential districts alike.

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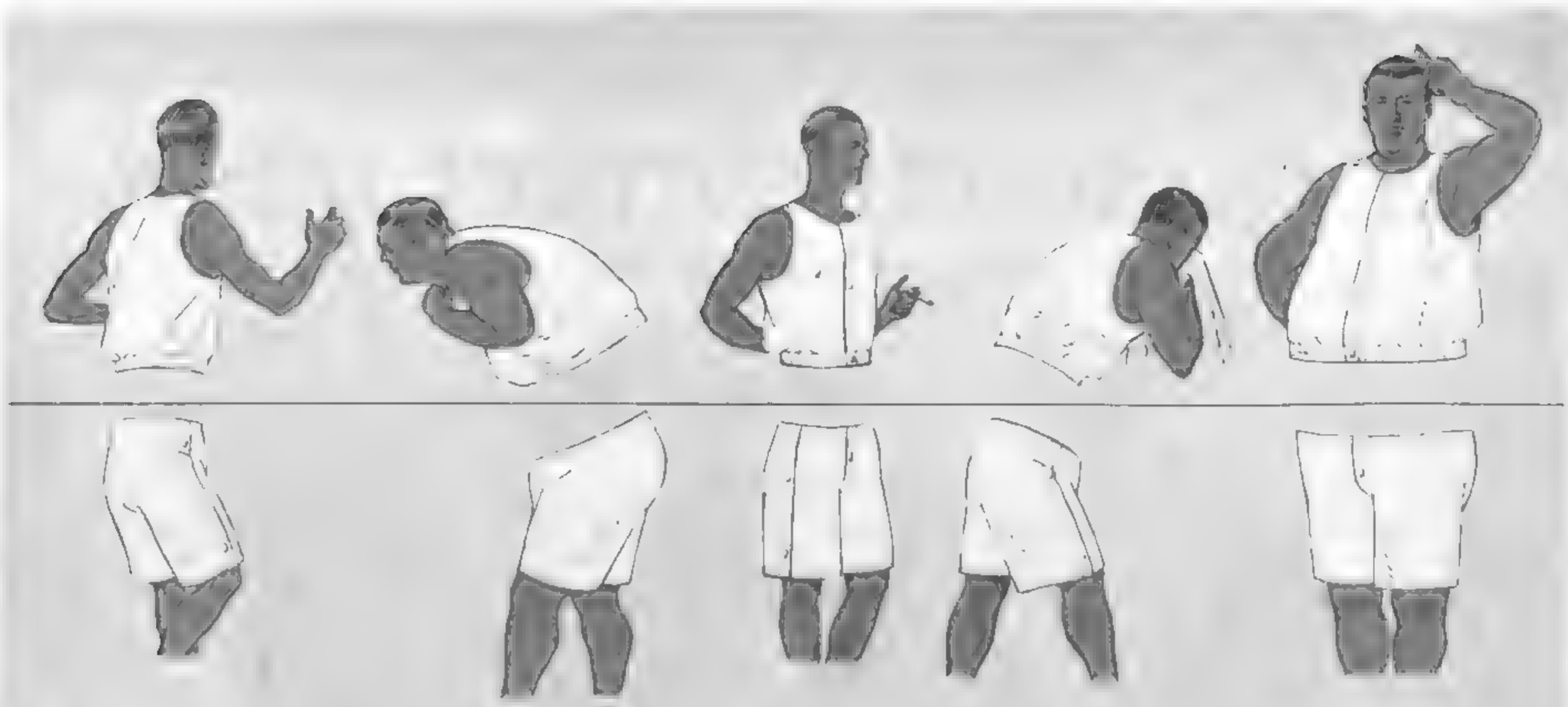

The "Two-Piece Unionsuit"

and what it means to FIT, COMFORT *and* STYLE *in Athletic Underwear*

WHY doesn't everyone wear a Unionsuit? By all the laws of common sense it should be better—in FIT and COMFORT, in STYLE. But some still cling to the two-piece garment. They pay more—they seem content to let the shirt work up their backs—and to be bothered with "shirt tails".

Why? Simply because they could not buy a Unionsuit that gave them proper fit...Rockinchair was the first Unionsuit to retain all the advantages of the two-piece garment without the disadvantages. It is actually made in two pieces—a shirt and drawers, each made to FIT—united at the waist by the famous Rockinchair band.

Rockinchair eliminated the sanitary, to a great extent, the gaping and the bloused effect in the back, affording absolute freedom of body movement.

Rockinchair is made so scientifically that three measurements are necessary—Chest, Waist and Trunk—to select the proper model and size.

Have the salesman at the underwear counter take your measurements. His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then pick out a Rockinchair Unionsuit which will give you a new conception of FIT, COMFORT and STYLE.

Write for "The Story of Rockinchair"

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3

Measurements are Necessary for Proper FIT in a Unionsuit.

CHEST
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Chest measure.

WAIST
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Waist measure.

TRUNK
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Trunk measure.

All three measurements are necessary. It requires only a minute or two for the retail salesman to measure your Chest, Waist and Trunk (trunk from middle of right shoulder, down the front, through the crotch and up the back to the starting point). His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then automatically select your size and model.

You will never know what FIT in a Unionsuit means until you wear *YOUR* individual suit of Rockinchair

ROCKINCHAIR

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

CALLES

(Continued from Page 5)

romance. Twenty-five years ago he was a barefoot Indian wearing earrings. Today he is not only head of the army, with a long fighting revolutionary record behind him, but a striking military figure as well. He is the best polo and golf player in the Mexican army.

Others in the party were General Serrano, a presidential possibility and governor of the federal district in which Mexico City is located; Elias de Lima, head of the National Agricultural Bank; Manlio Flavio Altamirano, a radical congressman; and General Escobar, chief of operations of the Torreon district.

One guest of Calles deserves special mention. He was none other than Jesus Baraza, who has the distinction of having killed Pancho Villa, the notorious bandit. Practically every man on the train carried a gun.

You could see it as their coats flapped open or as they walked. Nor was there the slightest attempt at concealment. I found on investigation, however, that most Mexicans, especially those in politics, regard the pistol as a necessary part of their daily dress.

It was on the automobile trip to the *fiesta* with him that I first observed Calles' utter disregard of danger. We had left all the guards behind us at the train. As we rode through the streets anybody might have taken a pot shot at him. Nowhere in Mexico is Calles more cordially hated than in Torreon, the seat of a strong reactionary group.

I said to him that I was surprised that he had taken no precautions for safety.

The president answered, "I am a fatalist. If anyone wants to get me, he will."

He asked me about some of the world personalities I had met during these past years, especially Mussolini and Hindenburg. In the World War, Calles was a strong German sympathizer, as were most Mexicans.

He then began to talk about agriculture, which is close to his heart, saying:

"This is the heart of one of the richest agricultural regions of Mexico and the center of our cotton belt. I want to diversify crops and have given instructions for the reduction of the cotton area and the cultivation of alfalfa and wheat. The trouble with the Mexican farmer has been that he sticks to one crop and does not rotate. I am a farmer myself and know what the country needs."

Citizens in the Making

At the athletic field Calles received a tumultuous greeting. Still insisting that I remain by his side, he passed through lines of singing school children, who threw flowers in his path while the band played the Mexican anthem. The first part consisted of native dances, including among others, the *jarabe*, the national dance of Mexico, performed by two very attractive girls, one of them dressed as a man.

As we watched the children, Calles turned to me and said: "This is the raw material out of which the new Mexico is being fashioned." Then, pointing to some blanketed peons who stood in the shadows, he added: "These children represent the evolution from the primitive types you see there." Whatever his mistakes, Calles undoubtedly has a sincere desire to uplift his people. The fundamental error is that his methods often usurp the inalienable rights of others.

By this time it was dusk and we could scarcely see the athletes who had now come on the scene. Suddenly I heard Calles give an order, and a few moments later the headlights of half a dozen automobiles were playing on the stage. The president was the only man in the crowd with the intelligence to order this done. The athletic field had just been opened and the electric lights were not yet installed.

When Calles started to leave, he was caught up in the crowd which surged about him. Once more he made himself a target for easy attack.

On the way back to the train, and apropos of the sports we had just witnessed, he made his first reference to the friction with the United States, with this comment:

"Sports are great international harmonizers. If nations would encourage athletic contests between their peoples, much lack of understanding would be avoided. Sports mean fair play and fair play is often absent in the negotiations that countries have with one another. Your American officers now at Torreon are the finest types of Americans. They fraternize with our men and seem to understand us. If your politicians at Washington had the same feeling there would be no trouble."

An American Rancher

That night there was a ball in honor of the president at the Spanish Casino in Torreon. I had been explicitly told not to bring any evening clothes on the trip. Hence when Calles invited me to go with him I replied that I lacked the necessary harness.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "I don't like dress suits and seldom carry one. It so happens that I have one with me now and I shall wear it. Many people there will be informally dressed and you will not be embarrassed."

Once more he insisted that I go in his car, and we made an entrance together, greeted by the beauty and chivalry of the town. Happily I escaped the dowagers and duennas at the head table and was parked with the delegation of American officers. General Winans, however, sat up near Calles

Daybreak was near when we returned to the train. Earlier in the evening, Calles had said: "You will have to get up early in the morning, because we are going to visit the ranch of a good American." In the Calles category, there are some good Americans.

It was not until after breakfast that the train got under way. In about an hour we stopped at a siding where I met the "good American" to whom Calles had referred. He is Raymond Bell, a lithe, sinewy, bronzed outdoor man who looks like a latter-day reincarnation of Owen Wister's famous character, the Virginian. Bell, who is an old friend of the president, has lived in Mexico for twenty-eight years, defying bandits and upheavals. His 150,000-acre ranch, on which 10,000 head of cattle graze, is one of the show outfits of the country. Calles seemed to take a great pride in it.

The whole party now boarded automobiles for the trip to the Bell ranch. Preceding us was a truckload of soldiers. Again I rode with Calles, flanked by an all-star governmental cast, because General Amaro took the wheel and León sat beside him. The members of the entourage followed, while a second truckload of soldiers brought up the rear.

We were now in the open Mexican spaces, not where men are men but where bandits are bandits. Over this area Villa and his ilk had swept with ravaging hand. Danger still lurks there. There, as elsewhere throughout the greater part of Northern Mexico, are the pockmarks of revolution. Every other house is a ruin.

Soon we entered Bell's domain, where herds of cattle grazed, guarded by picturesque cowboys with broad hats, ornate jackets, fancy saddles, huge spurs and the inevitable rifle and revolver. At one point Calles insisted upon getting out and examining some blooded cows, and it was here that the photograph of the president and myself, reproduced in this article, was taken.

Bell's ranch is a bit of the United States planted in the heart of Mexico. Part of the

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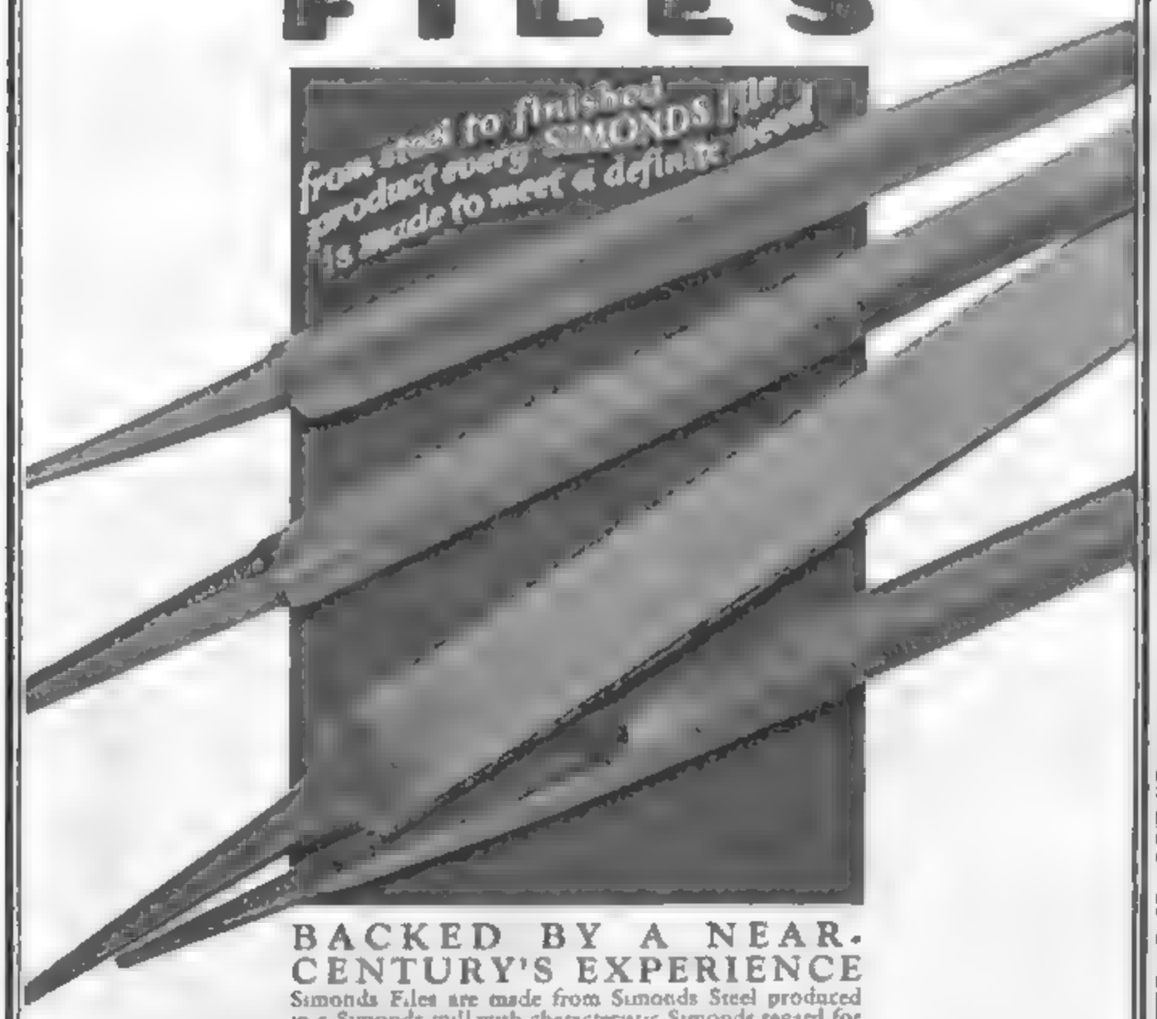

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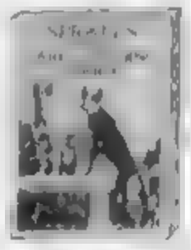

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SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES *and* PUPPY BISCUITS

house is more than 200 years old, but it combines every modern convenience, including a radio, with the charm of departed Spanish days. Conspicuous on the center table in the drawing-room was a pile of SATURDAY EVENING POSTS.

The president got a welcome that pleased him. All the peons and their children were drawn up before the house, over which floated the American and the Mexican flags. In his excitement an Indian servant climbed up and rang the bell in the tower of the little chapel without which no hacienda, as the Mexican ranches are known, is complete.

It was the first time that it had been sounded since the ban was placed on the clergy. Once a land of deep-toned calls to prayer, Mexico today is strangely silent in this respect.

Mrs. Bell had prepared a barbecue luncheon and everybody sat down most informally and ate and talked. Calles asked his hostess many questions about the operation of the establishment and later inspected the barns and sheep pens.

The automobile caravan was now reorganized and we struck out across country, with General Amaro continuing at the wheel of our car. Once we scared up some coyotes, and without stopping, the Minister of War jerked out his automatic and banged five shots at them.

As we swirled through the dust Calles said: "You are about to see one of the links in the chain of agricultural uplift that I am forging for the Mexican masses. You have heard a great deal about my Bolshevism and the way that I have expropriated land for the benefit of ignorant peons. You can now judge for yourself."

Soon a cloud of dust arose over the horizon, there was a rattle of hoofs, and before long we were surrounded by a swarm of yelling horsemen. Most of them had the usual gaudy Mexican saddle equipment and all were expert horsemen. "*Viva* Calles!" was the refrain on all sides. It was a regular movie entrance, not without its element of thrill.

The wild riders were the reception committee from the village of Guadalupe Victoria, one of the many *ejidos* which Calles has set up, and around which the agrarian storm rages.

Since this process will be explained in detail by Calles himself in a subsequent article, it is only necessary to state here that, broadly speaking, an *ejido* represents the land which the government has appropriated for communal purposes.

We entered under an arch built of ears of corn and were taken to an agricultural exhibit of products, mainly corn and beans, grown on the *ejido* tracts. There was also a display of modern agricultural implements. Near by was a small schoolhouse.

The Mexican Agrarians

Calles proudly pointed out all these exhibits to me himself and then remarked: "This is the result of my Bolshevism, and these people, freed from the oppression of the wealthy landowners, are my Bolsheviks. Until two years ago all this land was in the hands of a wealthy reactionary and not under cultivation. Now it has been revived and made abundant. More than 600 carloads of corn and 100 carloads of beans have been shipped from this area. Formerly these people earned thirty cents a day. Now they are independent and prosperous."

On the way back to the train I asked Calles if he believed that the Mexican Indian, who comprises more than half of the population, is assimilable. His retort was:

"Yes, and under the laws that now prevail he will become a useful and constructive citizen. The trouble has been that hitherto the Mexican Indian has never had a chance any more than your North American Indian. You took and developed the land for yourselves, but kept the Indian out. I now propose to give the Indian the opportunity to make a real man of himself."

Our next stop of importance was at Durango, where Calles was welcomed by noisy crowds of agrarians carrying banners and shouting *vivas*. A typical banner bore this inscription: "The agrarians of the village of Asanz de Abajo greet the man who knows how to make the laws of the revolution obeyed." Among the features were a military parade and a reception at the town hall, where all the state officials paid obsequious court to the chief executive.

As we rode back to the train Calles said cynically: "I am not fooled by all this official fuss. I was more interested in the simple agrarians than in anyone else. These officials are incompetent. The real hope of Mexico is in the peons and their children."

That Calles has a sense of humor is shown by two episodes. On the way to Bell's ranch we passed a cemetery. Pointing to León, he said: "You are giving away so much Mexican land that I think you ought to present yourself with a piece in that graveyard."

That night Calles was expected at the usual banquet. By that time he was dusty and tired, as we all were. Turning to me with one of his rare smiles, he said, "I will be glad to have you represent us at this function." I replied that I had had all the banquets and tumult that I could manage for one day. The whole party turned in early and the Durango hosts were left to consume their food.

"The Curse of the Country"

During those days of constant travel Calles kept his fingers on the pulse of affairs. There was a telegraph operator on the train, and an executive office. Wherever we stopped, a wire was tapped and the president was put in immediate communication with his offices at the capital. Each night scores of telegrams were read to him by his aides. With a brusque word or two he indicated the replies to be made. Occasionally he would say, "Keep that until tomorrow. I want to sleep on the answer."

The final halt of importance was on Sunday at Santa Lucia, where Calles dedicated the fourth of the agricultural colleges that he has installed. It is really a creditable establishment, complete in every detail, and he inspected it down to the last cow stall. When we reached the flour mill the president remarked, "This is something I know about. I once ran a mill in Sonora."

The guard of honor was composed of the students, who were all clad in khaki. As he watched them, Calles said: "This is the finest sight in Mexico. These boys are the sons of peons who live in straw huts, sleep on the ground and go barefoot all the year round. The new agricultural institutions will enable the new generation to escape this servitude. The agricultural schools are therefore the front line of my war against the wooden plow and all that it means."

Not until the last day out, when we were headed for Mexico City, was there an opportunity for a consecutive talk with the president. The night before he said, "You have seen most of the links in the chain. Tomorrow I will tell you the whole story."

At 9:30 o'clock he asked me to come into his stateroom and for four hours he held forth. That he had obviously prepared for the interview was shown by a sheaf of notes that he held in his hand. Throughout this long conversation Calles was earnest and at times impressive. What he said now follows:

"To tell you the whole story of the Mexican agrarian evolution would take at least three days, so I shall only outline what you Americans call the high spots. The land is the backbone of Mexico and the key to its translation from a backward country into a modern domain. The old curse of the country was the absentee landlord. In a sense, Mexico was like the American South before the Civil War. The rich Mexican lived abroad and regarded the peon as his serf. The wages of the land workers averaged from eighteen to twenty-one cents a day and it was not a living wage. Under

(Continued on Page 173)

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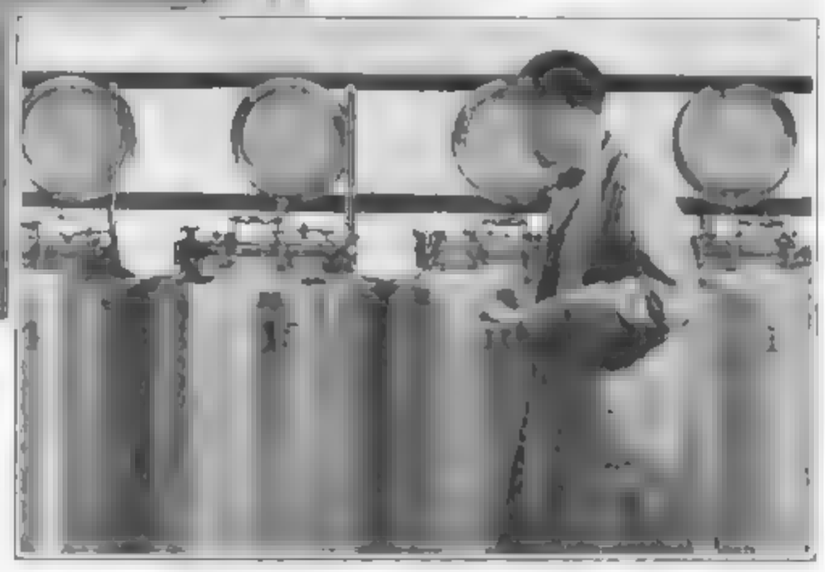

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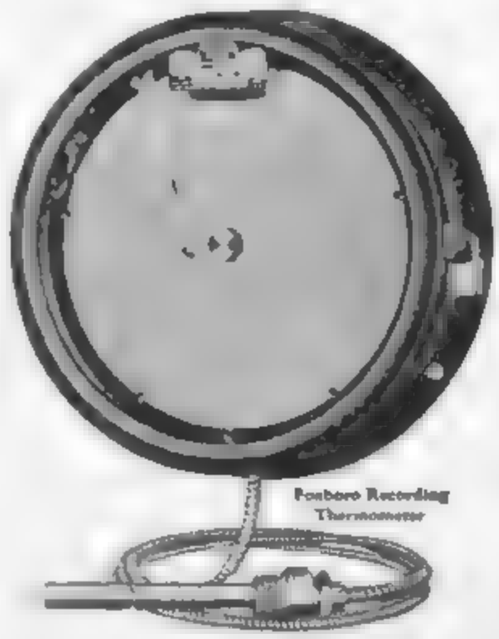

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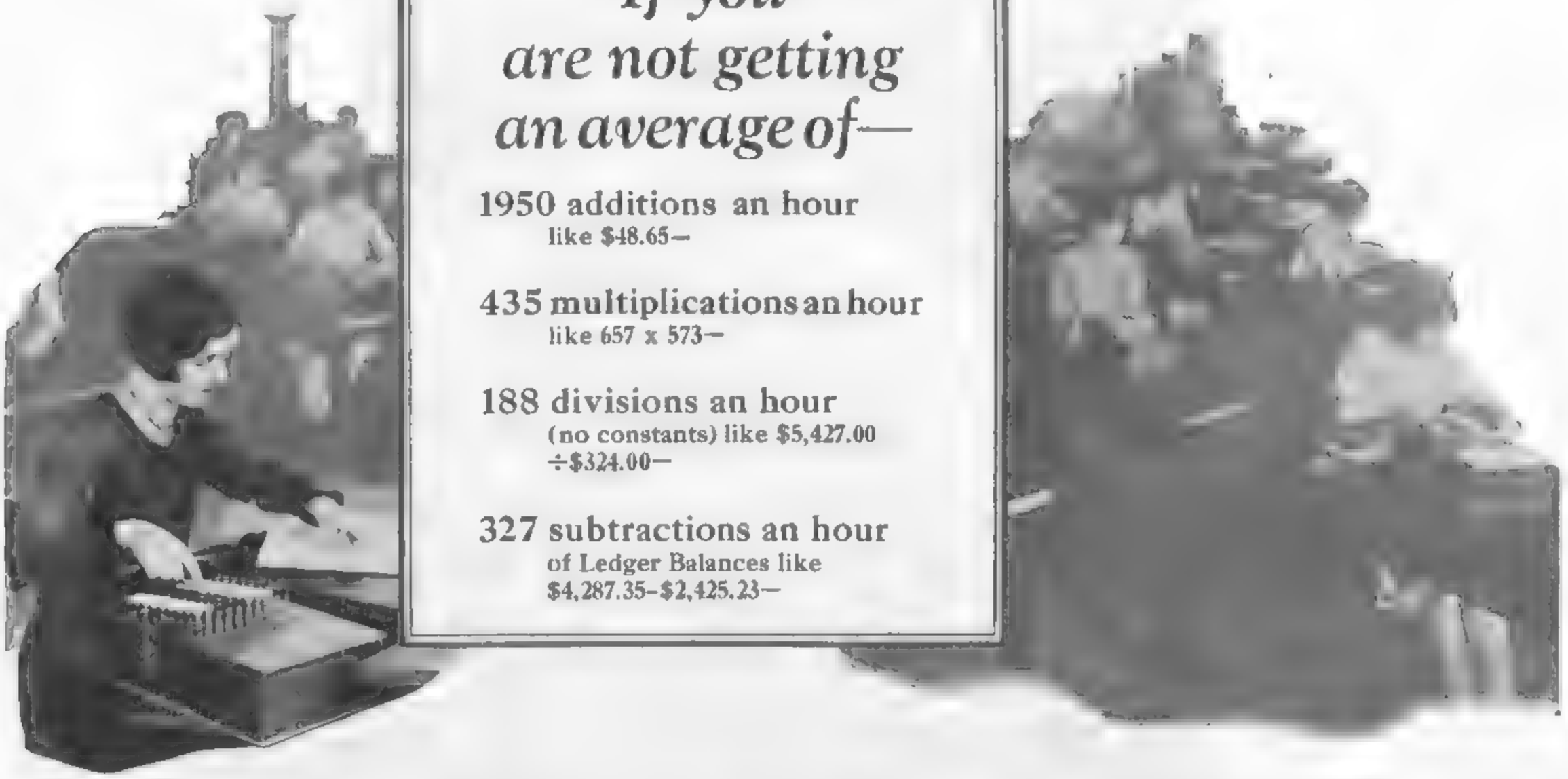

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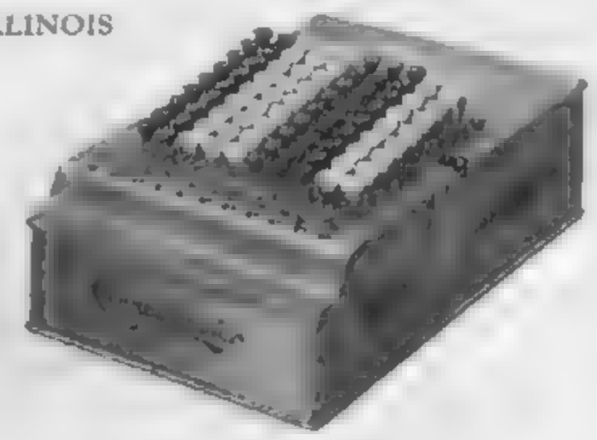

(Continued from Page 170)

the old reactionary régime it was a case of exploitation of the people instead of the land. There were three classes—namely, a comparatively small upper class which owned the country, another small middle class servile to this upper stratum, and then the vast common people.

"My idea has been to achieve some degree of economic independence for this great mass of the people. By them I mean the peons who constitute 8,000,000, or more than half our entire population. Hence a twofold system has been adopted. One is the process of restoring communal lands to the towns. The other consists of endowing lands for the peons.

"Before the days of Porfirio Diaz all towns had communal lands, or *ejidos*, as they are known. Each artisan had a small plot upon which he raised food. Through one pretext or another, these lands were seized. By 1910 fully 90 per cent of the towns had lost their *ejidos*.

"The much-abused Mexican agrarian plan now in operation gives the peon an acreage for the necessities of life. The amount depends upon the tillability of the soil. If the area has water rights, the peon gets only fifteen acres. If not irrigated but in the rain area, it is fifty acres. Then, too, the acreage depends upon the seasonal crops and other factors. Such is the plan for land bestowal outside the *ejidos*.

"The other plan restores the lands which the various villages and towns have held by title in many instances since the Spanish conquest. Taken by what I call the land grabbers during the Diaz dictatorship, they are now being returned to their own. It is interesting to note that many of the towns tenaciously held onto titles to their lands in the face of aggression. My idea in restoring these lands is not in any sense communistic but communal. The sense of individual ownership is paramount."

The Communal Banks

"These tracts now being taken up are like your homesteads in the United States. They comprise the family patrimony, remain in the family and are exempt from legal process. In other words, they are entailed. We are making proprietors out of a primitive people who wear sandals and blankets. It means that the transition from serfdom to some degree of independence is under way.

"Now for the financial problems involved. Who could aid these people? Not the capitalists, who are the enemies of our social revolution. Nor could the big landholders finance a system in absolute variance with their scheme of things. No mortgage banks existed. Only one agency could assist and this was the revolutionary government. So the government proceeded to create a fiscal system out of the national surplus.

"First come the communal banks. Shares are held by the government, but they will gradually be transferred to the village coöperatives as they are able to buy them. In this way there will be nothing paternalistic about the institutions. In the state of Hidalgo, for example, the coöperatives have already acquired 45 per cent of the stock of the communal banks and could easily buy the rest. I will not permit complete ownership yet because of the lack of preparation for management as well as a lack of technical personnel.

"A word about the coöperatives. Contrary to the general belief, they are not based on the Russian, German or Belgian system. They are my own idea of a coöperative, which should teach self-help. Hence the Department of Agriculture sends lecturers and literature into the field.

"A second educational force is a personnel trained in our commercial schools, consisting of a group of young men who organize the coöperative societies. They implant the meaning of coöperation. To these organizers the farmer explains his needs, which may be a plow, a pair of mules or a house. The coöperative supplies these needs through the communal banks and thus rural credit is established. This was never before known in Mexico.

"We now have coöperatives and communal banks in the states of Guanajuato, Hidalgo, Michoacán and Durango. Here are the largest rural populations and here we have established agricultural colleges.

"There are three types of loans in the communal banks. One is secured by a crop, the second by implements and the third by a need like a house or a barn. There are also credits for cultural purposes such as schoolhouses.

"But the communal banks represent only the first stage of the rural financing. For the larger landowners we have set up the National Bank of Agricultural Credit, which will serve proprietors of 400 acres and more. The third link in the new financial chain is the Bank of Mexico, now our only bank of issue, which is equipped to finance large industrial and other enterprises.

"What I seek to achieve is the organization and discipline of the forces of the country. What you saw Saturday at the village of Guadalupe Victoria shows what the coöperatives can achieve. But this represents only the physical side. If the agrarian program is to attain its largest end, it must have a cultural background. The two principal handicaps in the rural districts heretofore have been ignorance and vice. The peon was a stupefied human being. Now we have set out to combat all this. The first and best agency is the school, and the bed rock of the new system is the rural school. We now have 4000 of these in operation. In some of them not only are the three R's taught but also a degree of manual training as well. The children are shown how to use the raw materials of the region in which they live. In this way they learn how to weave the palm products into hats, mats and baskets, and to make chairs out of rattan. Lectures on hygiene and nationalism are given.

"My plan is to endow each rural school with a radio so that good music and the news of the world can be brought to the interior districts. By having the radio in public schools the institution will become a civic center.

"The next step is the agricultural school, of which we now have four. No boys from the city are accepted. The pupils in the rural schools have the right of way so that they can go back to their respective districts and become leaders in the adoption of new farm methods. The whole idea is to create a new standard of rural living. In these agricultural schools the day is divided into two parts. One-half is devoted to work in the fields, where practical land culture is acquired. The other is devoted to classroom study. At night there are lectures illustrated with motion pictures. I might add that there is also study of all the industries related to the regional agriculture. The agricultural schools own blooded stock for breeding purposes and this is at the disposition of the adjacent farmers."

Plans to Irrigate

"What of the future of the graduates of the agricultural schools? To go back home to the huts of their fathers, which means a return to the straw hat, the sandal and the blanket, would mean asphyxiation. Hence we have evolved a plan to irrigate large areas, where these graduates will obtain their land under the provisions of the agrarian act and be financed by the communal banks. In order that these irrigated areas shall not lack developers at once we are inviting colonization, especially from Italy, Germany, Poland and Hungary."

"How do you justify the widespread expropriation of privately owned lands?" I asked.

"The moral and legal principle is based on the constitution of 1917," replied the president. "The state has the right to impose on property the changes which public interest requires. The system of land ownership in Mexico—it was really land grabbing—has been shown to be a bad system. It brought to ruin the country because it prevented the people from producing even their local needs.

"All large landholdings are economically wrong. Therefore the tendency of the Mexican Government is that such properties be broken up and the number of producers increased. It is not true that the government destroys farming units. As a matter of fact, it increases them. Take for example the village of Guadalupe Victoria which we visited on this trip. Two years ago it was part of an undeveloped ranch of 300,000 acres. We have taken 40,000 acres for *ejidos* and a prosperous community has sprung up.

"These 40,000 acres have not been stolen. They will be paid for in accordance with the agrarian law at the market appraisal plus 10 per cent and in 5 per cent twenty-year bonds of the National Agrarian Debt. The government could not do it in any other way because it has no ready cash Whatever harm is wrought to the original landowner becomes a benefit to the nation."

About the Oil Men

What Calles did not mention, however, was that while land valued at more than $50,000,000 has been expropriated, the owners of only $900,000 worth have accepted these bonds, for the good and sufficient reason that they are not negotiable, and no interest has been paid on the few that have been issued. Acceptance of them automatically validates what all the property owners regard as confiscation pure and simple.

The conversation now turned to the subject of foreign capital. I inquired if henceforth it would be welcome. Calles' answer was:

"We have absolutely no idea of building a Chinese wall around Mexico and thereby isolating ourselves. This policy would be suicidal and we have no desire to commit suicide. We open our arms to all foreigners who in good faith come to live in peace and economic harmony. They can count on our help and protection.

"What we must defend ourselves against is what I call inhuman capital; in other words, capital which comes to Mexico to exploit and take away the riches which it extracts. Such capital does not respect the national institutions, for it seeks only to absorb us

"Under Diaz many alien companies acquired enormous areas of land which they did not work. Their sole idea was to make profit through unearned increment. In Sonora, for example, one American company owned 1,000,000 acres upon which there was not a single farm or a head of cattle. On another American-owned tract of 300,000 acres, in the same state, the owners did not even cut the timber. What would the United States or any other nation do if this state of affairs prevailed? It would do precisely what Mexico is doing—expropriate the area."

This naturally led to the delicate matter of the oil lands, and I asked the president to give me his frank conception of the issue which jeopardized relations between the two governments. This is how he made response:

"What the government is doing in the matter of the petroleum lands is really to convey a big benefit to the oil industry itself, because we are going to remove from the industry the adventurous aspect which it has possessed and make it logical, ordered and methodical—in a word, more scientific.

"The government will also put in order and assure property rights which at the moment are insecure. Of course, at the same time this action will reënforce the principle of our ownership of the subsoil rights. This we can do without affecting any vested rights. On the contrary, we are confirming vested rights."

"What do you mean by these vested rights?" I queried.

Abraham Lincoln and the Harmonica

On one of his journeys for a debate with Douglas, Abraham Lincoln picked out of his pocket a little harmonica and played upon it, seeming to get happiness in the playing thereon. Says Carl Sandburg in "Lincoln, The Prairie Years": "Someone remarked about his playing on the harmonica and he said: 'This is my band; Douglas had a brass band with him in Peoria, but this will do for me.'"

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Calles retorted: "Many companies have acquired lands through purchase or lease, and with them the right to operate for oil. What the government is now going to do is to confirm these rights through concessions. I can assure you that if what this signifies to the oil companies were reduced to dollars and cents you will find that they will not lose a single penny, nor will they be hindered from developing their properties. Under the confirmatory concessions which we now insist that the companies take out, there will be a larger degree of coöperation with the government. This means police and technical regulation."

I intimated that under the Mexican laws operative when the companies acquired lands, purchasers became exclusive owners of the soil. Hence the confirmatory concessions are retroactive and confiscatory. Calles then declared:

"How can this mean confiscation when the new law confirms the rights to land acquired prior to the 1917 constitution? Under these concessions we give the companies the right to operate for fifty years. No oil-bearing area has so long a life."

One fallacy of this argument lies in the fact that although the confirmatory concession runs for fifty years, it must date from the time of acquisition by the foreign company. Many of the oil properties in Mexico were acquired twenty years ago. Therefore they would have only thirty more years to run. In some cases development of the tracts has not yet begun.

At various times during the talk Calles referred to the "revolutionary idea," so I asked him to elucidate, whereupon he remarked:

"The Madero revolution was almost entirely political. Under Diaz the situation was such that any man of character who revolted against tyranny had a following. What the public then wanted was a change of régime. Madero initiated and the people followed.

"But what the people really desired was social reform. They have continued to struggle for it until it is now established. It is being consolidated through legislation."

The Revolutionary Idea

"There has been a wide misconception of just what the real revolutionary idea in Mexico means. To realize their normal aspirations the people had to resort to force. The revolutionary idea, however, did not originate in the pleasure of killing or in banditry. The Mexican revolution, like all others, has had its destructive phases in which the bad elements, who joined in the struggle, thought only of pillage and personal gain. With these elements we have made a drastic housecleaning, and this has given rise to conflicts within the revolutionary circles.

"In my judgment, and I say it in all good faith, the revolutionary movement has entered the constructive period. We are realizing the desires of the masses, notably through the medium of the agrarian program. If we should halt the present reforms a new revolution would develop. In our present program lies the stabilization of the revolutionary idea. Despite all statements to the contrary, Mexico is capable of self-government. Furthermore, I am certain that the present government is backed by the voice of the people."

Calles had now talked for nearly three hours. Just as I was about to put the next question the train stopped and we heard much cheering outside. I accompanied the president to the platform, where we found a mass of people waving red banners, many of them inscribed with the words: "Down With Reaction!" When we returned to our talk I thought it the proper moment to ask Calles about Bolshevism in Mexico. He responded:

"There is no Bolshevism, as the world regards it, in Mexico. We have been caught up in the wave of nationalism that seems to be sweeping the whole world, but it is a sane and healthy nationalism and not the kind that rises out of or inspires hate. It is a nationalism which intensifies love of country. This idea had become weak among Mexicans, who, because of their poverty, had no real feeling for their native land. We are trying to inculcate the responsibilities of national citizenship through coöperation. The people now realize that they are not isolated elements but can contribute to the conglomeration which is Mexico. Therefore the new nationalism is to awaken consciousness of country and to make a bigger and better nation."

Advice for America

"Mexico is not red. It is true that we have framed a drastic labor law, but there was a reason. In this country no rights for the laboring classes were heretofore recognized. What the government has done has been to recognize these rights and codify them into laws. In this we have done no more than what other countries have done, including the United States. We have given labor the right to organize, to strike, to have indemnification and insurance. As a matter of fact, we have gone no further than Montana or some of the other American states. Rigid regulation of the relation that should exist between capital and labor is in force, but this is not Bolshevism. It has attracted attention, since it is new in Mexico. Because we have cut down the work day from twelve to eight hours, the capitalists shout radicalism."

My final question was: "What of the future of Mexico and its relationship to the United States?"

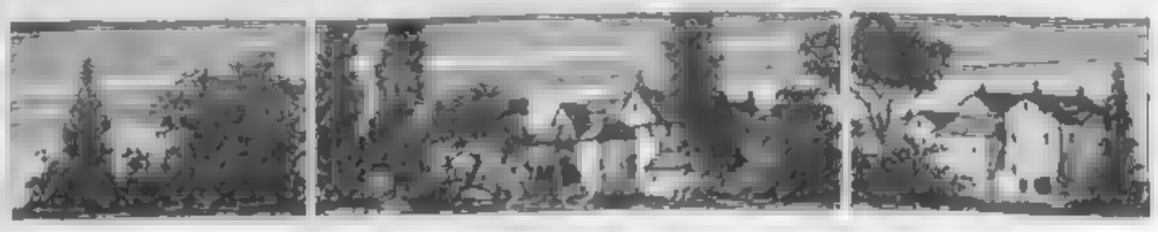
With a gesture and a vigor strongly reminiscent of Roosevelt, Calles said: "No other nation could have quite so keen an interest in the welfare and development of Mexico as the United States. The agrarian program that I have outlined is of significance to her. As we elevate the people and their standard of life, we increase our economic capacity in geometric proportion. Our land scheme means more machinery, more buildings, more materials. Where is the logical purveyor? It is at our own border.

"Is it not illogical, therefore, for the United States to oppose itself to Mexican development and force us to turn our eyes to other sources of supply? Such procedure would be peculiarly unwise, because a formidable European coalition is being organized to dispute the American trade mastery of the world. The economic future of the United States is not in Europe, but in this Western world. Therefore the United States should seek to develop her Mexican market in every way. We are not hostile to American money or merchandise. Both are assured of every protection."

Such is the state of mind of the man who rules Mexico in another critical hour of her destiny. What he says sounds well, but what he omits to point out is eloquent. In the riot of regulatory laws national rights become alien wrongs. Capital is jeopardized, initiative stifled and land tenure made the prey of cupidity and corruption. The fault, for example, is not so much with the agrarian law as with the manner of its enforcement. But this—and much more—will be revealed in the succeeding articles.

Calles has stated the Mexican case. We can now see how theory and practice conform.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next will appear in an early issue.



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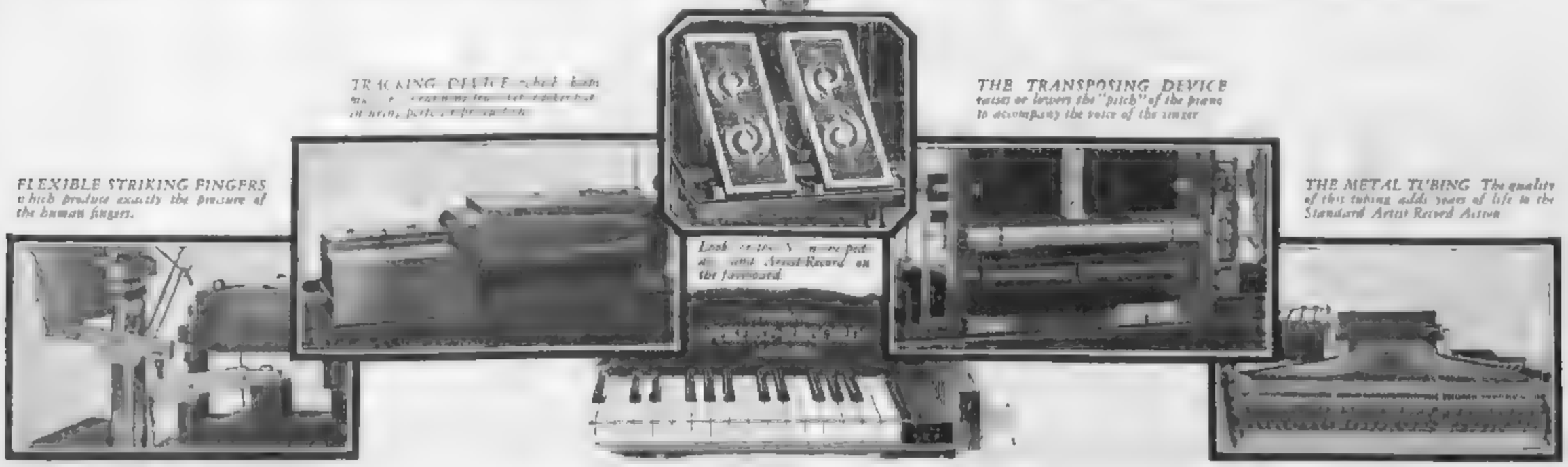
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Index of Advertisers

February 26, 1927

	PAGE
American Express Company	96
American Lead Pencil Co.	144
American Safety Razor Corp.	66
American Stainless Steel Company	180
American Tobacco Co., The	34
American Writing Paper Company	97
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.	141
Barrett Company, The	1
Bauer & Black	98
Believers in Jacksonville	95
Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co.	152
Boott Mills	128
Briggs Manufacturing Company	130
Bristol-Myers Co.	72
Brown & Co., Inc., George C.	74
Brown Fence & Wire Co.	173
Buick Motor Company	39
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.	108
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	36
Californians Inc.	177
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	29
Certain-teed Products Corporation	147
Chevrolet Motor Company	51
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	116, 117
Chrysler Sales Corporation	100, 101
Coleman, Watson E.	153
Colgate & Co.	78, IV Cover
Cook Co., The H. C	153
Copeland Products, Inc.	159
Crossett Co., Lewis A.	144
Cunard and Anchor Lines	176
Curtis Companies Incorporated	84
Curtiss Candy Company	145
Detroit Steel Products Company	160
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	136
Dictaphone Sales Corp.	154
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	118
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	56, 57
Durant Motors, Inc	81
Eagle-Picher Lead Company, The	76
Elgin National Watch Company	150
Eskimo Pie Corporation	112
Estate Stove Co., The	155
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.	83
Fansteel Products Company, Inc.	104
Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.	172
Fisher Body Corp.	41
Fleischmann Company, The	77
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	166
Foxboro Co., Inc., The	171
French Battery Company	135
Frigidaire Corporation	67
Fuller Brush Company, The	119
General Electric	92
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	90, 91
Graham Brothers	58
Haartz Company, J. C.	126
Hammermill Paper Company	68
Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc.	106, 107
Henderson & Ervin	168
Hohner, Inc., M.	173
Hookless Fastener Company	82
Hupp Motor Car Corp	53
Ide & Co., Geo. P	163
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc	68
Ingram Co., Frederick F	162
Insurance Co. of North America	115
International Mercantile Marine Lines	128
International Typewriter Exchange	137
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	110
Joliet Macaroni Company	137
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	148
Kohler Co.	111
Lacey & Lacey	173
LaSalle Extension University	173
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	165
Lindemann & Hoverson Co., A. J.	161
Long Bell Lumber Company, The	149
Lycoming Manufacturing Co.	103
Majestic Co., The	131
Mallory Hat Company, The	85
McCaskey Register Company, The	114
Mennen Company, The	43
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	86
Michelin Tire Co.	166
Middishade Co., Inc., The	133
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	120
Nash Motors Co.	75
National Blank Book Company	134
National Steel Fabric Company	164
Nation's Business	179
New Haven Clock Company, The	142
New Jersey Zinc Company, The	129
New York Central Lines	143
Oakland Motor Car Co.	138, 139
Pacific Mills	140
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	49
Peabody & Co., Henry W.	137
Penn Publishing Company, The	153, 173
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	169
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., The	87
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	94
Pioneer Suspender Company	156
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	64
Pompeian Laboratories, The	71
Portland Cement Association	167
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.	46
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Pryde-Wynn Co.	157
Radio Corporation of America	83
Raybestos Company, The	169
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	52
Reo Motor Car Company	79
Rice, Inc., A. L.	144
Rubberset Company	153
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	65
Sealright Co., Inc	69
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A	70
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	170
Snider Preserve Co., The T. A.	123
Spratt's Patent, Limited	170
Standard Pneumatic Action Co.	175
Standard Varnish Works	158
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	73
Swift & Company	31
Texas Company, The	124, 125
Thatcher Manufacturing Co.	121
Three-in-One Oil Company	62
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	61
Tork Company	153
United States Gauge Co.	102
Universal Pictures	60
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	53
Vacuum Oil Company	45
Wander Company, The	80
Watson Company, John Warren	89
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	132
Williams Co., The J. B.	178
Wyoming Shovel Works, The	151

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You need to come out to San Francisco, travel through the Great Valley that stretches for four hundred miles between the Coast Range and the snow-capped Sierras and pours its wealth out upon the world through San Francisco, talk with other Californians living on the farms and in the broad cities and clean, thriving towns that lie along its inviting highways. See if all the stories you have heard about the vastness of California's opportunities and the delights of living in this favored state can be true!

Here on this page is a letter from a Californian who, just a few years ago, might have been a neighbor of yours. And thousands upon thousands of others, farmers and city-trained men alike, could tell you experiences that are the same except in details.

Visit California this year. Choose among the many places where you would like to have your children grow up. San Francisco now is nearly a whole business day's traveling time closer to the East by train. Or on the Victory Highway you can enter California and almost immediately see the great, green pines of the Sierras magically give place to billowing orchards, rich farms and thriving cities, as you pass historic streams that have yielded millions in gold.

The Victory Highway is one of the direct ways to San Francisco.

Here is one man's experience—typical of many others. Read what he says about the opportunities he found for himself and his children:

"*Auburn, Calif., December 15, 1926.*

"I came to California alone, and with very little money, a dozen years ago. My first home was in a town of the size that has stores on only one side of the main street, and there I married a California girl. When business was quiet we used to go fishing and camping.

"When I had paid for my first business I bought another in a somewhat larger town, and I now have one or two more, besides a ranch. Our new home hangs on a cliff in a hundred-acre 'yard' overlooking the American River Canyon, and our daily sunrise is over the Sierra peaks. Without our three boys we still fish, hunt and camp. With San Francisco only four hours away, we can run down for the theater or opera any time.

"Two brothers, my parents and my sister all became 'Californians' after I did. None of us would ever want to live anywhere else. We prosper, our children are active and hardy as any in the world, and every month in the year we live actively out of doors.

[*Writer's name upon request*] B. A. C."

Send for this free book

Write to Californians, Inc., for any specific or general information—or simply send your name and address on this coupon for the 48-page illustrated booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." Californians, Inc., is a non-profit organization of business institutions and citizens interested only in the sound and permanent development of their state. Its service of information and assistance to prospective newcomers or visitors is complete, authoritative, and free of charge or obligation. Plan for California now—with this coupon!

A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco!

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

2-27

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Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 201

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

Williams takes up lots of moisture

Williams holds its moisture — Soaks the beard soft

Why this Saturated lather

leaves your face Glove-smooth

MEN used to think that a sharp razor was the whole story in shaving—that lather was purely incidental. Williams Shaving Cream has made them change their minds. For they find out that even the sharpest razors seem sharper with Williams saturated lather.

Williams lifts the waterproof oil-film from the beard bristles. Then its super moisture saturates each hair, soaks the beard soft for an easy, gliding razor stroke. That's one reason why Williams leaves the face as smooth as a glove.

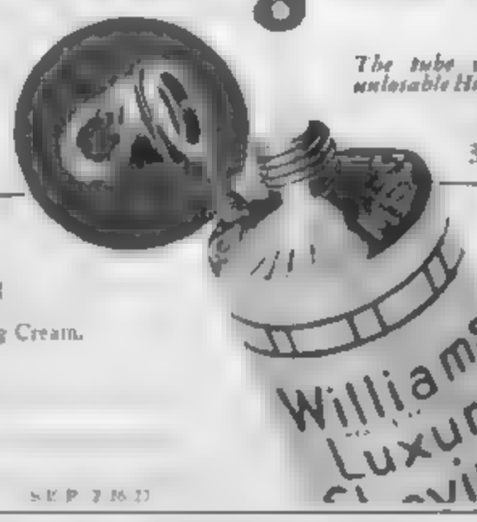
And there's another reason: *Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving.* This quality prevents the razor's sharp edge from catching in little unevennesses of the skin—lessens the chances of the little microscopic nicks and scratches that make ordinary shaves so uncomfortable. Williams conditions the skin—gives you that "barber's massage" feeling.

Try this remarkable lather for a week FREE. Send us your name and address on the coupon below, or a postcard and we'll send you a trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream free.

Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial tube

SEND COUPON BELOW



The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

Two sizes 35c and 50c

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 42B
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City *State*

SEP 7 26 27

AQUA VELVA [SOUR NEWEST TRIUMPH] ... SHAVING PREPARATION WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE ... WRITE DEPT. 42B

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

"A game called baseball," wrote a titled English visitor during that year, "has a great hold on the American public. The game is very much like our own game of rounders."

It was Donovan, one seems to recall, who came to bat in the ninth inning—or possibly it was MacIntosh. More likely the former, for they were mostly Irish. He was not much of a batter.

He was to do far better as a dentist in Buffalo, many years later, when he would gain his brief second of fame because he would be almost in time to stop the bullet of McKinley's assassin. But something happened to Donovan this day. Or it may have been MacIntosh.

He hit a long, low drive to the outfield, and the titled Englishman wrote that "the onlookers acted like the crowd at Epsom when Jockey Marsh pulls ahead on the favorite."

Another player, another dolichocephalic Celt, came up to bat, but the opposing pitcher was now growing cautious. There was something about a base on balls, for presently the second Celt was discovered on first and the presumable Donovan on second.

There came a third man to the bat, and the din was deafening. For one fleeting moment it looked as if organized ball might really succeed in Mudville.

But the fates decreed otherwise, and the fact that Victor Emmanuel had just been proclaimed sovereign of United Italy and all the Sardinias may or may not have had something to do with it. More likely a cloud swept over the sky at the wrong moment, or a bird skimmed low in the outfield and for just one fatal instant took the batter's eye from the ball. At any rate, something happened. Three times a pitcher wound up and cast. Three times a man swung futilely, and three times a crowd roared as at Epsom.

The crowd swept out, and for fifteen years the ball park was nothing but gray, abandoned bleachers, where on a windy day John Singer Sargent caught his first glimpse of Modjeska.

—*Philip Curtiss.*

By the Way —

LET sound the loud trumpets
For muffins and crumpets!
Not nearly enough inns
Serve crumpets and muffins,
For crumpins and muffets
Are foods you may stuff; it's
Not muffets or crumpins
Will make you a grumpins,
Nor crummuffs nor muffcrums
Will ever yield tough crumbs.
Ah, nobody's dumb muffs
Are muffcrums and crummuffs!
So sound the loud trumpets
For cruffins and mumpets!
Not nearly enough inns
Serve mumpets and cruffins.

—*Gorton Carruth.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

February 26, 1927

Cover Design by Haskell Coffin

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Squawker—*Frank Condon*	8
Parent to a Star—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	12
Parkside Mansions, on West Eighty-First Street—*Thomas McMorrow*	16
A Saga of the Sword—With Alexander—*F. Britten Austin*	18
Helen of the Hundred Waves—The Tale of the Magenta Jewel—*Beatrice Grimshaw*	30
Green Fruit—*Mary Brecht Pulver*	40

ARTICLES

Calles—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	3
A Cook's Tour—*George Rector*	10
Front Clerk and Rear Room—*Rufus Steele*	14
What Makes a Musician, Anyway?—*Earl Chapin May*	20
The Swiss Family O'Malley—*Frank Ward O'Malley*	21
Fashions for the Famous	22
Selling Thrift—*Will Payne*	27
Wild Game and Wire Insurance—*Robert B. Vale*	35
Some Others and Myself—*George Broadhurst*	37
The Business End of Broadcasting—*Chester T. Crowell*	47

SERIALS

Willie (In two parts)—*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins*	6
Neighbors (Second part)—*Clarence Budington Kelland*	24

MISCELLANY

Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28
Out-of-Doors	48

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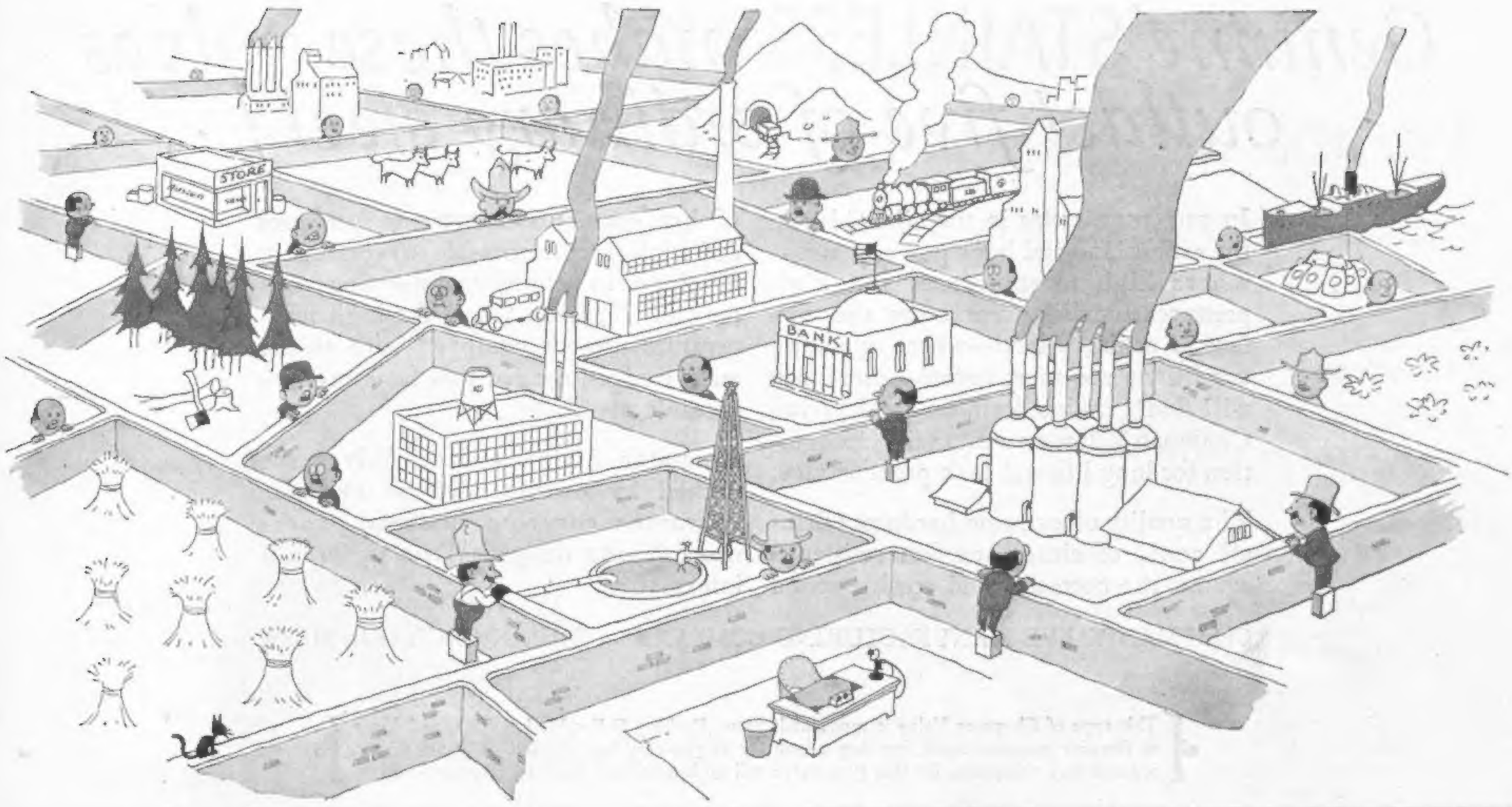


A thousand men looked over a thousand walls!

That was back in 1912.

It was before parcel post and the graduated income tax—the day of the five cent loaf, livery stables and isolated business.

Every business and industry had its Great Wall of China, and lived within it.

Coal knew little about lumber. Lumber didn't worry about steel. Steel was oblivious to corn. Corn had no interest in coal.

The retailer of shoes in Chicago didn't realize that his business might rise or fall with the automobile industry in Detroit or the fruit crop in California.

Then a thousand business leaders met at Washington. They looked out, over and beyond their walls. They saw that business men had common interests, common problems, common duties to each other and to the public. They founded the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The movement needed an interpreter. A publication which would report the growing relations of government and business, and the sweeping economic currents affecting every business and business man.

So Nation's Business was established.

The new publication made for itself a new field. It applied the science of economics to the daily lives of all of us, in simple language, as one business man talks to another.

Nation's Business quickly "caught on." There was an immediate demand for it outside the membership of the Chamber. The demand grew insistent, and the Board of Directors voted that it be made available to non-members at a nominal subscription price.

Today 250,000 business men, 25,000 of whom are members of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, are subscribers to Nation's Business.

If Nation's Business has caught the spirit of American business, as some of its good friends say, it is because Nation's Business has held from the beginning its belief in the idealism of the American business man, and has told the dramatic story of the complexities of his business and its relation to all others.

What will you look back on in 1937?

That all depends on how well you look over your wall now. Nation's Business is helping a quarter of a million business men look over—and ahead.

A subscription to Nation's Business—$7.50 for a full three year term—is available to you. Send your check today to Nation's Business, Washington, D. C.

NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

Genuine "STAINLESS" *makes these valves outlast five of ordinary steel!*

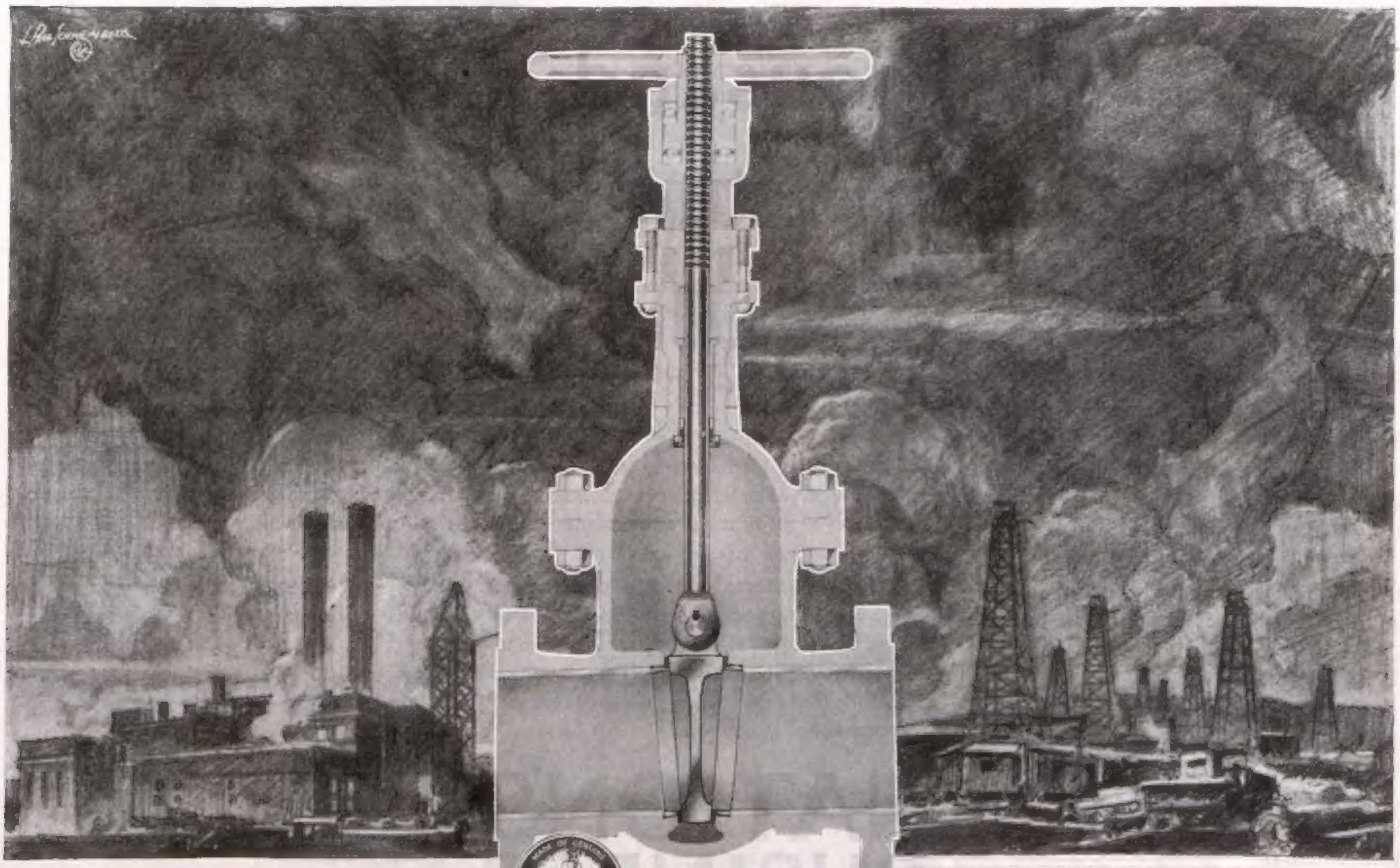
IN THE PIPE LINES in the oil fields—in the refineries—and huge power plants—where high temperatures and high pressures literally wear away the surface of ordinary steel—where operating conditions are most severe—there you will find genuine Stainless Steel giving Chapman Valves an outstanding recognition for long life and leak proof service.

The quality of extreme hardness (Brinell 300), of almost perfect resistance against the corrosive and erosive action of hot gases, under extreme pressures and high temperatures, is so remarkably developed in genuine Stainless Steel that now all Chapman Valves for high temperature use are equipped with stems, seats, wedges, etc., of this far more serviceable metal.

Chapman Stainless Steel Valves are backed by an unconditional five-year guarantee covering material, workmanship, and design. Write us for full information.

CHAPMAN VALVE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.

This type of Chapman Valve is made with Stem, Packing Collar, Wedge, Seat, and Liner of *Genuine* Stainless Steel, insuring a long life of the very best service. Upkeep cost is reduced to a minimum, for this type valve will outlast at least five ordinary steel valves.



THE VITAL PARTS OF STAINLESS CHAPMAN VALVES ARE MADE OF

STAINLESS STEEL

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

When *appetites* need to be *tempted*

Lucile Patterson Marsh

You Want the sharply sparkling taste that tempts and stimulates the appetite. You want the wholesome, easily digested food that gives new health and strength.

Pet Milk with Orange Juice has all those qualities. The blend is perfect. It tastes like neither milk nor orange juice, but has a pleasing, distinctive flavor of its own.

The Best of Milk Made Better. Pet Milk is pure, rich milk—Nature's most nearly perfect food—concentrated, made scientifically clean, and more easily digested, by sterilization. The orange juice adds vitalizing properties to the wholesome milk. The combination is better than milk alone.

To Make Orange Milk Shake

½ cup orange juice
⅓ cup Pet Milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice (if desired)
⅓ cup water
Sugar to taste

Add the diluted milk slowly to the fruit juice. Shake with cracked ice in a cocktail shaker or in a glass fruit jar.

For Children. It tempts and stimulates the appetite—helps to get them to drink the milk they ought to have. It is rich in the vitamins—rich in all the food properties that growth and health require.

Pet Milk will serve every need you have for cream or milk—in place of cream at less than half the cost—diluted to suit any milk use, at less than the cost of ordinary milk.

Our new book contains many useful suggestions—how to get more milk in the diet—how to get children to drink more milk—formula for infant feeding—over one hundred recipes. We will send it free on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Do you use *a dentifrice because you are* scared?

or because you want your teeth to be

CLEAN

PICK up the package of dentifrice that is in your bathroom now and try to remember why you bought that particular kind.

Was it fear? Did you buy it to cure or prevent some ugly mouth disease that you had been frightened about?

Or did you buy it simply because you wanted your teeth to be *clean?*

It is a very wise thing to keep the teeth clean, and a very foolish thing not to. There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth is dangerous and that you ought to do all you can to protect the health of your teeth, mouth and gums.

But how much can you do?

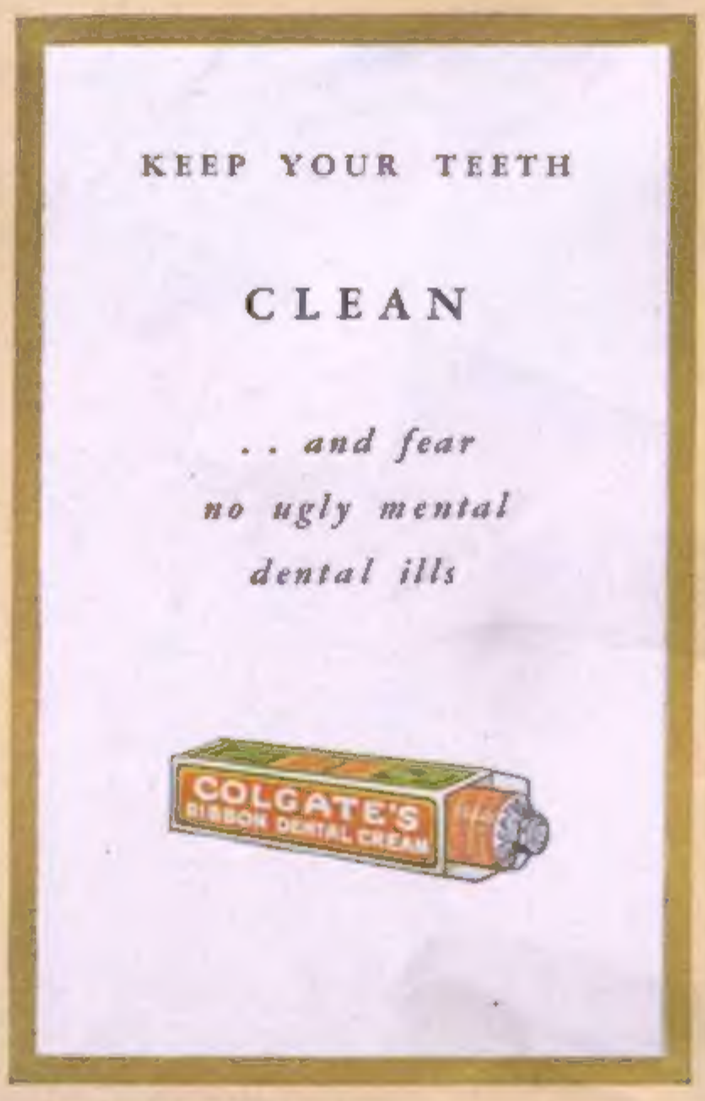
"Surely," you may think, "I want to keep my teeth clean always, but is that *all* I can expect of a dentifrice?"

You can get the best answer to that question from your dentist. He will tell you just this: "The most that we in the dental profession expect of a dentifrice is that it will *clean* the teeth safely and thoroughly. More than this, we feel, a dentifrice cannot be logically expected to do, nor can it actually do.

"Keep your teeth clean and don't be afraid, for in keeping them clean you are doing every possible thing that anyone except a dentist can do to avoid dangers of tooth decay and other dental troubles."

Thus say dentists to those patients who ask them for their opinions of the relative virtues and curative properties of dentifrices.

It is better, too, for your teeth, for your serenity, and for your purse to rely on *cleanliness* and be confident, than to pin your faith to "patent medicine" dentifrices and be in a perpetual state of worry over ugly mental dental ills.



Colgate
Est. 1806

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE ◀ MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE